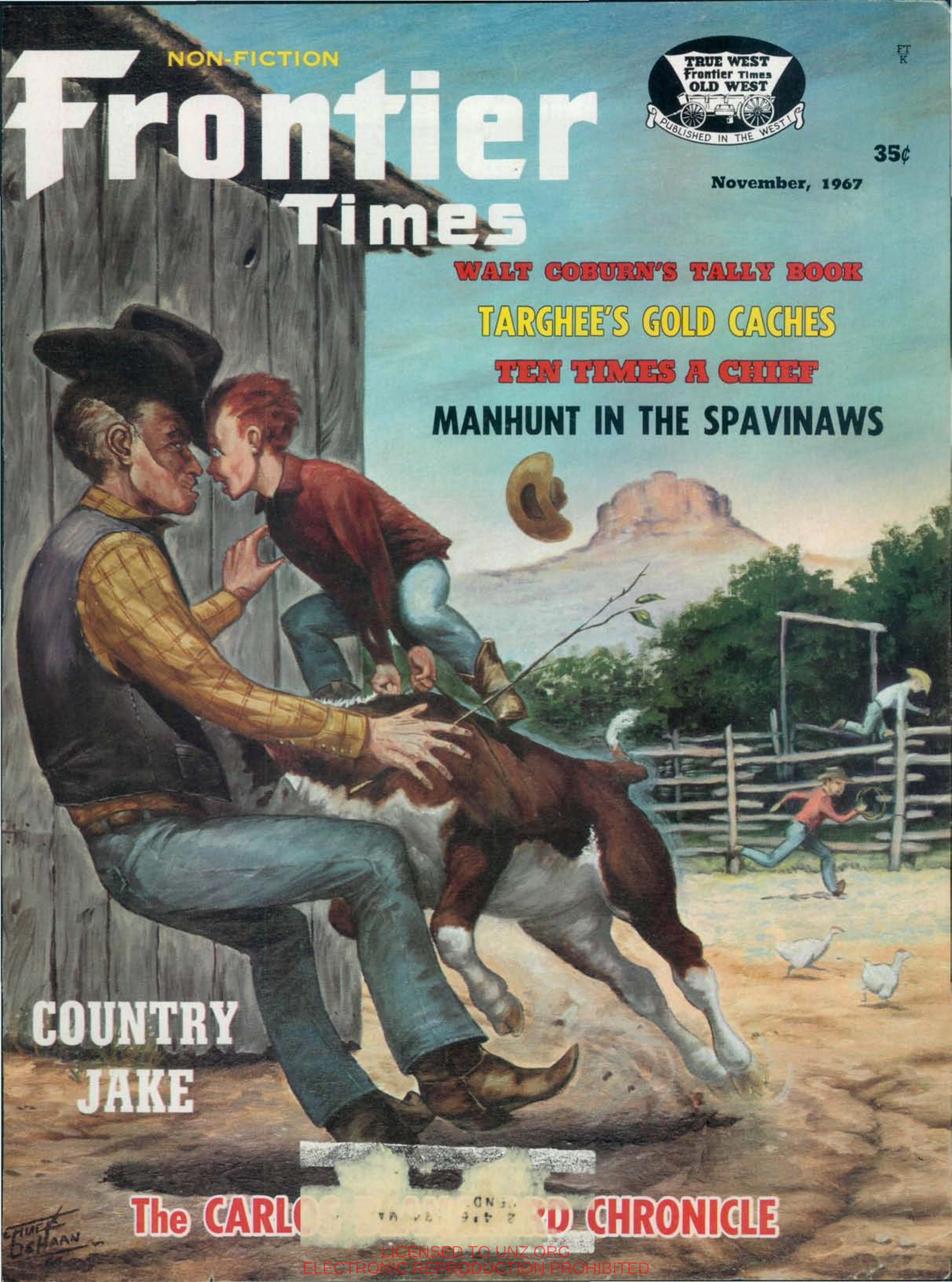

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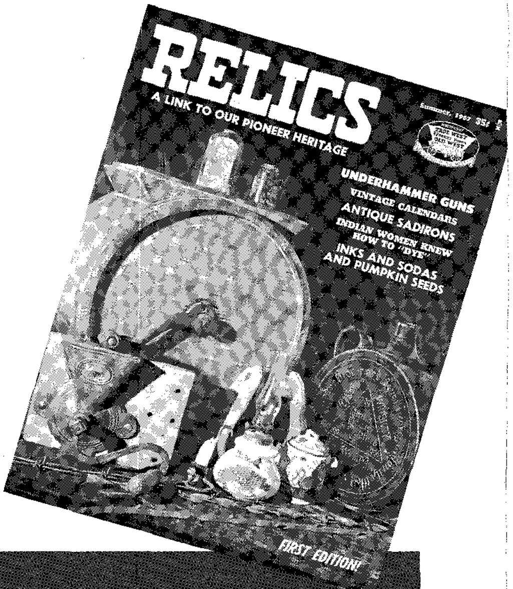
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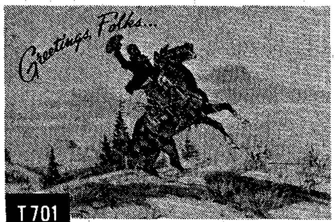
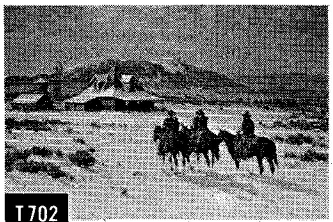
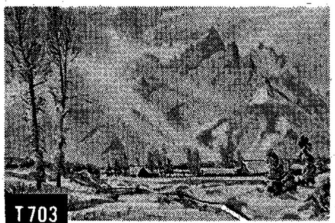

Greetings Folks...

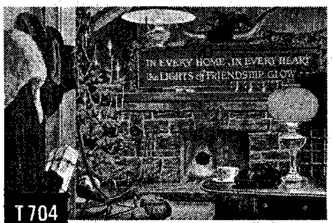
T 701 ☐ **Greetings, Folks**—With Best Wishes for a Merry Christmas to your outfit from ours—**by John Hampton**



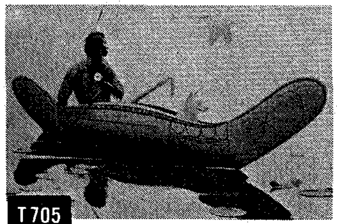
T 702 ☐ **Christmas Eve in the West**—May the Peace and Happiness of Christmas be with you all the Year—**Mel Warren**



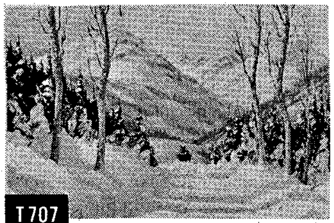
T 703 ☐ **"...a shaft of light across the land."**—With every good wish for Christmas and the New Year—**Conrad Schwiering**


IN EVERY HOME, IN EVERY HEART
the LIGHTS of FRIENDSHIP GLOW

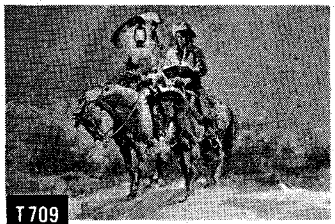
T 704 ☐ **"...the lights of friendship."**—Once again it's time to greet the friends etc.—Merry Christmas—**by C. Nicles**



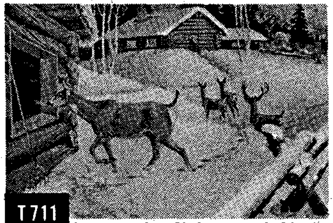
T 705 ☐ **Solitude**—May Peace be your Gift at Christmas and your Treasure through all the Year—**by Gerard Curtis Delano**



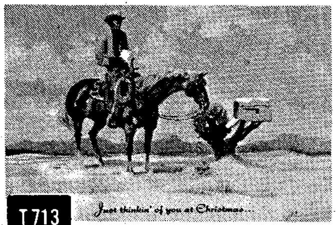
T 707 ☐ **Sleighbells in Christmas Tree Land**—Greeting is a cheery, appropriate 4 line verse—**by Roy Kerswill**



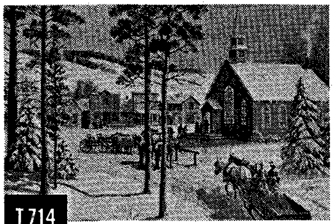
T 709 ☐ **From the Two of Us at Christmas**—to you and all you hold dear, a Joyous Yule and Great New Year—**FitzSimmons**



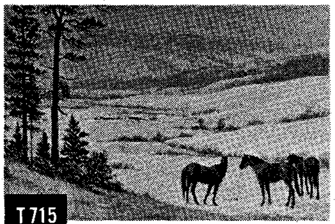
T 711 ☐ **Company for Christmas**—A friendly wish for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year—**by Harold Hopkinson**


Just thinkin' of you at Christmas

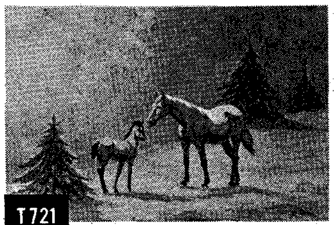
T 713 ☐ **Just Thinkin' of You at Christmas**—and wishing you a Happy Holiday Season—**by Art FitzSimmons**



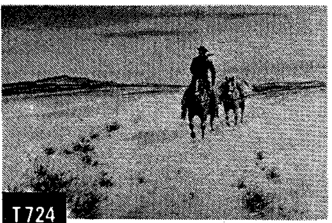
T 714 ☐ **"The Charm of Christmas lies in the Thought . . ."**—Merry Christmas and Happy New Year—**by Bernard Thomas**



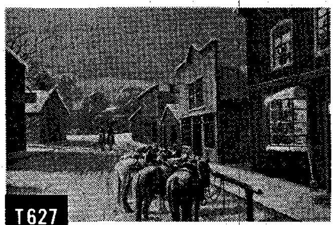
T 715 ☐ **Peace in the Valley**—May the Spirit of Christmas abide with you throughout the Coming Year—**by Bernard Thomas**



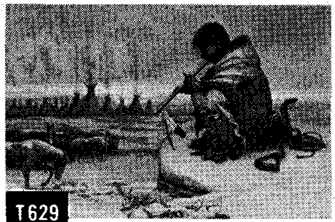
T 721 ☐ **"The light has come into the world..."**—May the Peace and Joy of Christmas be with you all the Year—**Paris**



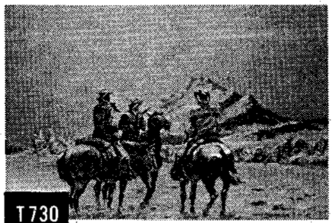
T 724 ☐ **Packin' Home for Christmas**—Greeting is an appropriate, merry and cheerful western verse—**by Stanley Long**



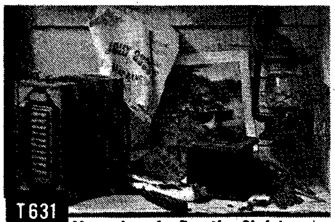
T 627 ☐ **Coming a'calling...**—May the warmth and friendliness of the Christmas Season be with you all the Year—**Thomas**



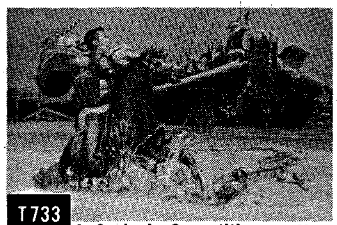
T 629 ☐ **Herdboy and his flute**—May the Peace and Joy of Christmas be with you all the Year—**by Brummett EchoHawk**



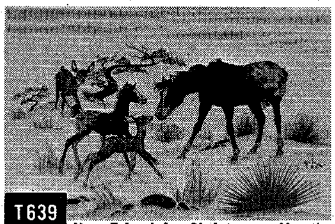
T 730 ☐ **May a Star Lead You**—May you have the Spirit of Christmas which is Peace, etc.—**by Harold Hopkinson**



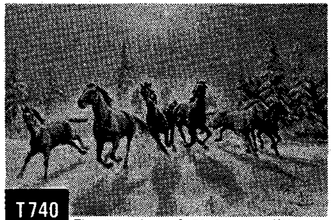
T 631 ☐ **Memories of a Frontier Christmas**—Merry Christmas and Happy New Year—**by Jean Wilson**



T 733 ☐ **A Cowboy's Competition**—Merry Christmas and Happy New Year—**by Brummett EchoHawk**



T 639 ☐ **New Friend for Christmas**—May the warmth...of the Christmas Season be with you all the Year—**by Charles Lee**



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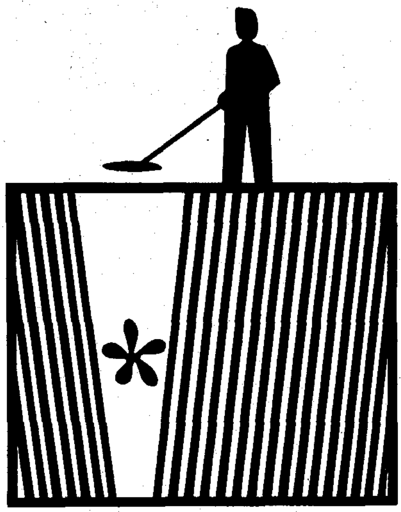

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FRONTIER TIMES

A JOE SMALL PUBLICATION

October-November, 1967
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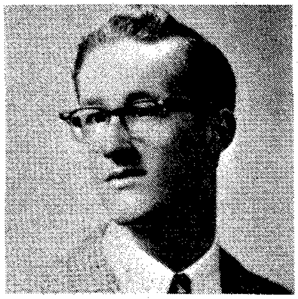

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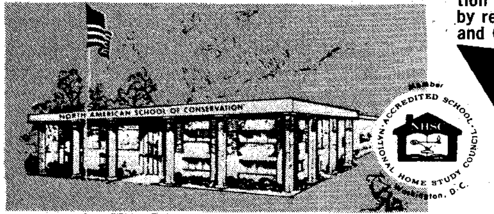

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CONGLOMERATION!

THIS is the dadgumdest (whatever it is!) thing on paper I ever wrote! Practically every paragraph will be about a different subject. However, if you will read this Confusions of Confessus it will save you readers something like 16¾ barrels of letters (I'm not kidding!) annually and us those same barrels of answers! Our dear Uncle might lower the postage rates if this thing comes to pass—oh well, I can *dream*, can't I? So let's tear into these things like a biting sow and see what happens. I'm going to try and get this little gem in all three turrible rags (and maybe even the new baby RELICS if we have space) so we won't miss nobody much or maybe you will finally be plagued into reading it out of pure curiosity!

DURN YOUR HIDE!

Every time I start to put the blame for some mistake on somebody other than us gents here at WP, I remember that passage in the Bible that reads something like: "He who is without sin, let him cast the first stone." Well, if we weren't completely perfect here, never make a mistake, never do anything wrong, our hands as lily-white as young goat fuzz, then we couldn't say that you folks make mistakes, or that the mailers' machine broke down, the printer is having his difficulties, that postmen feed our magazines to biting dogs before delivering them and that everybody but us has trouble like the *seven year itch!*

Even our typesetter tells us it gets so mad around his place at times that when he hits the key for "w" for instance, "Lyndon was here!" comes out. So if you folks don't get your copy, or it looks like fourteen kikikomongos have done a war dance on it or anything else goes wrong, just take 1¾ minutes and scribble a plain postal card to us and with our unheard-of smooth, smiling, unfailing efficiency we'll get the job corrected quicker'n a gnat can fly into your ear.

See, some of you gents write in durning our hides for not sending your magazines; then, a couple of months later, you remember that you have moved. Give us your old address as well as new and we can find your plate in a hurry and get things changed real good—even sending you the copies that you missed. We sure don't want to be sending magazines to empty houses and would appreciate your sending a change of address each time you move—and it looks like we are all moving a heap these days!

Come to think of it, I think we made one tiny mistake back in 1915 but I don't remember just what it was. At any rate, if *anything* goes wrong, let us know. We aren't printing 774,000 magazines (combination on all 4) to store in the woodshed—they taste like the very devil when you have to slice them up for cereal—even with sugar and cream!

About our being so perfect—I hope you folks have a sense of humor. . .

PULL 'EM OUT!

"You can't sell 'em if you can't find 'em!" This comes from our readers in a flow of letters that is too constant for comfort! I have found them myself, sometimes on the bottom shelf, completely covered by other publications. Sometimes they are even mixed in with the "girlie" magazines. If this keeps up I guess we'll have to change our titles to TRUE SEX, FRONTIER SEX and OLD SEX!

Now we have nothing against other publications, but we'd like a breath of fresh air and the sight of light now and then—so if you find them covered, we'd sure appreciate your pulling them out and leaving them in the *same approximate location.* Sometimes if you take them completely out and put them in another spot, the wholesaler will get upset and dump the entire batch!

This is especially important now since everybody in the world suddenly has decided to publish a western magazine, including the King of Bullonly who believes that anything with the name "West" or "Frontier" or any combination thereof is magic on the newsstands and people don't know the difference anyhow (he sez) so let's flood the whole cotton-pickin' outfit!

DADGUMMIT!

IN connection with the "Pull 'em Out!" campaign I'd like to throw in (with no extra charge) a little literary pearl about advice to the genuine Western Americana read-lorn.

We get a constant barrage of letters from readers saying they can't find our magazines. If they are not on certain newsstands, why not call your wholesaler? He is generally listed in the yellow pages under Magazine Wholesalers—or your newsstand owner can tell you who he is. If you will tell him that you can't get copies at such and such a newsstand he will generally cooperate. They are overworked and underfed just like we are and sometimes to get the job done need a little prodding, or at least information. If this doesn't work, *be sure* and drop us a card and we'll see what the national distributor can do. In fact, we would appreciate the doublehootenanyingheck out of it if you would write us about *anyplace* that you can't find our magazines. Many towns are skipped for some reason or another but generally can be supplied if we know about it.

This pulling out (readers say every copy sells as long as they keep them from being covered) and informing us about where you can't get them is a TREMENDOUS HELP! Our newstand sales are our very LIFE'S BLOOD and you just can't sell a magazine when nobody sees it so if you'll help us along these lines, podnah, you'll have us smiling like a jackass eating briars!

HELP! FIRE! POLICE!

You wouldn't believe it if we were even to try and tell you how many people ask us how to go about subscribing. I have had people tell me that they have been intending to subscribe for seven years! Man, its sooooooo easy. You don't need a coupon—they are put in magazines simply because a certain number of people (it was proven by the great philosopher Droopbeard in 1674)—simply like to fill out coupons. If you don't want to damage your magazine just spill some ink in a legible manner on a piece of paper telling us your name and address and put in just enough money to keep us from flat starving and you'll get these old rags plumb regular. If you are a new reader, you might not know that the address is Western Publications, P. O. Box 3668, Austin, Texas, 78704, and it takes just $4 for a year's subscription to both TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES.

MAN, I AIN'T JUST A WUFFIN'!

Every single doggone day we get letters from readers saying that they have just discovered our magazines—that if everybody who appreciates *authentic* western reading knew about them our print order would be five million copies in a few months. That sort of sounds like Jack and his watermelon vine but we are sure willing to try if you are!

In other words, you sure can help greatly by spreading the news around. In telling a friend, writing somebody or helping us publicize these rags in general, better ask them to write the titles down because they could even get ours backward and some other joker would already have a magazine out by that title!

You know, you simply wouldn't believe how hard it is to get something into their hands that somebody actually wants. The big national companies spend millions advertising a new product (or even an old one) in order to get it started or keep it going. Now the following is a great big fat secret—we don't have millions for this purpose—well, *yet*, that is. . .

DON'T SHOOT!

IT'S just us dirty, low-down, sneaky coyotes telling you that folks say you are missing one dickens of a lot of good reading if you don't buy or subscribe to OLD WEST—sister publication of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES.

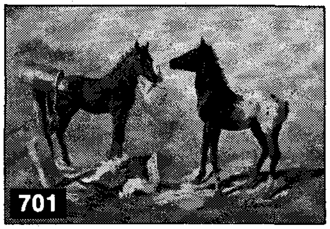
Readers tell us constantly that we have the most and best reading package in one hundred pages (including the covers) of

(Continued on page 56)

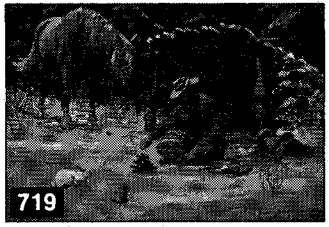
DON'T BE DISAPPOINTED...THESE ARE THE **ORIGINAL** BOB LORENZ CARDS!

Western Christmas Cards

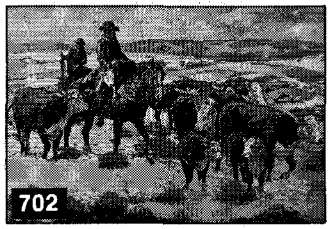
BY FAMOUS WESTERN ARTISTS *IN FULL COLOR!* OUR 23rd SUCCESSFUL YEAR!


701

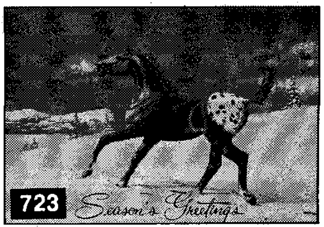
Heigh-Ho! by **H. Goodwine**—Best Wishes for the Holidays and Happiness throughout the New Year.


719

Good Friends at Peace by **Harvey W. Johnson**—With all Good Wishes for Christmas and the Coming Year.

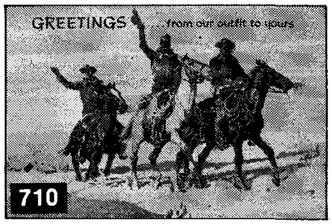

702

A Cowboy's Good Feelin's by **Paul Salisbury**—**Verse by S. Omar Barker**—May the Peace and Good Will of Christmas always be with you.

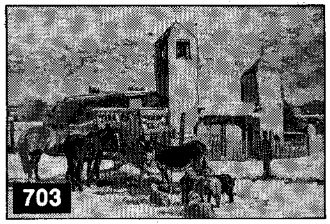


723

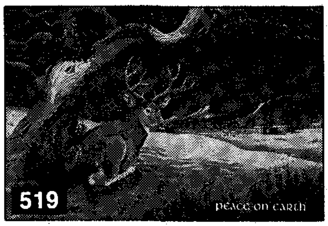
High-Tailed and Happy by **Randy Steffen**—Season's Greetings and many, many Good Wishes for a Happy Holiday Season.


GREETINGS ...from our outfit to yours
710

Greetings from Our Outfit to Yours by **Nick Eggenhofer**—With Best Wishes for Christmas and all the New Year.

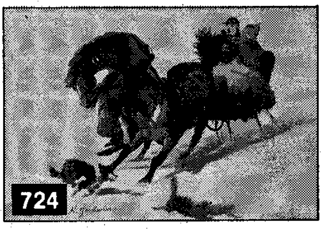

703

Friends at the Feed Rack by **Robert Lougheed**—Peace and Good Will at Christmas and through all the New Year.

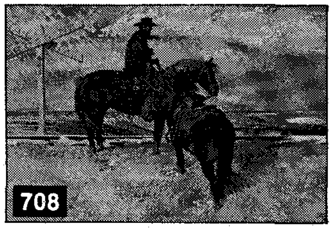


519

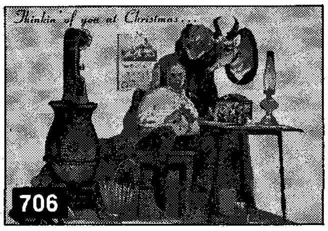
Peace on Earth by **Robert R. Lorenz**—May the Peace and Joy of Christmas be with you Today and all through the Year.


724

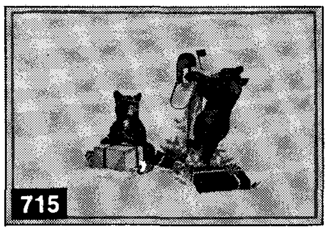
Holiday Whirl by **H. Goodwine**—Wishing you Happiness at this Holiday Season and through the New Year.


708

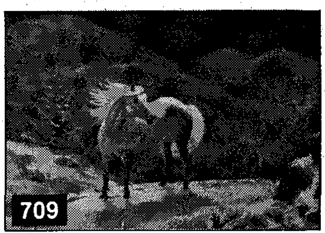
Waitin' for Christmas Company by **Robert Lougheed**—Bringing you every Good Wish for Happiness this Christmas and in the Coming Year.


Thinkin' of you at Christmas...
706

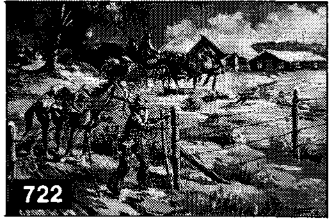
Thinkin' of You at Christmas by **Gordon Snidow**—May every Happiness be yours at Christmas and throughout the New Year.


715

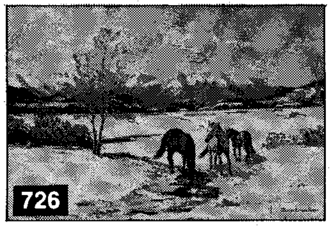
Christmas Capers by **Clark Bronson**—Holiday Greetings and Best Wishes for the New Year.


709

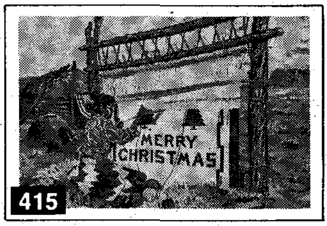
White Splendor by **Muriel Delaplaine (Mrs. Randy Steffen)**—Greetings of the Season and Best Wishes for the New Year.


722

Reflections of Yesteryears by **Fred Harman**—Christmas Blessings and Best Wishes for a Joyous New Year.

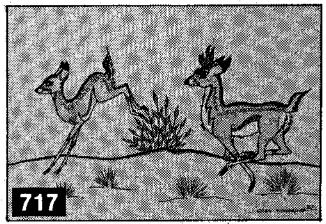

726

Rangeland Greetings by **James Emery Greer**—Holiday Greetings and Best Wishes for the New Year.

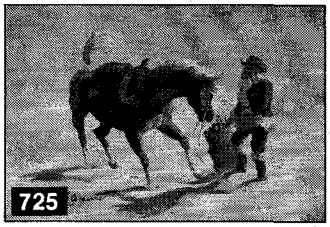


415

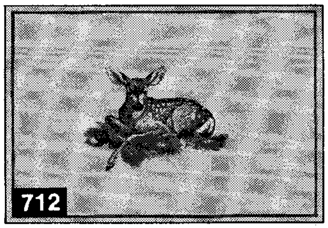
Navajo Weaver by **Robert R. Lorenz**—With Best Wishes for a Happy Holiday Season.


717

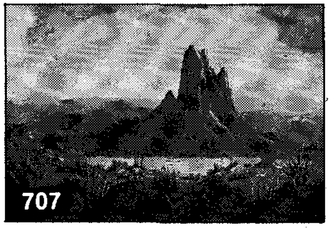
Prancing Deer by **Carl Woodring (Osage Indian)**—May the Great Spirit bring you Health and Happiness.


725

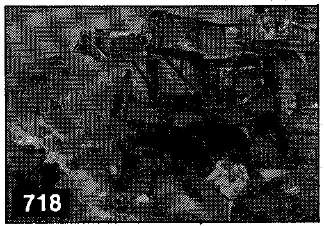
Rangeland Santa by **H. Goodwine**—Best Wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.


712

Little Lord of the Forest by **Clark Bronson**—May the Peace and Happiness of the Yuletide Season be yours throughout the Coming Year.


707

Desert Cathedral by **Sid Cedargreen**—May the Blessings and Peace of Christmas be yours and Happiness fill each Day of the New Year.


718

Couldn't Wait by **Gordon Snidow**—Wishing you a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

DON'T BE DISAPPOINTED! Others offer but none duplicate the genuine high quality of the **original** Lazy BL Ranch greeting cards. Our 1967 selection features new works by the West's **best known** artists plus several all-time Bob Lorenz favorites. Beautifully reproduced in glorious full color on distinctive linen-textured paper single folded to 4¾" by 6¾". Matching envelopes with several extras included. Cards may be ordered plain, with **your name** or **brand**, or **both** custom-printed in red to **exactly** match greeting. Orders carefully processed and shipped in sturdy carton within 24 hours right up 'til Christmas.

HOW TO ORDER: Write quantity of each card you want in box appearing in coupon. No need to send entire page. Order all one kind or assorted at no extra charge. Use separate sheet if needed. Circle **total** quantity and cost on price list. Enclose cash, check or money order with coupon and mail to **The Lazy BL Ranch, Box 3232, Cheyenne, Wyoming 82001.**

Card No.	Quantity

Total Quantity	15	25	50	75	100	150	200	300	500
Without Name	$2.95	4.00	7.95	11.75	14.95	21.95	28.95	42.75	69.95
With Name **or** Brand	$4.00	5.50	9.60	13.85	17.05	24.95	32.00	47.40	77.10
With Name **and** Brand	$5.00	6.50	10.60	14.85	18.05	25.95	33.20	48.40	78.10

Canada residents please add 10% to prices. Wyoming residents add 3% sales tax.

NAMES TO BE PRINTED
ON CARDS. SEND SKETCH
IF BRAND WANTED.

SEND CARDS TO: ____________________

RTE., ST. OR BOX NO. ____________________

CITY ____________ STATE ____________ ZIP ____________

MAIL COUPON TO: **The Lazy BL Ranch**
BOX 3232
CHEYENNE, WYOMING
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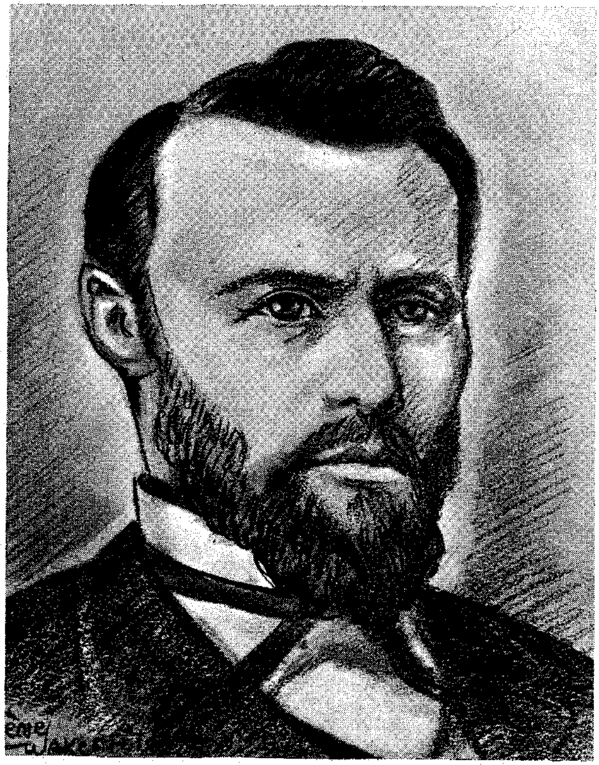
TW

BEAUTIFUL FULL COLOR • MONEY BACK GUARANTEE • WE PAY POSTAGE

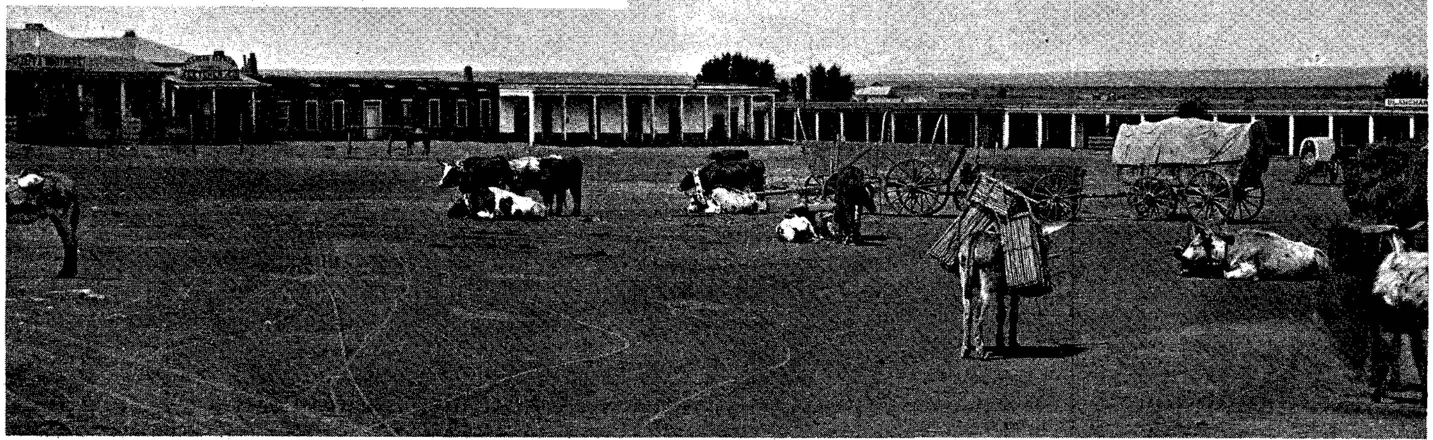


Courtesy Denver Public Library Western Collection

The CARLOS

—a freighter's eye-witness report of the 1868 Indian uprising on the Kansas plains when the Santa Fe Trail became the Government's No. 1 liability

Edited by
MILTON CALLON



Courtesy Milton Callon

Top, Charles (Carlos) Blanchard. Above, Blanchard's store is at far right of this 1867 photo of the Las Vegas plaza.

CHARLES BLANCHARD (1842-1914), wagon master, merchant, judge and civic leader of Las Vegas, New Mexico, was an idealist. He was ill-prepared for the rough and unscrupulous era to which he was born.

His parents, Charles and Margaret Blanchard, were native Canadians of French extraction and were devout Catholics. Charles Blanchard, Sr., was a farmer and a soldier in the Patriots War of 1837.

Charles had two uncles who were a great influence on his life. Uncle Miguel DesMarais was one of the first white traders in Las Vegas, New Mexico. He came to New Mexico in 1835. Uncle Eleazar Blanchard went to St. Louis, Missouri in 1837 and became a well-known and wealthy merchant. This establishment of relatives at each end of the most important avenue of commerce proved very helpful to Charles Blanchard in the years to come. He made many profitable trips to St. Louis.

Miguel DesMarais was influential in bringing Canadians into the Territory of New Mexico and Charles Blanchard was among them. Charles arrived in Las Vegas in July of 1864 after a tedious trip over the trail which took forty-five days.

He served his Uncle Miguel as a clerk for a short time and then decided to go into business for himself. His first venture was in the fall of 1865 at Rio Bonito, now Lincoln, 200 miles south of Las Vegas. Lincoln County was potentially a prosperous area but the continuous raids by the Apaches, under Geronimo and Victorio, and lawless bands of outlaws from West Texas, left most settlers in jeopardy of losing their lives. Charles soon learned if a fortune were to be made in the Territory, he had chosen the wrong area for a beginning.

He returned to Las Vegas early in 1868 and "not caring to leave his bones in that (Lincoln County) country," he engaged as a wagon master of an ox train to ply between Fort Union, New Mexico, and Fort Harker, in the Smokey Hill Valley of eastern Kansas. The experience of his first trip east constitutes the substance of Carlos Blanchard's chronicle.—Milton Callon.

AFTER THREE YEARS of most exciting times in the wilds of eastern Socorro County (now Lincoln), during which many hairbreadth escapes from the roving bands of Apaches, under Victorio and Geronimo, were experienced; the Rio Bonita section being also the rendevous of renegades and desperadoes of all description from Manzano Country and western Texas, I returned to Las Vegas, New Mexico, well equipped, I thought, for another overland trip to the Missouri River, and the first of April saw me start out with an ox outfit of eleven prairie schooners and twelve men via the Dry Cimarron Route.

Conscious of the dangers and hardships of such journeys, yet there was a kind of fascination attached to those adventures, and we all felt happy at the sense of liberty in the enjoyment of the open. In those days there was no Watrous and

BLANCHARD CHRONICLE

Wagon Mound, while the two settlements were, later on, on the original Santa Fe Trail, and after we went over the summit of Nine Mile Hill, we said goodby to civilization. When Las Vegas disappeared from view, we were not to see a house until we reached Fort Dodge, some 375 miles away.

The original Santa Fe Trail and the only one traveled by overland freighters and mail, crossed the Arkansas River eighteen miles west of Fort Dodge, thence following southwest by the way of Tule Springs, Dry Cimarron, the Rock Crossing of Red River, almost identically the same route presently followed by the Santa Fe-Dodge-Colmor Cutoff, by way of Wagon Mound, Watrous to Las Vegas, and this was the only one in use until the Kansas Pacific Railroad, now the Union Pacific, reached Hays City, where the New Mexico freighters loaded their wagons. Even from Hays and Kit Carson many would follow through Trinchera Pass to a junction with the old Trail near Rabbit Ear Hill, thus avoiding Raton Pass which was and at all times had been an eyesore to travelers.

The two main objections to the use of the Raton Pass were the long circuit that increased the distance nearly one-hundred miles, and the necessity of having to submit to the exactions of Uncle Dick Wootton, who had obtained charters from the two Territories of Colorado and New Mexico for a toll road, and was maintaining a semblance of road and bridges, the latter being considered as so many obstructions to the transients who were held up by exorbitant toll fees.

WE REACHED the Arkansas River about the 22nd of April; the stream being high from melting snows in the mountains, and considerable floating ice, delayed us for two days. Nothing eventful occurred, the prairies being as silent as the grave. Three days later we reached a point near Pawnee Rock where five tribes of Indians were encamped, who I was informed were awaiting treaty rations from their respective agents.

Having made our camp about two miles beyond the tepees, we were not long before receiving the visit of a great many Indians who asked us for something to eat. Through an interpreter, we learned that the Arapahoes, Cheyennes, Kiowas, Utes and Comanches were liberally represented at the powwow, begging for their rations, or annuities due them by treaty with the Government.

At Great Bend we met an outfit of freighters heading west, who informed us that the best point to load that year would be at Fort Harker, near Ellsworth in the Smokey Hill River Valley, which was being at that time followed by the construction of the Kansas Pacific Railroad towards Denver. After leaving Kansas City and Leavenworth, the commission houses, established for the transfer of goods and supplies to New Mexico, had moved on with the railroad; first to Lawrence, thence to Junction City, Salina, Ellsworth, Hays, Wallace and Kit Carson.

Overland outfits had to assume all risks in the interior of the great plains. After loading up at Fort Harker with government supplies for Fort Union, New Mexico, my outfit faced west for home destination, well on towards the beginning of June. We saw the same band of Indians near Fort Larned, still waiting for their rations, and I noticed some signs of restlessness among them, some of them following us long distances as if inviting us to go to camp, that they might have a chance to get something to eat. We this time demurred and were soon out of sight.

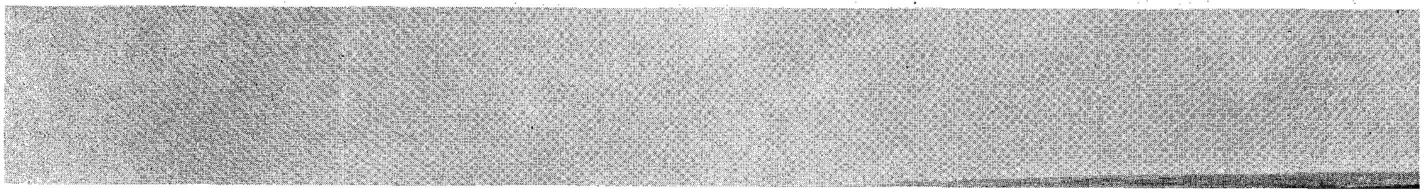
Arriving at Fort Union in due time and without marked incidents, due no doubt to the peaceful status of the Indians, the outfit doubled back toward the railroad for another trip, after loading on Ocate Creek with loose wool, which had been shorn for the expense of shearing; this wool was delivered at Ellsworth and sold for a nominal price, barely enough to cover the expense of shearing and freight.

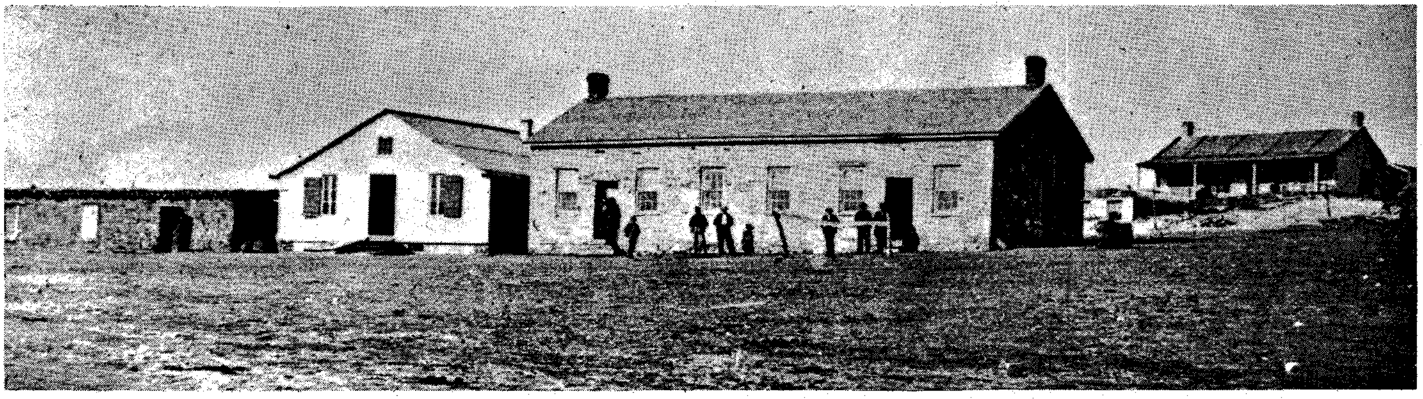
RETURNING to Ellsworth about the middle of July, we had passed again the same camp of Indians near Pawnee Rock, without noticing any apparent change in the situation, except that evidently the Indians were growing tired and hungry. All trains, either oxen or mules on such long trips must necessarily have a reserve of animals, which under the care of the cook or the hunter, follow the outfit, and are kept in readiness to replace any loss in the herd.

As we passed the tepees, one of my men called my attention to three bucks mounted on ponies, driving away a fat three-year-old steer from our reserve. I wheeled 'round and immediately gave chase in an attempt at recovering my steer. I was mounted on the same horse that had the reputation of outdistancing antelopes, and had repeatedly saved my life from the Apaches in Lincoln County. The Indian ponies had, however, had the advantage of the start, and by the time I had succeeded in turning the steer toward the moving train, I was isolated fully three miles away with the Indian village between. At the same time I noticed the young bucks pursuing with bows and arrows drawn on me, but soon had left them in the distance. At next camp my men freely reprimanded me,

Santa Fe Trail in Ford County, Kansas

Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society





Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society

Fort Dodge, Kansas, 1867

pointing to my imprudence.

From that day my eyes began to open, and many thoughts came to my mind as to what might happen in the future. I began to see the injustice of forcing those Indians to wait so long for their just dues; without, however, understanding the true status of a new treaty with the two main tribes present (Arapahoes and Cheyennes), whose women, children and disabled old men had been four years before, wantonly butchered by that gallant Colonel Chivington on Sand Creek, Colorado.

I knew Chivington had never been punished for his crime, the massacre of defenseless women and children; that a terrible war had followed by the two tribes; that the Government had offered to indemnify the Indians for the loss of their property and the lives of their families, and passed a new treaty.

And I knew also that the Indians had not forgotten the bad faith that so often before the whites had exercised toward them, and that a spark might kindle another outbreak at any time. But all such premonitions were soon forgotten and when we reached Ellsworth towards the middle of July, all being peaceful and serene, we camped for a rest of two weeks, awaiting the arrival of our store supplies presently being bought at St. Louis, in all lines of general merchandise.

While waiting, an acquaintance stockman of Cucharras, Colorado, came to my camp one day to offer to exchange a train of ten mule wagons for my ox outfit, and it took only one-half hour to conclude the deal. It resulted next day into my coming into possession of 66 American mules with their wagons already rigged up for the road, with the payment by me of $2,000.00; and the mules being in first class condition, all my teamsters were surely delighted, and I felt awfully proud, myself, of the bargain.

ANOTHER WEEK saw us on the way toward home, the most elated and haughty outfit on the plains of Kansas. No more stallings across muddy creeks, and with the gait of twenty-five to thirty miles a day, the course of twenty-five days would see us back in Las Vegas, the proudest lot ever seen. Little did we dream what fate reserved for us.

While I fully realized the responsibility hanging over me in the preservation of both valuable cargo and stock, maintaining day and night no less than four watchmen, yet the monotony of travel would not fail in making some of the boys, at times, oblivious, not to say careless, which required from me constant watchfulness and loss of sleep.

Passing through Pawnee Rock and Larned, there was yet the same band of Indians. Some of them, no doubt recognizing me and the boys, fairly stared at us, now sporting such gorgeous equipment, but I did not stop to even think what the Indians' feelings might be under the strain of their present condition. I was young and inexperienced yet, although I had had three years of most trying times on the border. But I was not yet able to fully understand the talent of the Red Man at dissimulation, and his ability at concealing with silence and patience the secret of his mind when tortured by injustice and persecution. Nevertheless, I did read in their sullen mood the forebodings of events that I did not fully understand.

Such were only passing observations, and no sooner had the dust raised under the hoofs of our teams hidden the tepees from view, than my mind yielded to the routine and monotony of my work, and two more days passed in perfect tranquillity and peace.

Major Henry Douglass as a captain was the commanding officer of Fort Dodge when Carlos Blanchard traversed the Santa Fe Trail.

Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society

Perchance I ignored the Cimarron Crossing this time, with a view of avoiding the eighty miles of dry stretch south of the Arkansas River; my intention being to cross the river at the Aubry [Aubray] Ford, some forty miles above the Cimarron Crossing.

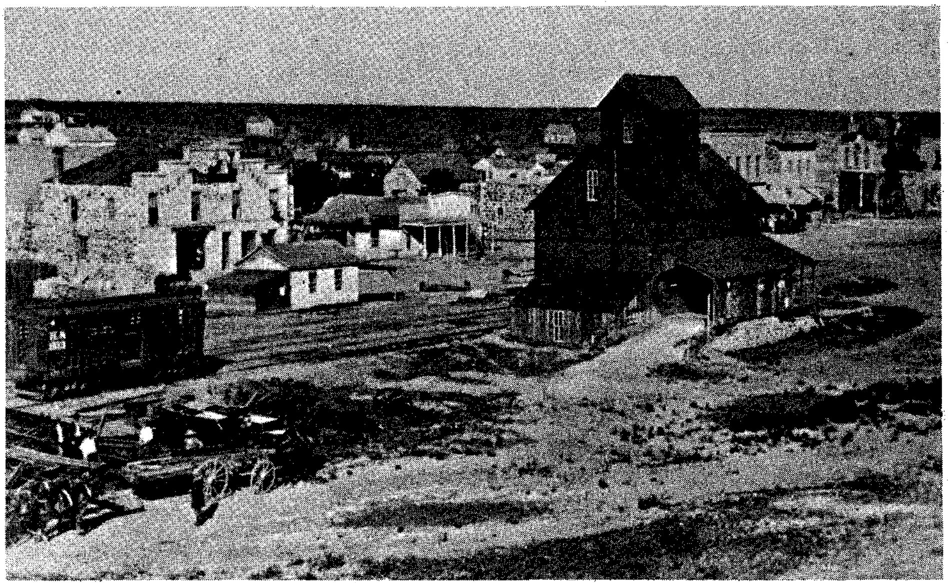
ON the 19th of August, arriving at a point where Garden City now stands, we camped at 9 a.m. on a grass flat near the river, and soon the cook had an ovenful of fresh meat, first of the season. After constant use of salted bacon, we were not slow in taking our places around the campfire.

Domingo, the cook, who had been when young a captive with the Navajos, still wearing the earrings, was standing near the fire, knife in hand, when he suddenly fell to the ground, flat on his face, with his ear glued to the soil for a few seconds. He bounded to his feet, exclaiming, "Boys, quick to arms, the Indians!"

We, of course, jumped to our feet, but could see or hear no vestige of anything near or far. However, while Domingo was pulling his gun from his wagon, and before we had time to dispute his warning, a long file of mounted Indians emerged from the hills to the north through a deep ravine in which no doubt they had been concealed. They sent us a volley as they ran by toward the herd, I believe without trying to hit us. Passing within sixty yards of us, in less time than it takes to write it, nothing could be seen but a cloud of dust in the distance. . . . Sixty-seven mules and my saddle horse had gone, driven by nearly one hundred well-dressed, feathered and painted, heavily armed Indians, never to be seen again. The four guards with the herd took temporary refuge in the waters of the Arkansas River to escape being killed, there being no use of offering resistance.

It being evident that the Indians were waiting for us, hidden in the deep ravine, it was fortunate that we made camp before giving them a chance to attack. Had we traveled 500 yards farther, we would have been surprised with the train scattered over a stretch of a quarter of a mile, and in the struggle every one of us would have perished, the $22,000.00 cargo of merchandise and the $15,000.00 outfit destroyed. We had old musket rifles that had been allowed to rust in idleness for a whole year, and seeing the Indians at peace, awaiting their rations, there was nothing to indicate that we would have been justified in keeping in constant readiness. And even if we had, what resistance could we offer against such an army of well trained warriors with such superior force to ours? Instead of their rations of provisions, the Indians had been given modern arms and loaded with ammunition, thereby jeopardizing the lives and property of white settlers and travelers.

WHAT SENSE of humanity kept those savages from waging dire revenge upon twelve defenseless men, when it was in their power to annihilate our party so completely that no one would be left to tell the tale?


Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society

Ellsworth, Kansas, 1879, several years after Blanchard's ordeal

The American people seemed to have accepted as truth the teachings that the Indians were degraded, a brutal race of savages, who it was the will of God should perish at the approach of civilization. There are but few men in the West who have suffered more than myself at the hands of the Indians, and I shall persist in saying to the last day of my life that the Indians should be absolved of their crimes, and the greed of the white people made responsible for their acts of cruelty.

Had I known when we passed Fort Dodge three days before, that within twenty-four hours a white desperado and fugitive from justice had, in a drunken mood, committed the fatal mistake of shooting in cold blood, within the outskirts of Dodge, two harmless Indian squaws; the knowledge would have indicated to me that trouble might be at hand any hour, and would have no doubt changed our destiny.

The attack upon us was evidence enough that war was declared, and nothing remained to be done but quick action in the preservation of what remained of the train and the lives of my men. Our breakfast was allowed to cool off and remained untouched. We immediately proceeded in moving the heavily loaded schooners one by one and made them a close corral, leaving in the rear only a narrow entrance after barricading all spaces with harnesses and other moveables. The camp being on a slight incline toward the river facilitated the moving of the wagons, and the work was accomplished without much hardship.

Being now isolated, as it was evident that other parties had been or would be caught unawares up and down the trail, I realized that at once some measures must be taken to obtain relief. Fort Dodge was the nearest, but with the opening of hostilities, would the small garrison be in a position to offer us any aid? The movements of the Indians were so spontaneous and unexpected. The Kansas Pacific Railroad had not yet reached Hays, making the movement of the troops from either Leavenworth or Harker possible not less than eight or ten days at forced march, provided the new road was left intact between Harker and Junction City. The Fort Harker garrison must by this time have its hands full.

The whole situation ran through my mind in much less time than it takes to tell it, and no time should be lost. I called all my men to listen to what I had to say to them. I named the oldest and most worthy of confidence to take my place in my absence, enjoining the others to strict obedience, and without touching food or drink, set out on foot at 3 p.m. alone on the long walk of fifty miles toward Fort Dodge under strong protest. Every one of my men sincerely believed that I would never be seen alive again.

I had five hours of daylight before me. My plan was to push on, if I was allowed, for ten or twelve miles. When I would feel like resting, or upon signs of the presence of Indians, I would seek temporary refuge and wait for the cover of darkness in an effort to reach Fort Dodge before morning.

MY PLAN was a complete success. Next morning saw me enter Fort Dodge with the first rays of light. I was suddenly confronted by the sentinel who ordered me to stop, and asked me what I was doing there. Being more dead than alive from fatigue and hunger, I had no trouble inducing the man to listen to me, but when I announced that the Indians were on the warpath, he vehemently protested and threatened me with arrest, remarking that I must be an idiot. A little further explanation convinced him that it was prudent to show me into the quarters of the Commanding Officer.

Captain Douglass was sitting up in bed, and judging from his own looks and the disorder surrounding him, he had apparently spent the night in deep revelry. When I first was ushered in his presence, covered with dust and sweat, the Captain challenged me quite brusquely but directly, evidently granting some credence to my story. He seemingly sobered up, jumped out of bed, and in less than ten minutes everything was bustle and movement about the fort.

I was at once shown to a bed, but in due time was called for breakfast. I was then informed to keep in readiness within three hours for return to my camp, which we reached with sufficient stock to haul my train back to Fort Dodge.

On the way to and from the camp, numerous bands of Indians were seen on the south shore of the Arkansas and the sand hills adjoining, and during the first night out, some ten miles from my camp, a great war dance took place nearly opposite us. The soldiers declared a number of fresh scalps could be seen, with the glare of the Indians' campfire, dangling from the belts of several braves. The idea that my men had, during the night and day since I left them, been massacred and my outfit destroyed, tortured me all night and there was no rest for me.

NEXT MORNING when the government outfit reached a little divide from which I saw in the distance the ten white covers of my wagons, singularly contrasting against the verdure of the river bottom, I could not control great beads of sweat and tears running down my cheeks, exclaiming loud, "Saved!"

Jumping to the ground, I began running ahead of the train, when suddenly I heard a voice behind me and the clatter of a horse's hoofs. With his gun drawn on me, the wagonmaster called me to halt, which I did very promptly. The soldiers by this time were sufficiently informed of the seriousness of the situation, and would tolerate nothing which might effect the strict discipline they were under themselves, and being for the time under their control and a party to the expedition, I could be made no exception to the military rule.

When we reached camp, the greetings were warm and sincere, and after being informed that the men had had an all-night, strenuous time of standing off the Indians, I considered our rescue due to almost miraculous agencies. Being now really captives and under military orders, I and my men had nothing to do but obey.

The Commander of the Fort had informed me that his duty was to bring us back to the Fort reserve and within his jurisdiction; that he could not escort our outfit to Fort Lyon, where we would be practically out of the danger zone and so much nearer home. So we were condemned to return to the center of hostilities, and there to remain for an indefinite period of time. We well understood that the war to be waged was to be one of the most cruel, and the most bitterly sustained by the Indians.

Both soldiers and men of my party seemed to realize that the Cheyennes had been betrayed against the stipulations of their treaty, which had resulted after the Sand Creek Massacre. The people of Colorado bore well known prejudices against Indians of all tribes, which would naturally result in drawing the Sioux into action.

With sad feelings and heavy hearts we followed the soldiers toward Fort Dodge, where we were even denied the protection of the garrison. We were compelled to establish camp two miles east, just off the limits of the reserve, where hostile Indians could well capture us and cause much damage to us and property before the alarm could be conveyed to the Fort.

I remonstrated against such treatment without avail. I secured permission, however, to dispatch a courier back to the railroad, with papers to be transmitted to my people at Las Vegas over the military telegraph which had just been established for all the Forts in New Mexico and Arizona.

When he returned he carried news from home, saying that an ox outfit would be sent me as soon as practicable. It was twenty days after our capture when I received this intelligence, and it somewhat appeased the impatience of my men and renewed the courage that late events had weakened.

OCTOBER 1 decidedly proved to be a memorable day for our party in and around Dodge. There was no rising sun that morning; a heavy fog enveloped the earth and disputed the advance of the light of day until a later hour. The waters of the Arkansas half covered by the moving mist presented the spectacle of numerous mirages, so often observed upon the broad prairies in the hot days of summer. The atmosphere was full of gloom and presaged some great calamity, although perfect quiet and the most profound silence prevailed.

But few words were spoken at breakfast, which was suddenly interrupted by the report of five or six gunshots in quick succession in the direction of the Fort, almost immediately followed by a heavy fusillade. The same was repeated at short intervals, and grew louder every time as if approaching in the direction of our camp. Soon we heard a hail of bullets striking the sides of our wagons, with the simultaneous clatter of a thousand hoofs approaching rapidly toward us.

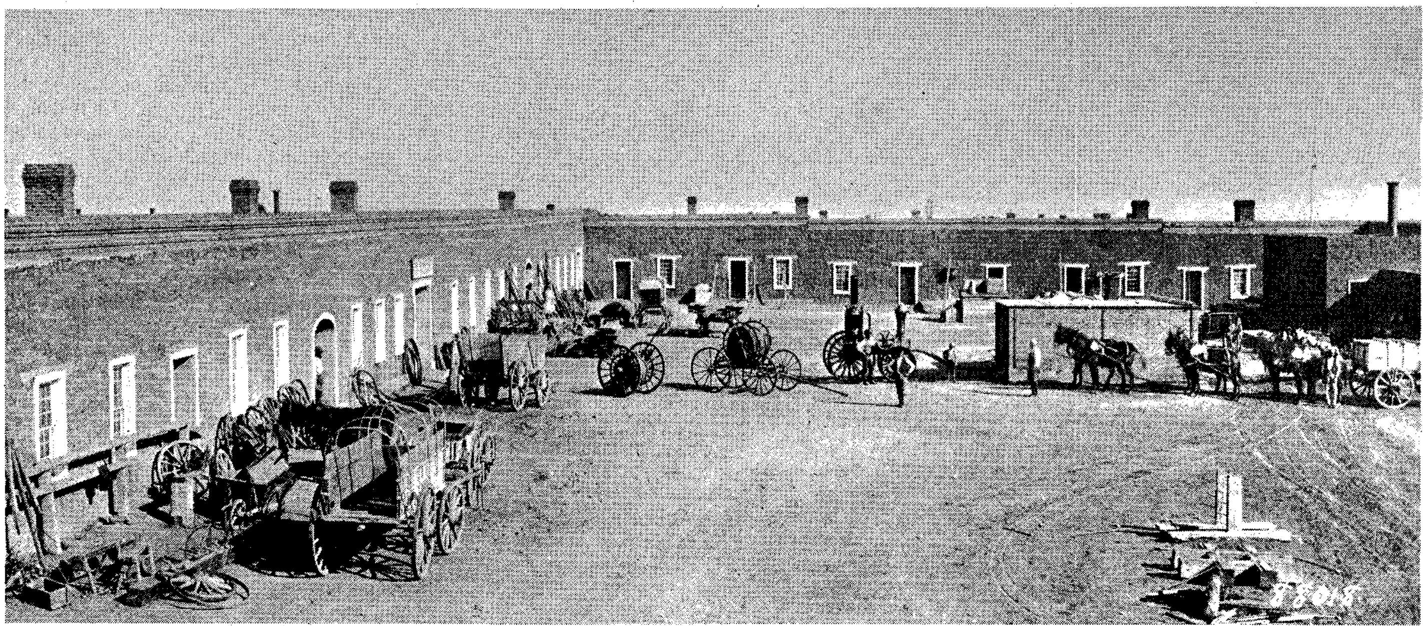
From four to five hundred mounted Indians, racing towards our camp, divided and passed rapidly in two files, seemingly having no concern for us, and making no attempt to disturb us. Just then the fog was rising from the ground, which allowed us to see a large party of infantrymen retreating toward the Fort.

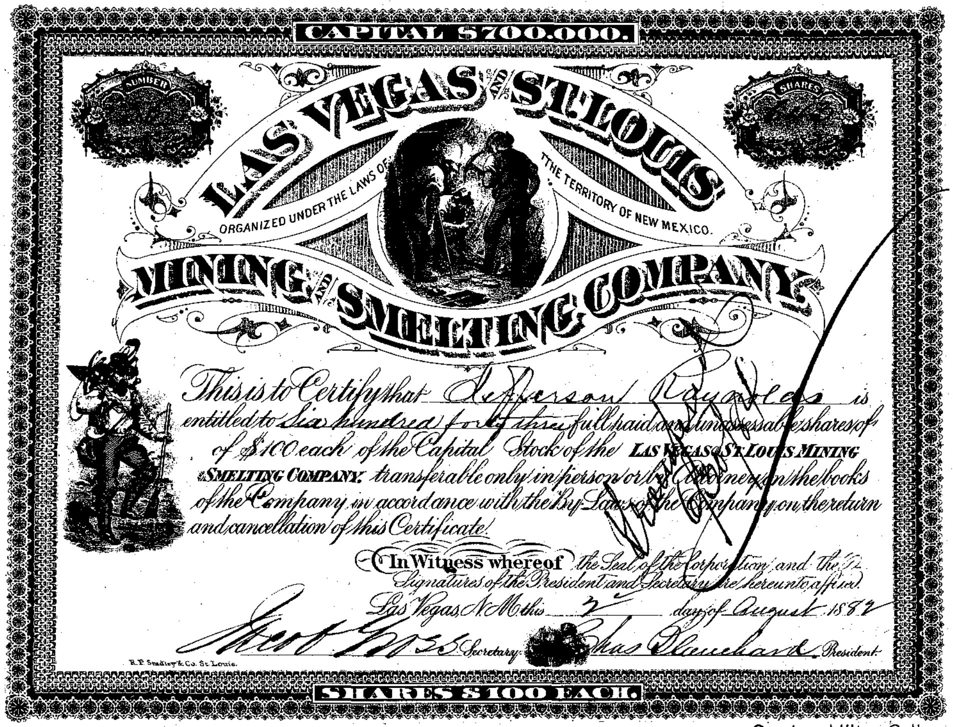
We noticed that the Indians, after leaving our camp, took a northeasterly direction, evidently to meet a mule and horse train of seven wagons just then coming in sight on the Trail. The enactment of another bloody drama was evidently preparing, this time in full view of us, although out of range.

We were not slow in taking positions for the observation of the coming carnage. We did not have to wait long; shooting began immediately at the doomed train, which offered but feeble resistance. Simultaneously we saw a large detachment of mounted troops leave Fort Dodge for the scene of the

Wagonyard at Fort Union, New Mexico

Courtesy National Archives





CAPITAL $700,000.

LAS VEGAS & ST. LOUIS

ORGANIZED UNDER THE LAWS OF THE TERRITORY OF NEW MEXICO.

MINING AND SMELTING COMPANY

This is to Certify that Jefferson Raynolds is entitled to Six hundred forty three full paid and unassessable shares of of $100 each of the Capital Stock of the LAS VEGAS & ST. LOUIS MINING & SMELTING COMPANY transferable only in person or by Attorney on the books of the Company in accordance with the By-Laws of the Company on the return and cancellation of this Certificate.

In Witness whereof the Seal of the Corporation and the Signatures of the President and Secretary are hereunto affixed. Las Vegas, N.M. this 7 day of August 1882

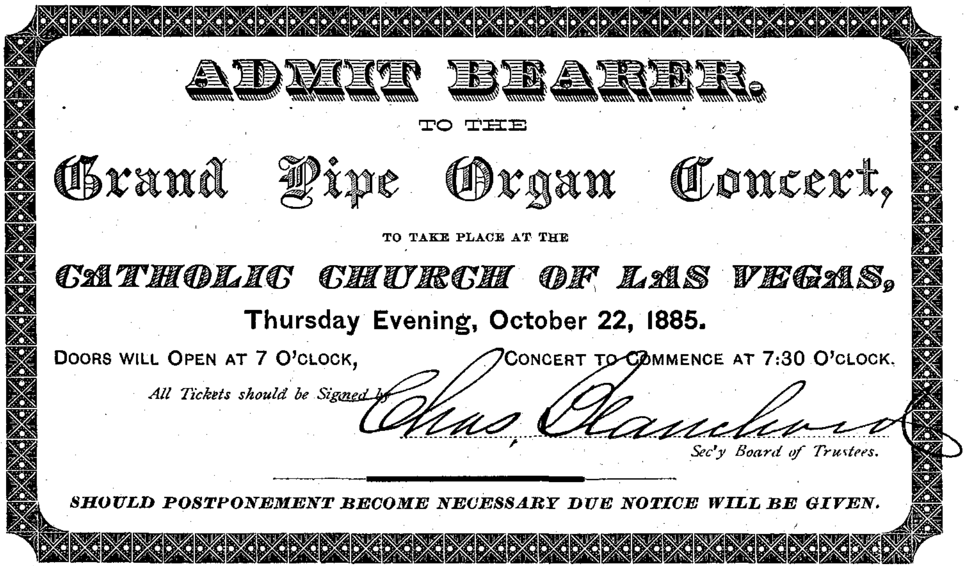
Secretary. Chas Blanchard President.

R. P. Studley & Co. St. Louis.

SHARES $100 EACH.

Courtesy Milton Callon

Above, stock certificate from a concern of which Blanchard was president. Below, a concert ticket sold to pay for an organ Blanchard secured in St. Louis.



ADMIT BEARER.

TO THE

Grand Pipe Organ Concert,

TO TAKE PLACE AT THE

CATHOLIC CHURCH OF LAS VEGAS,

Thursday Evening, October 22, 1885.

DOORS WILL OPEN AT 7 O'CLOCK, CONCERT TO COMMENCE AT 7:30 O'CLOCK.

All Tickets should be Signed by Chas Blanchard

Sec'y Board of Trustees.

SHOULD POSTPONEMENT BECOME NECESSARY DUE NOTICE WILL BE GIVEN.

new trouble. The Indians had time, however, to cut off all the mules and horses which were rapidly driven away by a number of them, while the others were engaged in pillaging the train and killing the teamsters.

The soldiers succeeded in recapturing most of the stock, but upon reaching the scene, the Indians had all dispersed and none was to be seen. The teamsters were buried on the spot, and Charlie Musick, the owner of the outfit, was persuaded to return to the railroad with an escort of soldiers, to await there a safer opportunity to cross the plains. Musick, being a pioneer freighter and trader, was not usually easily convinced, but this time he did not wait for forcible arguments.

I afterwards learned that a large band of Kiowas had made a sortie into the Fort that morning, in an attempt, it was thought, to capture the cavalry horses. However, being tied in their mangers they were not to be easily stampeded. The fog had been the cause of the Indians' error.

They killed three men at the lime kilns; thence ran all through the Fort. The soldiers, being at breakfast, were not able to offer immediate resistance, resulting in their pursuit of the Indians on foot, the bullets from their last volley reaching the sides of our wagons.

AFTER this eventful day, it seemed that our difficulties were multiplying. Being in complete ignorance of the fate that had befallen to our rescuers from Las Vegas, or at what time we might expect them to arrive, we led a most miserable existence of suspense and anxiety. The war was surely growing worse every day. Might it not be possible that many more tribes from the north, such as the Sioux, would join in the conflict and render the military powerless, at least for a time, to cope with the situation? In such an event, a general massacre would follow.

The year 1868 was known to have been the worst in all Indian warfare. Such was the opinion of scores of pioneers and frontiersmen, who afterwards expressed themselves on the subject. Every day, after the first of October, brought evidence of renewed activity with the troops at Fort Dodge. The rattling of the wheels of ambulances would be heard night and day; no doubt the little garrison was kept busy to its utmost.

Many new settlements had sprung up on the line of the new railroad in the Smokey Hill River Valley. For a long distance west and east of Ellsworth, most of the settlements disappeared, the destruction of life and property being complete.

This general uprising was the natural sequel of the bad faith of our Government, failing to make the necessary provisions to carry out its treaty with the Cheyennes and Arapahoes that had followed the Sand Creek massacre. The Indians had left the treaty council full of hope and satisfaction, because their oldest friends, Colonel Bent and Kit Carson, being present as two of the commissioners, had reassured the Indians that at last they might rely upon the good faith of the palefaces once more.

Black Kettle, the Cheyenne Chief, had said at the council, "I once thought that I was the only man that persevered to be the friend of the white man; but since they had come and cleaned our lodges, killed our women and children, stole our horses and everything else, it is hard to believe white men anymore."

Elsewhere Black Kettle spoke of Colonel Chivington's troops as "that fool band of soldiers that cleared out our lodges and killed our women and children."

With a magnanimity and common sense which white men would have done well to imitate in their judgments of the Indians, he recognized that it would be absurd, as well as unjust, to hold all white men in distrust on account of the acts of that "fool band of soldiers."

That infamous institution called the Indian Bureau, and its horde of agents and grafters, in its report to the Department that year, tried to shield its shortcoming thus: "The substantial cause of this war was the fact that the Department, for want of appropriations, was compelled to *stop their supplies*, and to permit them to recur to the chase for subsistence."

The above no doubt accounts for the liberal issue of firearms and ammunitions to five tribes near Pawnee Rock on the 16th of August, after compelling the Indians to wait five months on empty stomachs, and no doubt without instructions; or leaving the Indians the only alternative of killing white people and stealing provisions from them.

General Harney, on being asked if Black Kettle was a hostile Indian, replied laying his hand on his heart, "I have worn this uniform fifty-five years; Black Kettle was as true a friend of the white man as I am."

It is at times said, by those seeking to defend or at least palliate the United States Government's repeated disregard of its treaties with the Indians, that no Congress can be held responsible for the acts of the Congress preceding it; or, in other words, that each Congress may, if it chooses, undo all that has been done by previous Congresses. However true this may be of some legislative acts, it is clearly not according to the principles of international law of treaties.

What I now know of the sacredness of treaty stipulations between individuals and nations, then occurred to my inexperienced mind only in a confused and imperfect manner. And I was not able to discern fully the injustice done the Indians through greedy speculative channels. I was only in a position to measure the extent of my losses, without the positive assurance that they would ever be made good to me. And having already suffered similar losses by the Apaches in Lincoln County, New Mexico, from which I had found no recourse, all I could do, at least for the time being, was to quietly submit and reconcile myself to my fate.

I also knew that through political intrigues, and the most damnable schemes by a handful of Las Vegas grafters, the Navajo tribe, then numbering about 10,000 thriving, half-civilized Indians, had been in 1864 removed from the reservation they had occupied since time immemorial, to the Fort Sumner reserve of only a few thousand acres on the Pecos River. No wood or game could be found there, and farming was possible for only a few families.

And so the unfortunate tribe was held as prisoners of war until the summer of 1868, after the Government had spent millions of dollars and the Indians had been decimated by loathsome diseases and the hardships of their captivity. Only about two-thirds of their number were taken back to their original reservation in Northwestern New Mexico. Meanwhile, the unscrupulous speculators and contractors had, at the expense of the poor Navajos and all the people, reaped a rich harvest.

ABOUT four o'clock on the evening of the 9th of October, a great cloud of dust was noticed east of our camp, perhaps five or six miles away. As it grew in volume and seemed to draw nearer in the course of a half hour. we unanimously decided that another large party of Indians must be on their way to attack Fort Dodge.

All eyes were turned towards the cloud which kept increasing steadily along the trail. Then dissenting opinions were expressed that the Indians were never known to follow a road, and that they could not be Indians. I felt somewhat relieved, but not satisfied until one of the boys cried out, *"Son carros!"* asserting that he could plainly discern the white covers of wagons.

We soon were satisfied that a great number of wagons were traveling in double lines toward the west. Our camp being within 500 yards of the main Santa Fe Trail, I determined to walk over and have a talk with some of the men. I soon learned that every train, loaded and not loaded, which had been left at the railroad, had joined together for protection on the return trip home.

There were no less than 250 wagons with about 1,500 cattle, horses and mules, and 275 men in the outfit, traveling two abreast. I had a few words with an old neighbor of Las Vegas, who informed me that he had word that my ox outfit, one wagon loaded with yokes and four men, had left Las Vegas, September 16, and I thus learned that conservatively, I could safely guess they should arrive within three days unless they had met with very probable reverses on the way.

I also had a talk with the boss of the entire outfit, and asked him if he could possibly arrange to wait for me a couple of days; that if I were left all alone I had doubts that we could ever leave Dodge in time (before winter).

He said, "No, you know yourself that such a large outfit must be kept moving constantly owing to the fact that grass within a certain radius of camp, and within safe limits, cannot last long. But we progress very slowly, and if your stock comes within two or three days, you can easily overtake us and join this outfit for protection."

This was a semblance of encouragement but not entirely reassuring. All hearts in my party fairly bled at the sight of the large caravan slowly defiling under our eyes on their way home, without any possibility of participating in the joys and hopes of the happy party under the protection of such powerful escort.

THERE was enough in the defeat of the intense desire of my men to return home to preoccupy my mind with new fears and disquietude, and in order to conceal my agitation, I invited the two oldest and most reliable of my men to take a walk with me under the pretext of interviewing some of the men at the rear of the large outfit, just then opposite us.

I enjoined the rest of the men to be on constant guard, that we would return in the course of twenty minutes; my object being to consult with the two men as to the best plan of standing guard during that night, without the knowledge of the rest of the party. I knew that some of my men would be tempted to desert in the darkness, and the result of our consultation was naturally that the nine hours of watching would be equally divided between us three, and the program was carried out successfully.

This arrangement relieved me to the extent of appearing sanguine and hopeful that evening. I even imparted to my men the cheerful information that our relief party was due to arrive within three days and that the seat of the war was east and north of us. The result was that everyone retired as cheerful as could be expected.

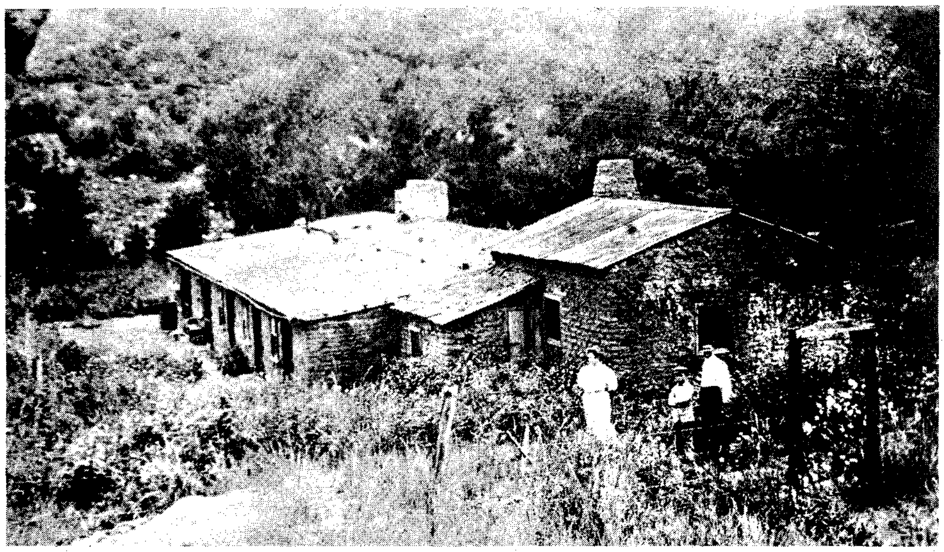
Having reserved the last shift for myself, with the understanding that we would lie down as usual but would sleep with one eye open, I must confess that I slept the entire night with *both* eyes open.

The next day was spent in making preparations for the long anticipated departure, although several squads of soldiers were seen going and returning from across the river to the south of us, showing unusual activity in the direction of Fort Supply in the Indian Territory. I learned at the Fort the next day that a white woman and her two-year-old child had been made captive some 50 miles east of Fort Lyon, and about 110 miles west of Dodge, which was the cause of military activity south of the river.

On the 15th, in order to satisfy my men's anxious inquiries as to what protection we could secure from the military as far as Fort Lyon, I determined to pay a visit to the Commander of the Fort. I made my way by the river shore in order to keep in hiding from the Indians. I was cordially received by Captain Douglass, but when I made the object of my call known, he looked at me with scorn, not to say contempt, replying, "Man, can't you see what is going on in this section? I have not one-half the

Dick Wootton's original home near Raton Pass

Courtesy Denver Public Library Western Collection



TOLL CHARGES

The rates of toll are regulated by the board of county Commissioners and are reasonable

One wagon or carriage with one span of horses or mules or a yoke of cattle	**$1.00**
One wagon or carriage with two or three spans of mules or yokes of cattle	**$1.50**
One wagon or carriage with four or more spans of horses or mules or yokes of cattle	**$2.00**
On horseback	**.25¢**
Loose stock per head	**.05¢**
Swine or sheep	**.05¢**

I am also prepared to ranch stock on reasonable terms having one of the best stock ranches in either Colorado or New Mexico and warrant to give satisfaction to all who give me a call. I am also prepared to accommodate the traveling public with board and lodging. A good stock of liquor will always be found at my bar.

Wootton's Ranch
Raton Mountain
Colorado Territory
1st of August, 1865

Courtesy Milton Callon

List of tolls and conveniences offered by Wootton's Ranch, appearing in the Las Vegas Gazette, August 19, 1865

soldiers to do justice to my duties and cannot extend the necessary protection due to settlers and travelers within the limits of country tributary to this Fort. My men are overtaxed with work; my hospital crowded with wounded; and you dare ask me to make further sacrifice which is not in my power to do.

"It is only a few days ago that I had to give assistance to another fool who ventured alone on his way to New Mexico, lost four of his men, several head of stock and most of one load of his freight right here in sight of this Fort. And last night late I was called upon to assist the large outfit that passed through here only two days ago; the last report from them being to the effect that they had lost five men and were completely surrounded, but I could do nothing for them.

"I am not willing to risk the safety of this Fort for the protection of any foolhardy civilian outfit. General Sheridan is now out four days on a hunt for the recovery of a white woman and child, another wild goose chase that will bring no results, but I wash my hands of it. I can do nothing for you; you had better stay where you are."

I returned to camp downhearted and almost despairing, knowing I must again make use of a ruse, for it would not do to let my men know the result of my interview with Douglass. So I had nothing but cheerful news to give the boys, reserving the real truth until later.

WHILE it might be true that the Fort garrison was inadequate to cope with Indian troubles, it was also well known to the military authorities that five prairie tribes numbering no less than 7,000 braves had been in open rebellion since August 19, and there does not seem to be any excuse why ample protection was not afforded to both public and private property, with railroad facilities almost at their door.

That, however, was in line with the management of Indian affairs—pillage and plunder foremost in all transactions with the Indians; public security being of secondary import, if at all considered. In order to carry out their diabolical plans in the removal of the Navajos four years before, the handful of speculators had enlisted the services of the military heads of Forts Union and Sumner, who cheerfully assisted and were made beneficiaries in the plunder.

Likewise the great campaign of 1868 was made to bear the same kind of fruit by graft and robbery, but never mind the safety of the public. Freighters and travelers had no business to be caught in the trap; public safety was not to be considered as against the greed of men in office. The testimony of some of the highest military officers of the United States is on record to the effect that in our Indian wars, almost without exception, the first aggressions have been made by white men; the assertion being supported by every civilian of reputation who has studied the subject.

In addition to the class of robbers and outlaws who find impunities in their nefarious pursuits on the frontiers, there is a large class of professedly reputable men who use every means in their power to bring on Indian wars for the sake of the profit to be realized from the presence of troops and the expenditures of government funds in their midst.

THE 11th of October was one of exciting computation and guessing as to the probable arrival of our Las Vegas party. Although I was far from being confident of its safety, I carefully kept my men from even suspicion of my disturbed spirits, and the night passed without marked incidents.

Bright and early, everyone was on foot with the first rays of light on the morning of the 12th, and so sure were my men that the long looked for day of deliverance had come, work was at once begun toward completing arrangements for the departure of the train.

Dissimulating my feelings of doubt and intense anxiety, I could encourage my men in the work of preparation which was completed by two o'clock in the afternoon. Then all eyes were almost constantly directed towards the west. About three o'clock Domingo's keen eye discovered some object emerging from the Fort, which soon proved to be six white-covered wagons rapidly traveling toward us, but keeping to the main road of the Santa Fe Trail. Of course, that could not be our outfit, but in a little while we found that the caravan was closely followed by a herd of cattle, which caused some of the boys to throw hats in the air.

Their joy knew no bounds when the head team was seen to leave the road and strike across the prairie toward us. Five of the schooners drawn by a mixture of mules, horses and oxen, soon made camp within hearing distance of us, the sixth wagon with the loose herd continuing toward our camp. There was then a complete exit of my men toward the incoming outfit, and what followed is hard to describe.

After embracings were over, the volubility of words was such as to prevent me from addressing anyone for fully fifteen minutes. After giving orders for the reception of the newcomers, I quietly took the river shore trail toward the Fort, in what I knew to be a futile effort to secure an escort from Commandant Douglass.

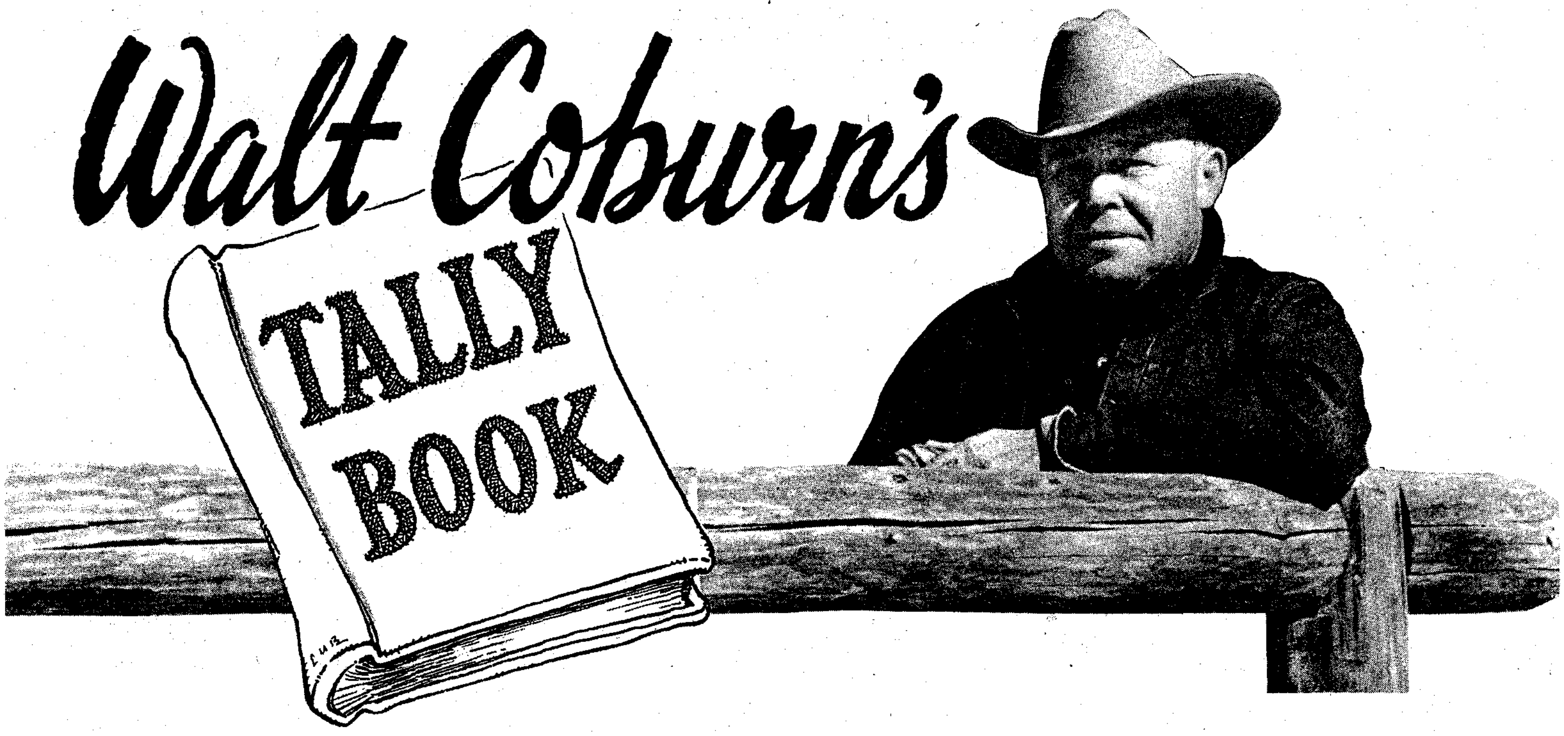
I found the officer obdurate, and asked him to prepare a final answer for next morning, adding that in the event of his final refusal I would be forced to undertake the trip singlehanded, because I felt satisfied that I could not hold my men any longer. The season was too far advanced to allow further delay. I could not say yet how the small party from New Mexico had managed to come through without suffering losses, as I had had no time to ask for particulars.

Douglass looked at me with an expression of disdain, remarking that if I dared to leave with such a small outfit he would stop me, and that I had no right to risk the lives of my men or jeopardize the safety of the property in my charge; that if I made the attempt he would order the troops to lodge me in the Fort calaboose.

That was no pleasant message to carry back, but the only alternative was to at once face the music. Upon reaching camp and as soon as I became familiar with the details of the trip by our Las Vegas party, I summoned all hands to listen to the result of my last interview with Captain Douglass.

To my astonishment, instead of the expected effect I was looking for, they unanimously announced their determination of forcing their way past the Fort, or in the event that the military made use of force to prevent us from using the

(Continued on page 48)



The BROWN JUG HORSE

I'D MANAGED to talk Jake Myers, who was ramrodding the Circle C outfit then, into a week's layoff for the Christmas holidays. I'd packed my town clothes in a suitcase for the stage to pick up. I was going to town a-horseback early next morning. It was a good forty-five or fifty-mile ride. Snow lay on the ground and it was way below zero. But it was all in a day's work and I was young and didn't mind it.

A man dressed for the cold weather in Montana: long, fleece-lined wool underwear and blanket-lined canvas pants and angora chaps and a sheepskin-lined coat and muskrat cap and overshoes. It was a man's own fault if the cold weather bothered him. All I cared about was getting to Malta before the barber shop closed. The days are short in the winter time.

It was while we were eating a six o'clock breakfast that Jake told me that as long as I was going to town it wouldn't be much out of my way to swing past the Phillips line camp on Wild Horse and pick up a Bar L horse that had been left there. If nobody was there, I'd find the horse in the pasture or mebbyso in the barn.

"It's that Brown Jug horse somebody 'borrowed' last fall and rode outa the country. Somebody rode him back a few weeks ago and left him at the Wild Horse camp. You take him on to town and fetch him home with you when you come back after New Year's."

Jake lay awake nights figuring out new ways to job me. And he waited till breakfast to break the news. When he said it wouldn't be much out of my way, he was sure putting it mild. Actually it was no more than a ten-mile swing off the trail, so far as actual distance marked on the map went, but with half a winter's snow, drifted and packed on the ground, you had to ride the ridges because the coulees were filled with twenty-foot drifts. And like as not there'd be no trail to follow or if there was, it would be drifted over. I'd have to make my own trail and let my horse buck the drifts. It would be slow going. That little swing out of my way to town would take three hours anyhow—if I had good luck.

I saw Jake watching me as he drank his fourth or fifth cup of coffee and smoked on his cigarette butt. That danged coffee-cooling Jake took a hellish delight in teasing and plaguing a kid. He had me making excuses for a month ahead, figuring out ways and means of wrangling a week or ten days layoff out of him. For every reason I'd think up he had half a dozen answers why I should stay on the ranch—knowing all the time he was letting me take that vacation, even tacking on an extra month's cowhand's wages to add to my pay check.

The other boys sitting around the table were in on it and they were all watching me to see how I'd take it. Whether I'd blow up and cuss, or swallow the bitter pill along with my coffee.

I'd talked too much about what I was going to do when I got to town. Make up for the three long months here on the ranch. Get the works at the barber shop, dress up in town clothes and put a tie on. Make the rounds before I caught the train for Great Falls. Jake knew I'd planned on gettin' to town early. Otherwise I'd have ridden in on the stage.

For once I had sense enough to keep my trap shut. When I didn't even blow up, Jake covered his disappointment by telling how he figured the Brown Jug happened to be "borrowed" from the horse pasture.

"I figger he disappeared about the time Dutch Henry was passin' through the country with a bunch of stolen horses. As a rule no horse thief ever steals a Circle C horse unless he's afoot. The way I got it figgered, one of his men didn't know our outfit sometimes uses the Bar L brand that belongs to Will and Bob Coburn personal. Directly Dutch Henry saw the Bar L brand, he sent the geldin' back. He used to work for the outfit and even a horse thief has his obligations."

I SLIPPED out to the barn and got my horse saddled. It was still dark when I pulled out. The boys stood around the log barn giving me advice how to steer clear of the pitfalls set up for a country boy in the city.

Great Falls, Montana, where we had our home and where I'd gone through high school, seemed like a big city compared with the small town of Malta, where the outfit shipped cattle from.

"Don't come back without you fetch that Brown Jug horse of Bob's," Jake's final warning followed me as I rode off.

I kept my mouth shut. I'd made up my mind while I was buckling on my chaps that I wasn't riding that ten miles out of my way to pick up any horse. Brown Jug would still be there when I got back from Great Falls. I'd pick him up on the way back to the ranch. I'd have more time then. But I wasn't committing myself to any actual lie about it.

I pulled into the Hog Ranch stage station before noon, about halfway to Malta. I grained my horse and had a couple of shots at the saloon and bought a pint to take along, and ate a hot meal.

There was a telephone line from Malta to Landusky and Zortman in the Little Rockies. The Phillips sheep ranch and the Circle C ranch were on the line. I had one ear cocked, listening for the one long and one short ring on what we called the Whoop and Holler line, and I half expected when the Hog Ranch ring sounded on the phone, that it might be Jake, checking up on me. I'd jerked down the line a couple of times before when I headed for town to go on a wild 'un, but I didn't take the trouble now. If I had swung out to the camp on Wild Horse I wouldn't be stopping at the Hog Ranch. I'd have grabbed some grub and grained my horse at Wild Horse, and the Hog Ranch wouldn't be on my route.

I could hear Frenchy, who ran the Hog Ranch, talking on the phone. Frenchy had never got used to talking on the phone. You could hear him holler a mile away, and I knew he was talking to the sheriff at Malta. I could hear him saying, "No, Sheriff, I ain't seen a man who looks like that . . . Yes sir, Sheriff, I'll be on the lookout. I'll let you know if he shows up . . . How's that? Yeah, I got it straight. Big feller. Black whiskers. Kinda cross-eyed. Mean lookin'. I'll watch out fer him. Damned right I won't try to hold him. I don't want no part of a man like that. I'm paid to tend the barn. What's he done? Robbed a bank or held up a train? Hello . . . Hello . . ." Frenchy hung up.

"All they do is ask questions. I ask one and the line goes dead." Frenchy acted excited. "The sheriff's on the lookout for some outlaw. Why don't he saddle a horse and do his own huntin', insteada settin' around a warm stove in some saloon?" Frenchy had been jailed a time or two for selling whiskey. He had no use for the law or the men who enforced it.

"If you run into a big, cross-eyed, mean-lookin' man with black whiskers, kid," Frenchy told me while I was getting into my coat, "tell him the law's lookin' fer him."

I wasn't too excited about it. I didn't know anybody that fit that description. My mind was too filled with other things as I traveled along the hard-packed stage road. I had my wages saved. I'd cash the check at the hotel and buy my round-trip ticket to Great Falls and save out twenty-five bucks to spend in Malta while I was waiting for the midnight train. Put the rest in my wallet and put the wallet in my suitcase. I might even save the price of a ticket, if the right conductor was on the train. The Circle C had shipped enough cattle on the Great Northern. Up until a few years back every cowman had his pass. Even after the passes were called in, no cowman ever paid for a ticket. Every conductor and most of the porters and even the dining-car crew knew me from the time I was a six-year-old and carried my saddle in a sack with me. It was worth trying.

I WAS RIDING all humped up and alone and the only sound was the crunching squeak of sharp-shod hoofs and my saddle, and I kept thinking up things to take my mind off the cold. Now and then I'd pull the bottle from my chaps pocket and take a nip, to shorten the miles. The sun was hidden behind a gray sky that was spitting a little snow. It would start to get dark about four-thirty and it was about that time now. I figured I was about ten miles from town, because I'd just crossed the bridge across Alkali, when I sighted a lone rider.

He was coming from an easterly direction, along the high ridge and following no trail. He must have sighted me about the same time, because he pulled up. I kept on goin'. If he came on, he would cut the stage road ahead and we'd get there about the same time. I saw him wait a little while, then come on down the ridge.

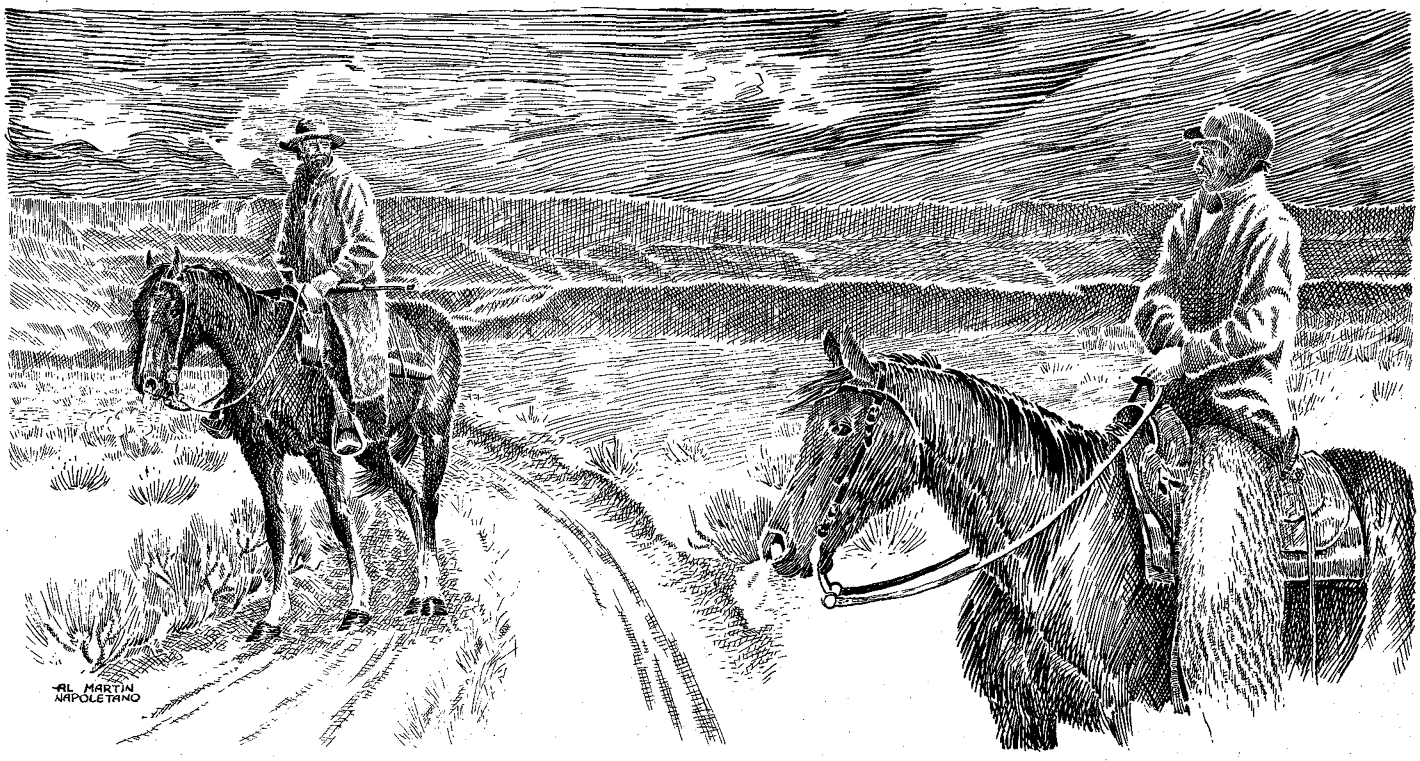
We were in sight of each other all the way, and the distance closed like the point of a triangle. Between us was a low coulee where the snowdrifts were piled higher than a man a-horseback. Even in the dim light I could see the saddle carbine he packed between his belly and the saddle horn. He had on a coonskin coat and his black angora chaps showed below it. It was still too far away for me to recognize the man. But I knew the horse he was riding.

It was the Bar L Brown Jug. I'd been brought up to size up a horse so I'd know him the next time, and I knew every horse in the Circle C remuda.

I'd have gambled on the rider by now. The big man with the black whiskers and cross eyes and mean looks. And when we met I had 'er made. I'd let him do what talking there was to be done. I'd packed a six-shooter since I was a kid. But I had no intention whatever of using it. It was shoved into the right-hand pocket of my yellow angora chaps. I had something in the left-hand pocket that beat the gun all to hell. I'd pull it when the sign was right.

It didn't take a mind reader to tell him that I was a button of a kid. I saw he had me sized up when he shoved his Wincheser carbine back into the saddle scabbard where it belonged. His teeth showed through the black whiskers. His eyes were a sort of greenish gray and he was cross-eyed. I couldn't tell if he was looking at me or my horse or somewhere

Illustration by Al Martin Napoletano



behind my shoulder. He wore a lined buckskin mitten on his left hand. He kept his right hand shoved into the side pocket of his coonskin coat.

"Travelin'?" he asked. "Or goin' somewheres?" His voice sounded kind of harsh, as if he hadn't been using it much lately.

"Goin' to town," I told him. "To blow my wages."

"You work for the Circle C?" He kept looking at me with his crossed eyes.

"I'm one of the outfit," I told him.

"I didn't know they come that young. Bill Coburn was runnin' the wagon the fall I worked fer the outfit. I met Bob when we shipped and I run onto Wallace two-three times down in the badlands when he was huntin' grizzlies."

"I'm younger than my half-brother, Wallace. About ten years." I said.

"Horace Brewster took over the wagon when Bill went to Chicago with the cattle. Bob broke his jaw that winter. Johnny Curry rode to Landusky for the doctor. I pulled out the next spring. Kid Curry throwed in with Butch Cassidy and the Wild Bunch. They claimed I wasn't tough enough to take along!" He let out a short laugh.

That laugh scared hell out of me. I was looking at him. He just skinned back his whiskered mouth and the laugh came from behind his big yellow teeth. His breath showed steamy in the cold air. He rode so close I could smell the booze.

His hand came out of the pocket of his coonskin coat. I expected to see a gun, but he had a half-emptied quart in his bare hand. He pulled the cork with his teeth and shoved the bottle at me.

"You wouldn't be one of the Coburn boys if you didn't take a drink." He made it sound like a threat.

I didn't mind taking a drink. I didn't mind, at all. Even if it was rotgut and burned all the way down. I handed it back and he tilted it up. He took a man-sized drink that emptied the bottle, then threw it into a snowbank. He pulled his other mitten out of his right hand pocket and I knew he packed his six-shooter there.

"WHO'S running the outfit now?" he asked.

"Jake Myers. He comes from Oklahoma."

"What part?"

"Around Beef Crick. The old Cherokee Strip."

"That's where I come from. Part Injun. Growed up with the Dalton boys. Rode with 'em. They made the Curry gang look like a bunch of sheepherders." His eyes looked wicked. He reached out and poked a thumb into my ribs.

If he'd had a gun in his hand he couldn't have made me feel any scareder.

"You tell Jake Myers from the old Indian Territory that I'll send this Bar L brown back when I git done ridin' him. You just tell him that, kid."

"I'll tell Jake." I was trying to grin, but my lips felt stiff. I thought it was time to pull what I had in my left-hand chaps pocket, my bottle.

He grabbed it out of my hand before I had time to get the cork pulled. He shook it and held it up against the light. It was half full. He took a good-sized drink and kept the bottle. He had spat out the cork that he pulled with his teeth, and rode with his mittened thumb over the neck.

We rode along the stage road, side by side. It was below zero and too cold for a man to get drunk. But he was getting drunk inside. He sat straight in his saddle and gave no outward sign of it, but I could tell it was the whiskey that made him talk.

He commenced telling me how tough he was. He cussed out the Curry Gang and started in on Butch Cassidy and the Wild Bunch. Then he started in on the Circle C and cussed out the whole outfit, including me. He bragged about how many men he had killed. How he'd been trapped and captured alive and sent to the pen. He said he'd been sentenced to hang and he'd killed the deputy who was taking him to the pen and jumped out the window of a train going sixty miles an hour.

We traveled the last miles to town in the dark and let our horses carry us along the road. It was snowing hard when we sighted the lights of Malta. He never gave me a chance to open my mouth. It was whiskey talk, but I knew that some of it must be true. He couldn't say ten words without cussing, and it was dirty cussing, foul-mouthed and ugly. He kept it up till we reached the edge of town.

"Put up your horse, kid," he told me when we reached the big livery and feed barn. "Come around to Long Henry's Saloon and I'll buy you a drink. I'm paintin' this town Injun red."

He rode away. I was stiff with cold when I got off my horse. The barn man took my horse. I told him to water, grain him and bed him down. I said to get another stall ready. I was bringing in another horse. I knew I had to get that Brown Jug horse, regardless.

I pulled off my chaps and headed down the street. I was going after the Bar L Brown Jug horse Jake had told me to fetch back. I saw the horse standing at the hitchrack in front of Long Henry's Saloon. The light that came from the front windows showed him standing there, humped up under the saddle, bridle reins dropped. He was the only horse left standing out in the snowstorm.

I had the bridle reins in my hand when I heard the shooting inside the saloon. A bullet came through the window and I heard it whine over my head. I grabbed the saddle horn and swung aboard and headed down the street, at no faster than a running walk.

I looked back across my shoulder and saw the door of the saloon come open like somebody inside was trying to bust it down. I just had to pull up to see what was going on. I didn't know I had my six-shooter in my hand till afterwards when it was all over.

I caught sight of the big, black-whiskered man in the coonskin coat and black chaps, bulking big as a silver-tipped grizzly in the lighted doorway, as he backed out. Then he went over backwards and rolled over on his face and lay there in the snow, and the shooting stopped. The snow came down to melt in the fresh blood that flowed from his head, the dark stain spreading while I stared. Nobody paid me any notice as I rode down the street and around the corner. I rode the Brown Jug horse into the barn and told the barn man this was the horse. To feed him all the grain and hay he could hold. I'd be back for both horses in a week or ten days.

THERE was a crowd standing around the dead man when I got back to Long Henry's. The deputy sheriffs were squatted here, and one of them was holding a lantern so that the light fell on the dead man's face. His whiskers were sticky with blood and his eyes were wide open. I was standing close enough to notice that they looked more crossed than ever and their glazed stare seemed fixed on me: I backed off from those dead eyes that were to haunt my dreams for a long while.

I must have tromped on some man's foot because he let out a yelp. One of deputies looked up from where he was squatted and sighted me. His eyes were still hard and squinted and the color hadn't come back into his face.

"Where the hell have you been?" He stood up.

"Why?"

His voice sounded heavy with sarcasm. "He wants to know why." He grinned flatly at the second deputy and they both eyed me like I was guilty of something bad. Both law officers had known me since I was so high.

By now the whole crowd was staring at me, looking me over.

"Jake's been on the phone all afternoon. Worried as hell because he'd sent you to the Wild Horse camp and found out from the Hog Ranch that this horse thief we just killed was there. Someone told him they saw this Blackjack feller riding a horse he'd sent you to pick up. You better git on that phone before Jake melts the wire. There's a telephone at Long Henry's."

The deputy shoved me through the door. He was the only man in town who wore one of those high-priced, fuzzy, beaver black Stetsons. I noticed a bullet rip through the dented crown. He had come almighty near getting his.

Jake was on the line. I had to hold the receiver off a ways to keep his beller from busting my eardrums.

"That you, Walt? That you? Are you all right?"

"I just put Brown Jug in the barn!" I had to out-yell him. Jake was as bad as Frenchy at the Hog Ranch, about hollering loud.

"To hell with the horse. You sure you're all right?"

"Nothin' wrong with me. The Brown Jug is kinda ga'nted. I told the barn man to pour the grain into him. I got to git to the barber shop before Shorty locks up."

"Where the hell you been? You played hell. Frenchy says you got a bottle. I got a mind to have 'em send you back to the ranch. You sure you ain't lyin' when you say you're all right? You better

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If you think having only eight miles of track—and no whistle at all—is enough to give a locomotive an inferiority complex, then you have underestimated

"The DUMMY"

By JIM H. PORTER

Photo Courtesy Author

FOR three months a little locomotive nicknamed "The Dummy" chugged between Atlanta and Bloomburg, Texas, burning natural gas for fuel—the only vehicle of its kind to run on natural gas before or since—but the noble experiment failed.

The Texas, Arkansas and Louisiana Railway had come into existence in 1897 to provide freight and passenger communications between the two Texas communities. Twelve months later The Dummy made its maiden eight-mile journey, and for the next twenty years completed two round trips daily. For the first few months of its existence, the train had no whistle and the nickname given it then, survived.

Almost every merchant in the area had some stock in the enterprise. The idea of the railroad originated with Mr. Rufus S. Allday, who became its executive director and administrator. Banker Ben F. Ellington held the controlling interest.

The short run from Atlanta paralleled the Texas and Pacific tracks before winding east toward Bloomburg. Virgil T. Porter and his brother, Noah, were the engineers on the train for most of its two decades of operation. Virgil would work about six months of the year repairing equipment while Noah was engineer. Then they would trade, Virgil becoming the engineer while his brother made necessary repairs.

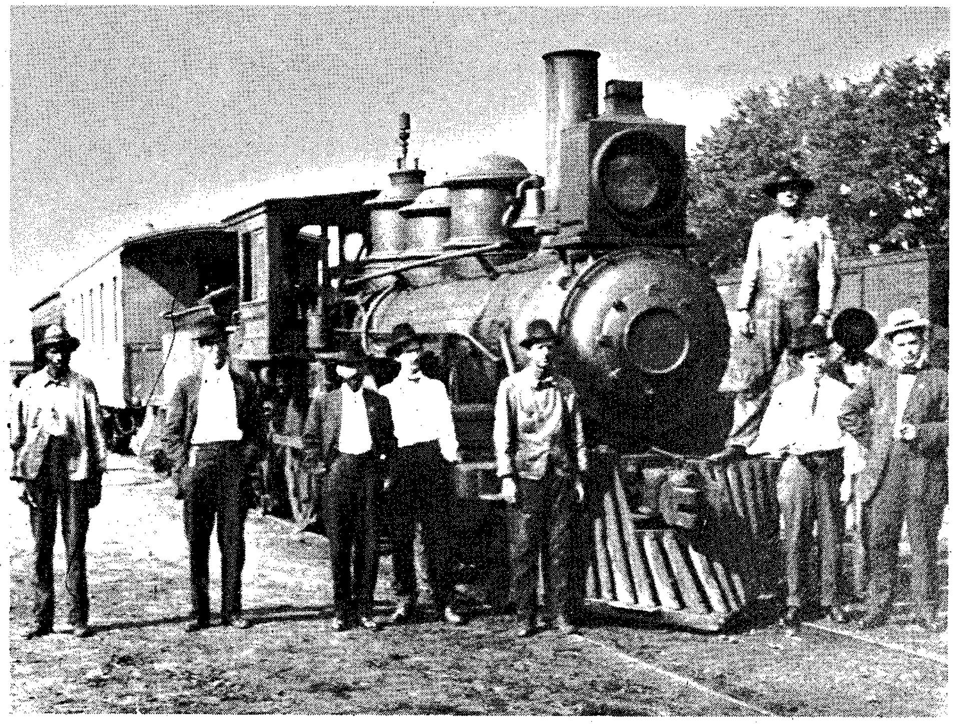
The hills were steep and the curves tight. The toughest and steepest was known as "Jug Factory Hill" because of the pottery factory half way up the incline. Sometimes, on rainy days, the train would slip on the tracks and have to back up to the depot to get a fresh start. Several tries might be necessary before topping the hill but when it succeeded, the whole countryside could hear The Dummy's proud blast.

The railroad was a thriving business. All freight coming into Atlanta was shipped over its tracks. In turn, considerable tonnage was transported to Bloomburg where connections were made with the Kansas City Southern. The bright red passenger coach was usually full.

The Dummy made its first run at eight in the morning, returning to Atlanta at eleven-thirty. The next scheduled departure from Atlanta was at three o'clock in the afternoon and the return at five-thirty. Besides the passenger coach, the little train was able to haul as many as six carloads of freight.

The chief crops in Cass County were cotton and Irish potatoes. During June, the peak of the potato season, 150 to 200 carloads were brought to the loading platform, and during the fall, as many as 16,000 to 18,000 bales of cotton were carried. Hay and feed were transported to the Texas and Pacific and Kansas City Southern connections.

It took a half cord of wood to fire up the engine for its morning trip. Farmers Irby B. Price and his brother cleared some land in Tom Wood's fields near Queen City and sold wood to the railroad for eighty-five cents a cord. This wood would be stacked alongside the tracks for the trainmen. On the afternoon run, "home" to Atlanta, The Dummy would stop at the wood pile and pick up the load. Usually the passengers volunteered to help, in order to save time.



The two men identified in this photo of The Dummy are its engineers, Noah Porter, standing on the "cow-catcher," and Virgil Porter, standing in front at left of engine.

There were other unscheduled stops, too. Farmers would place pyramids of watermelons on the tracks. These melons were not for shipment—they were intended for the crew's personal use.

ABOUT 1912, a natural gas pipeline was laid from Atlanta to Bloomburg. The railway directors decided to experiment with the new fuel to find out if it could be used successfully in the little train's engine. A flat car and a tank about six feet in diameter were purchased. The tank was mounted on the flat car and coupled to the engine. Regular air hoses were used to connect the gas line to the tank. After about thirty minutes the tank registered one-hundred pounds pressure. A gas line was laid to the track both in Atlanta and Bloomburg.

Everything worked fine for a few months. Then the gas company began having trouble with their lines blowing here and there, and cut the train's line pressure to fifty pounds. Half-rations were not enough for The Dummy. The engine consistently died two miles short of its destination.

Eventually the train was pulled in, the gas burner removed, and the engine put on coal. An open-air passenger car was built from the flat car. The ride was nice and cool but cinders and insects offset the more pleasant features.

The Dummy did not have a water tank or a turntable. After lunch each day, the crew would run the little engine down the track about three blocks from the depot where a creek passed under the railroad track. A steam-driven pump was bolted to a couple of crossties on the bank. The crew would connect a steam pipe from the pump to the side of the boiler, then a hose to the discharge side of the pump. The other end was placed in the water and the steam turned on. It took about thirty minutes to fill the tender.

The engine then traveled three more blocks to a switch which routed it on

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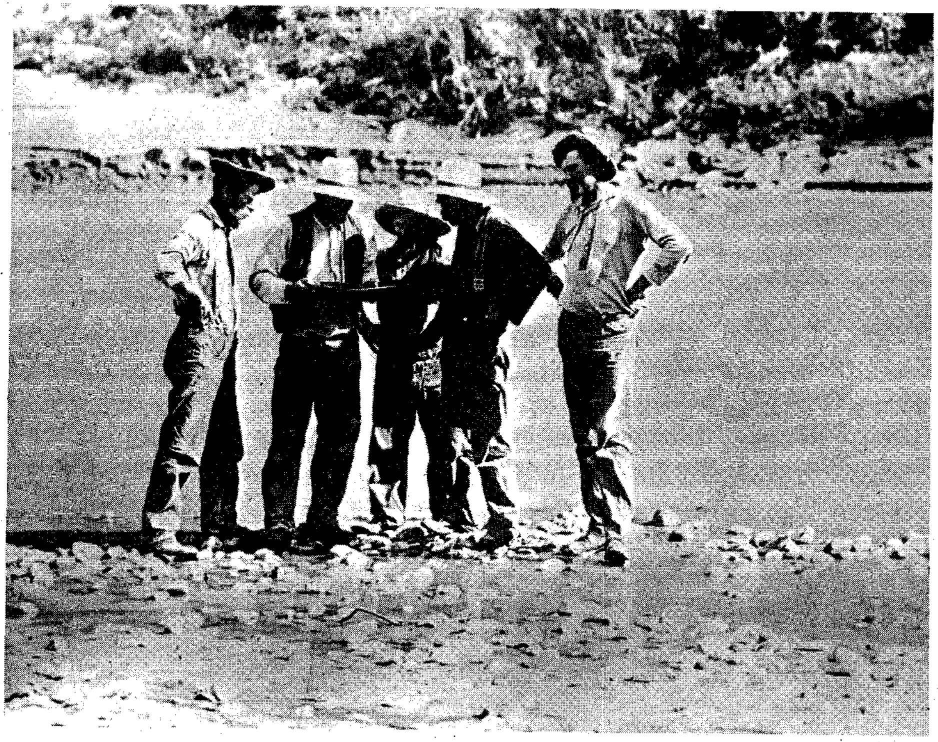


Hardy prospectors like these panned the rivers and creeks around the Targhee.

TARGHEE'S

By MAURICE KILDARE

Photos Courtesy Author

BUFFALO CREEK in the Targhee National Forest, now called a river, is old Idaho's Treasure River. Enclosed in its earth folds covered by dense timber is not only a rich lost ledge of gold but much outlaw loot. Three of the latter caches can be documented against all doubt.

There are at least a dozen more of a legendary nature, several of which treasure hunters have uncovered during the last two decades. So there appears to be considerable basis in fact for the tales of buried treasure you can still hear from old-timers.

The center of this region is Island Park Village, extending along both sides of U. S. Highways 191 and 20 for forty miles south of Henrys Lake. It is lined with inns, motels, stores, gas stations, recreational sites and campgrounds. Tens of thousands of tourists visit it every year, but few of them, if any, realize that the Targhee has been, and still is, a land of elusive mysteries.

From the establishment of Fort Hall in 1834, Indians confidently assured white men that the Targhee's streams were filled with yellow metal. Perhaps the newcomers were decoyed there to be killed for their possessions. Certainly what the white man called Henrys Lake was a place so sacred that Indian tribes actively resented interlopers. The islands once floating in its waters were hallowed burial grounds. The Targhee and its clear running streams and canyons proved a death trap. Seldom did an early-day frontiersman venturing therein ever emerge alive.

When pursued by vigilantes or officers of the law, stagecoach robbers and other outlaws streaked for the unknown fastnesses of the mighty forest. After burying their loot under desperate circumstances, all of them came to bad ends in short order. History proves the Targhee to have been the last place in the West which either outlaws or gold hunters should have entered.

IN JULY, 1863, a gang of seven bandits led by the notorious Jim Locket held up a stagecoach, Salt Lake City-bound from Virginia City, Montana. They shot it up near Hell's Half Acre in Portneuf Canyon. Two passengers and the guard were killed, and a shipment of gold amounting to $65,000 was taken. The dead and living passengers were robbed of $50,000 more. Somewhat leisurely the bandits set off north.

Within minutes the stage driver cut out a horse from his teams and set off, racing for the next station. He had ridden only a couple of miles when he met a long train of freighters, passing through the outlaw-infested canyon together for mutual assistance and protection.

Placing a guard over their wagons, the freighters formed a posse and went after the bandits. They caught up with them in a night camp on Camas Creek. After a brief fight the bandits escaped, making east through Shotgun Valley to Henrys Fork. Believing they were still hotly pursued, the gang turned off onto Buffalo Creek. Hard riding did their stock in by the time they gained the trickling headwaters, and they were forced to hold up. While preparing to make a desperate stand, the loot was buried on the creek. That same night three of the jittery gang couldn't stand the pressure any longer. Abandoning their worn-out horses, they took off afoot into country impassable to riders.

The remaining four got into a bitter argument the next morning about what to do with the loot. Locket ended it by killing two dissenters to a plan for leaving it safely buried. Somewhat panicked and still imagining the posse almost on them, Locket and the survivor left their useless stock and walked to Henrys Fork where they headed south.

Although the gang had dispersed, each was soon traced down and hanged. The bandits' victims had been important Virginia City businessmen whose friends had immediately hired professional manhunters to avenge the murders.

This loot was sought over several decades before an elderly man found some of it in 1932. He stayed at Pond's Resort on Buffalo Creek. Although driving an old rattletrap car, his neat appearance set him apart as a well-to-do gentleman.

Every morning he went forth in the car over rocky roads and mere forest slashes onto upper Buffalo Creek. Other fishermen saw him casually casting for trout. The old man carried a golf bag, containing what appeared to be cased fishing rods sticking out of the top. He said the bag made it handier to take along several favorite rods which he liked to use in the course of the day.

When believing himself to be alone, he faded into the timber, searching around with the aid of a map. On several occasions he was watched. The uninformed tourist fishermen considered him slightly "off." So far as they knew, there wasn't anything worthwhile in the brushy timber. Then a resort employe accidentally discovered that the old man carried a crude metal detector concealed in the golf bag.

One afternoon he returned to the resort almost out of breath with suppressed excitement. He paid his bill and departed hurriedly despite approaching night. In those days the roads were rough dirt trails, winding around through the forest. Nevertheless, the old man kept floorboarding his car until he arrived at Marysville. Those who barely got past him safely declared he drove like a madman.

On reaching the little town he unexpectedly ran into Joe (Joseph) Stewart, an acquaintance. Stewart, an elderly recluse, probably knew more about buried treasure and lost gold in the Targhee than any other living man. Over a few drinks of squirrel whiskey Stewart heard the story of the old man's find. He also was shown some of the raw gold taken from a small cache.

"Although he didn't say so," Stewart was to reveal later, "I gathered from what he did say that after the outlaws got onto the Buffalo they split the loot. Each one hid his own share, and not too far from the others'. This feller had a map one of the gang drew before he was hanged on the Snake River a couple of months later." (The outlaw was "Jeem" Kelley.)

IN ANOTHER CASE, 1864, a packer with a contract to transport gold ore out of Montana to Salt Lake City, had more business than he could handle alone. In the emergency he hired a young drifter in Bannack to take a first string of mules south, planning to overtake him.

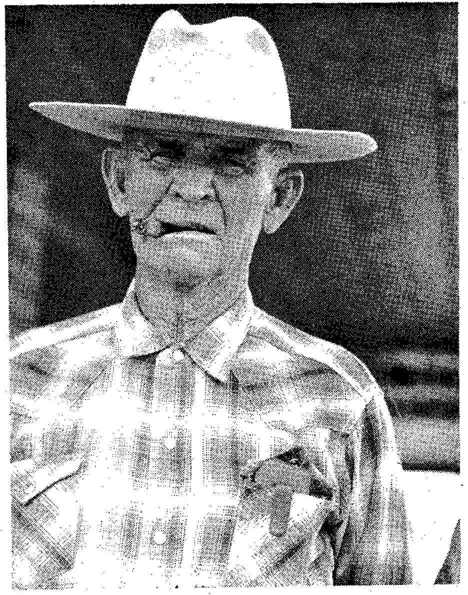
Alone, the youth got as far as present Dubois, Idaho. The ore was in sacks weighing more than 100 pounds each and packed two to a mule. It was quite a chore loading and unloading the heavy sacks, and he concluded that for the wages paid him he was entitled to lose a few.

After burying four of the sacks he tore up a few panniers and some harness, then proceeded on his way.

His employer overtook him short of Fort Hall, having been delayed by rainstorms, and listened to a yarn about how the cranky mules had run away and scattered the sacks' contents all over the landscape. The ore was valued at $2,000 per sack. More than suspicious, the packer had the youth arrested on their arrival at Fort Hall.

When an impromptu court gave him a clean bill, and before proceeding to Salt Lake City with another hired helper, the packer arranged for the young man to be followed if and when he departed under suspicious circumstances.

Sure enough, he left in the middle of the night with grub, equipment and three mules stolen from a freight outfit. Men from Fort Hall tracked him to where the sacked ore had been retrieved and carried eastward. Why a greenhorn, unfamiliar with that wilderness, streaked for the Targhee was always a mystery.



Joe Stewart searched for the lost ledge for many years, making his last trek in 1932.

But he did, and came to grief on Buffalo Creek not far upstream from where the present highway crosses at Island Park, above the mouth of Split Creek.

In his ignorance and anxiety to escape possible pursuit, he had pushed the heavily laden mules too hard through the worst kind of rough country. One had already been abandoned when he went into camp, aware that the overburdened animals could not be pushed farther. Not one was shod and they were down to the hobbling stage. Deciding that he might be able to continue running by mounting the strongest one of the bunch unladen, he set about burying the ore.

He had done so and sat resting in camp when the Fort Hall posse swooped down on him. At first he denied having the gold ore, but was told they would hang him anyway as a mule thief. In his pleading then, he admitted taking the sacks and said that he had buried them in pairs. Neither hole was very deep due to the stony ground.

He got about that far, the posse listening eagerly for disclosure of where the sacks had been buried, when he quit talking. For some reason, likely extreme fear, he either couldn't or refused to speak further.

Several hoistings to a tree limb produced no more information. Finally, disgusted and wanting to return to Fort Hall as soon as possible, the posse lifted him clear of the ground and left him swinging there.

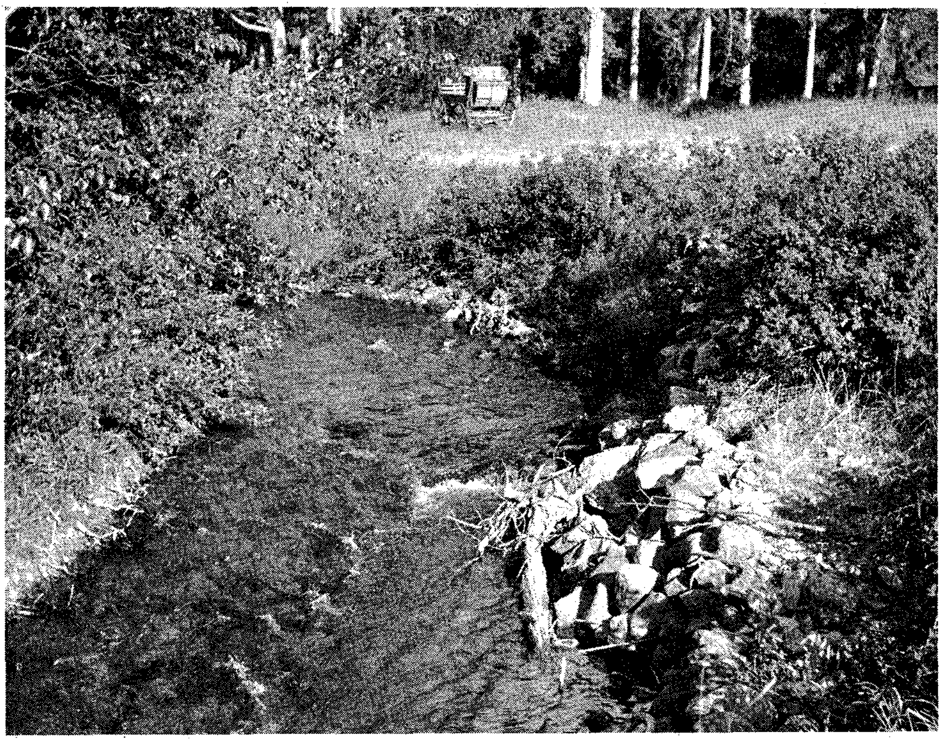
Many years later when the Island Park reservoir dam was put in, an old-timer worked for a contractor who was familiar with the story. Walking up Buffalo Creek one Sunday the contractor had come onto the whitened, scattered bones of a man. Nearby were fragments of rotted leather from a man's belt, and strands of a rope under a tree.

Alerted to the possibilities, he quit his job and began digging around. Finding two of the sacks in one hole, he

GOLD CACHES

There are still at least three proven treasures in the most beautiful—and possibly the most dangerous—hunting grounds in the West

Along upper Buffalo Creek where the lost ledge is believed to be, thick timber and brush make hunting difficult.



Buffalo Creek, where many treasure seekers have searched for the gold of the Targhee

pulled out for Pocatello. When the gold was sold, he had a stake just short of $4,000 and said goodbye to those parts.

THE PRESENT ghost town of Bonanza in Custer County, in 1880 boasted fourteen saloons, two churches, a thriving Chinatown, gambling dens that often saw $30,000 on a single poker table, a newspaper called the *Yankee Fork Herald*, and 10,000 citizens. Some of them were floaters like Fred Blackburn.

Thought to be a Montana outlaw, "Blackie," as he was called, hung around the saloons and dives doing nothing gainful. Yet he always had plenty of money to blow in.

A shipment of $150,000 in gold bars and nuggets in a six-horse wagon came down from the Custer Mining Company. After passing through Bonanza it traveled only a few miles before being stopped in a narrow pass. The driver and three guards were told to throw up their hands. When a guard started to resist orders to kick off the gold, a bullet through his shoulder tamed them all.

No bandit was visible but the freighters supposed several surrounded them. The highwayman giving the orders was concealed at the side of a high-standing black rock.

After several boxes of gold were tossed out of the bed, the wagon went on south. Reaching a safe distance, the driver and guards took out mounts from the teams and started back. They reached the holdup scene just before nightfall and discovered that the robbery had been accomplished by a single man. The shipping boxes lay beside the road broken open. The loot had been packed away on five mules.

Taking the wounded guard back to Bonanza, they reported the robbery. By daybreak a posse was on the audacious bandit's trail which led directly east across Salmon River, Lost River Range, and continued through mountains and across streams to near Spencer.

At the stage station and store the possemen were told of a man traveling alone who had known several others at the station. The man with the mules headed east; the rest went north toward Montana.

Taking up the pursuit, the posse tracked the bandit to Henrys Fork and out on the south side of Buffalo Creek. In the choked virgin forest they lost his sign.

The disgruntled posse returned to Bonanza, where it was learned that Blackburn had vanished from his favorite haunts the day of the big robbery. And belatedly the possemen realized that the description of their quarry at Spencer resembled Blackburn too closely to be mere happenstance.

Notices were sent out, offering a large reward, and Blackburn was recognized in a Mackay saloon seventy-five miles to the southeast. He was promptly arrested.

Blackburn proved to be a genial, happy-go-lucky outlaw. The $5,000 in gold found on his person was casually admitted to be part of the robbery proceeds. Moreover, when a Bonanza officer and two Custer Mining Company security men showed up, Blackburn readily agreed to conduct them to where the swag was cached. En route he became even more talkative, detailing his scheme to "get rich quick."

Blackburn had planned to streak east through uninhabited country, with no big settlement in the way. Once free of any possible trailers, he intended heading north through Monida Pass into Montana. Unfortunately, at Spencer station he had run into five packers who knew him well. That incident caused him to change his plans.

He went into the deep forest on Buffalo Creek. The mules, stolen for the job, played out. After burying the gold, Blackburn headed for Mackey. After a short time he intended going back for the mules, repacking the loot and making it to civilization.

Being agreeable and loquacious was a ruse on the part of the outlaw. His captors, feeling certain of recovering the gold, grew extremely careless. One evening at dusk the party rode into a glade on Willow Creek in Shotgun Valley. Holding up, the men argued over whether to go on or camp there for the night. While they were thus engaged, the crafty Blackburn, unfettered and riding his own horse, suddenly bolted into the brush. The shots fired after him were ineffectual.

The next morning, the posse lost his trail after it turned north toward Montana. Loath to return empty-handed they hurried to Buffalo Creek though they doubted by then that Blackburn had buried the loot there. They found the mules and his campsite but no clue whatever to where the gold was buried.

Feeling sure that Blackburn would return once he believed they were back in Bonanza, the posse wasted three weeks waiting for him. Finally three men were left behind for another month, after which the news reached Bonanza that Blackburn had been shot to death in a Helena saloon in a drunken argument with a miner.

While other outlaw loot in small and large amounts are supposedly buried in the Targhee, these three are for sure. There have been reports over the years, and several currently, of caches being recovered. These cases cannot be pinned down exactly, for the finders certainly do little bragging.

LAST YEAR two men in a jeep were seen fooling around in the open across the highway from Sunset Inn toward the near shore of Henrys Lake. They had some kind of instrument, so a gas attendant said who idly watched them. After an hour or so they returned to the jeep, drove it to the spot last inspected and started digging fast with shovels. Within fifteen minutes they lifted something out which looked like a three-gallon galvanized water bucket. Placing it in the jeep they returned to the highway and drove north at high speed. When the hole was investigated the bottom still retained impressions of the big metal container.

Several employes of Mack's Inn, north of Buffalo Creek, are certain that another cache was dug out just off the highway in 1963. A very old iron pot was found lying beside a freshly dug hole. The interior showed coin mill marks in crusted rust along the side wall and bottom.

Such tales are generally whispered about and not told to complete strangers, but one or two such instances are reported almost every year.

Employes of several years' experience at the summer tourist resorts claim they can detect most treasure or lost mine hunters on sight. They arrive and depart almost unnoticed. Their movements are studiously casual. They do not ask questions, appearing to know the Targhee as well as the natives do.

Most present-day hunters are seeking a lost ledge of gold which assayed $40,000 to the ton. In the spring of 1882 Dan Oglive, Lief Goodson and George Hunt left their Mackay diggings on Lost River to prospect in the Targhee forest. They had been told that gold could be panned on Buffalo, Split and Moose Creeks.

Panning Henry Fork without success, they cut over to Moose Creek and then down to Buffalo. Some color was found, especially on a tributary. Passing on up Buffalo toward the headwaters, the colors showed better before abruptly playing out.

As they retreated downstream Goodson found a piece of rich float on the north bank near a bend. Spreading out, the three men began systematically trying to trace it to the higher ground from which it surely came.

After several days of hunting, Oglive found a second piece of float. As he looked around a narrow space in the timber, he discovered a ledge of quartz breaking out a few inches in the low side of the rise on which he stood.

Jubilant, the prospectors went to work, quickly uncovering about ten feet of the ore-bearing body. Big pieces of gold were easily broken out of the quartz. Their amazing find soon filled all the containers which they could pack out. Only the richest pieces were taken; lesser ore was returned to the ledge. It was then covered up and the diggings disguised with pine needles, dead leaves, dead grass and broken limbs. This camouflage and not marking the site in some way for future identification was destined to prove fatal.

Setting out for Mackay, traveling slowly because of the great amount of weight carried, they camped on middle Camas Creek the night of July 10.

As dawn began breaking, Oglive went out some distance to bring in the stock while his partners built a fire and cooked breakfast. Roving renegade Indians were farthest from his mind when several gunshots crashed out in camp. Leaving the stock, he ran through the brush cover in time to spot a half dozen Indians leaving with food, blankets, and his partners' cartridge belts and weapons. For a few moments Oglive stood there stunned.

Recovering, he circled across the redskins' tracks to make certain they were at least temporarily out of the way. In camp he found Goodson and Hunt dead, shot through the back. Although the three prospectors had been more or less alert for outlaws or possible highjackers, an attack by Indians was most unexpected.

Oglive packed the gold ore into the brush, then brought in one animal at a time to load up. Moving fast that day, he managed to kill a buck for food to last him until he reached Mackay.

THE ASSAY on the gold almost disrupted the town. It sold for more than $12,000. Keeping his mouth shut to the many demands as to its source, he brushed off all propositions to take on partners.

Very cautiously, later, Oglive selected a friend, Joe Stewart, and his buddy, John Collett. They moved out of town, making camp on Lost River. Several days were wasted loafing there to wear out those who might be following them secretly. Oglive did not tell Stewart and Collett where the gold was until reaching Henrys Fork.

The three men chose a dark night to leave Lost River and simply vanished while crossing the Lost River Mountains. Proceeding to the ambush camp on Camas Creek, they buried the bodies of Goodson and Hunt.

They proceeded into an unbroken wilderness of high peaks, deep canyons and rank, tropical-like forest serrated by many creeks and rivers. Wild game was plentiful and they were never without fresh meat.

On Buffalo Creek Oglive went directly to the site of his former camp. The next day they crossed to the north side, Oglive showing the way. After walking three quarters of an hour he realized abruptly that he had come much too far from the creek side. Retreating, he selected another angle, passing through a tiny windfall onto higher ground.

The same thing happened again. He was definitely far beyond the concealed ledge. Puzzled and becoming slightly alarmed, Oglive returned to the creek. Once more he carefully checked his bearings on the stream, but the day ended without success. On the next, trees were blazed as starting points, and the area was searched in a general northerly direction.

While Oglive was absolutely certain the ledge had to be off the creek side no farther than a quarter mile, they hunted even beyond that. Then they turned around and fanned out from a center point over the same ground covered before.

Finally in desperation, they cut and sharpened lodgepole pines to probe the earth. By this method they hoped to find the loose soil obscured by forest debris.

At night Oglive would sit by the campfire going over and over in his mind each feature of the small area where the ledge should be. He drew a map on a piece of brown sack paper. Every detail remained crystal clear in his mind—all their movements after the initial discovery and their course going to and from the ledge while taking out the gold. Still he couldn't return to the concealed ledge.

The weather turned cold. Winter was coming on. The worn-down, ragged men, by then subsisting solely on unsalted venison and elk meat, were forced out.

While Oglive remained in Mackay brooding, Stewart and Collett went to work in the Salmon River mines. On returning in the spring they found Oglive morose and embittered. Failure to relocate the ledge had hit him hard.

ON REACHING Buffalo Creek the second time it was suggested that another campsite had been mistaken for the one used by Oglive and his dead partners. Without protest, Oglive agreed to an extended search along the creek bank.

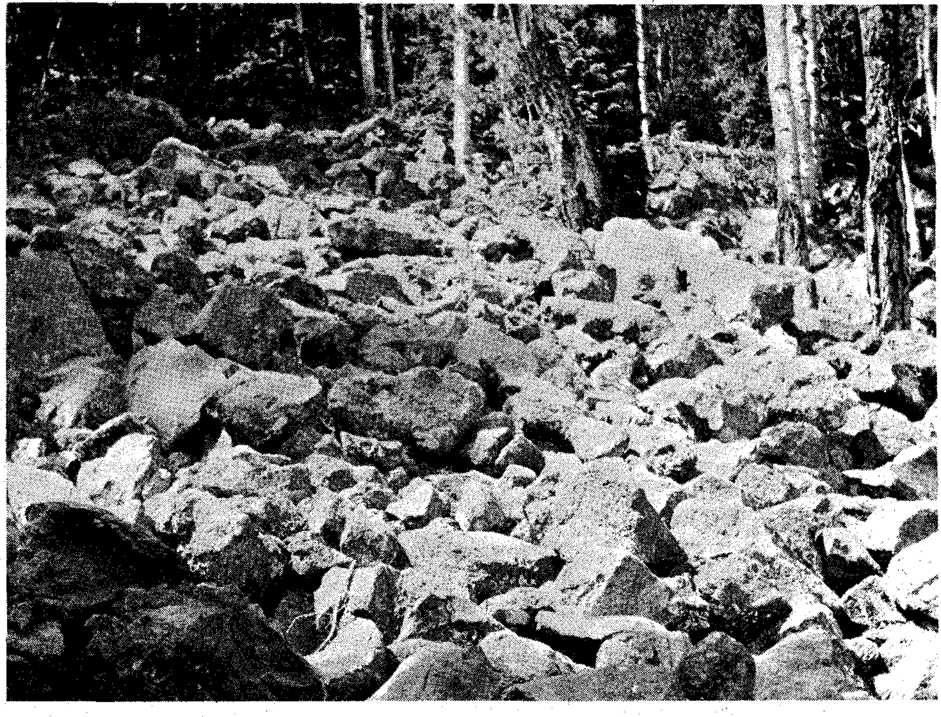
Each man had brought along a pocket compass. This time they were able to cover the ground systematically. On the third day while each one was working on a different tangent, Stewart fired a signal shot into the air. When the other two plunged through the timber to him he pointed excitedly at part of a rock ledge disclosed at his feet.

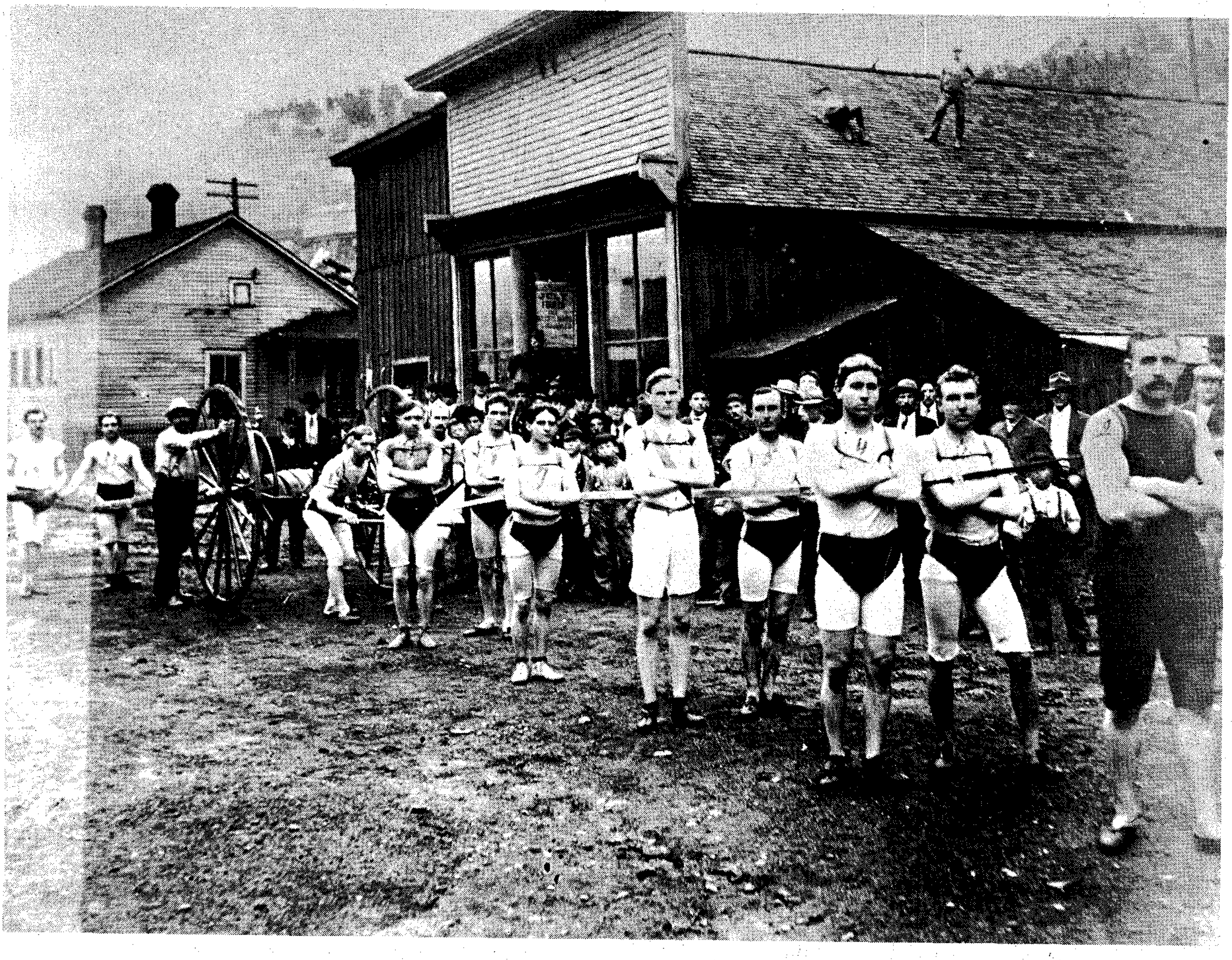
"There's the gold!" he exclaimed.

Uncovering a short section, they broke

(Continued on page 46)

During the spring run-off this section of Buffalo Creek becomes a rapid.





Courtesy Julius Johnson

The Central City hose team ready for action, around 1902. Left to right: Sam Goddard, John Lutey, man holding wheel unidentified, man leaning over unidentified, Jalmer Simons, unidentified, Harry Carol, unidentified, unidentified, Gus Oberg, James Campbell, Art Young, William Green.

NOZZLE BOYS IN UNION SUITS

Part civil servants and part entertainers, they fought fires and boredom in the Black Hills with equal abandon!

THE RACE was 300 yards, couple to hydrant and lay 300 feet of hose. Three crack hose teams were poised for action, their two-wheeled spindles wound with fire hose, their teams of ten or twelve men crouched on the ground along the drag rope, ready for instant action.

The crack of a gun sounded, and the three teams raced for the hydrants. Rapid City's hose team reached a hydrant first, their timing at 57 3/5 seconds, with Lead City and Deadwood Hose Teams hot on their heels. With the crowd shrieking encouragement around them, Deadwood's boys clocked 59 seconds and Lead City's fire laddies a minute 11 and 3/4 seconds.

It looked like Lead City was out in the cold, but Deadwood had committed an infraction of the rules. They had jumped the gun by a good second in their eagerness to run. In the racket of protests and claims, the judges declared Deadwood's team illegal, and Lead City's time of more than a minute was made second in the race.

All this was part of a celebration of the coming of the Fremont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley Railroad into Rapid City, South Dakota, on the edge of the Black Hills (1886). Fireworks and other activities followed the hose races, and the day was one of the merriest the town had ever known.

Those old hose companies in the Black Hills of South Dakota around the turn of the century were an important part of the communities, acting in somewhat the same manner to promote their communities as men's service clubs do today. While affluent cities of the East had horses and fire-wagons to gallop madly to a fire, most of the small frontier towns of the Black Hills resorted to the man-drawn, two-wheeled spindle upon which a length of rope measuring

By MILDRED FIELDER

around 450 feet was attached. When the alarm sounded, volunteers dashed from stores and houses, mines and shops, grabbed the drag rope, and hauled the hose cart to the fire in the quickest time possible.

MOST towns had several companies, depending on the size of the community. Lead and Deadwood each had several. Rapid City had more than one. Sturgis and Spearfish each had their teams. The little villages around the "Belt" area between Lead City and Deadwood banded together to make one volunteer fire department known as the C. G. & T., which stood for Central City, Golden Gate and Terraville.

The C. G. & T. hose company was a group proud of its record in fighting fires and winning team races. Though photos show that its racers ran in some kind of athletic union suit designed for action, they managed to buy a dress uniform for celebrations which for splendor vied with any other team in the hills. When Central City managed to get prosperous enough for a paid fire department with horses, the volunteers of C. G. & T. quit and left the fire fighting to the professionals.

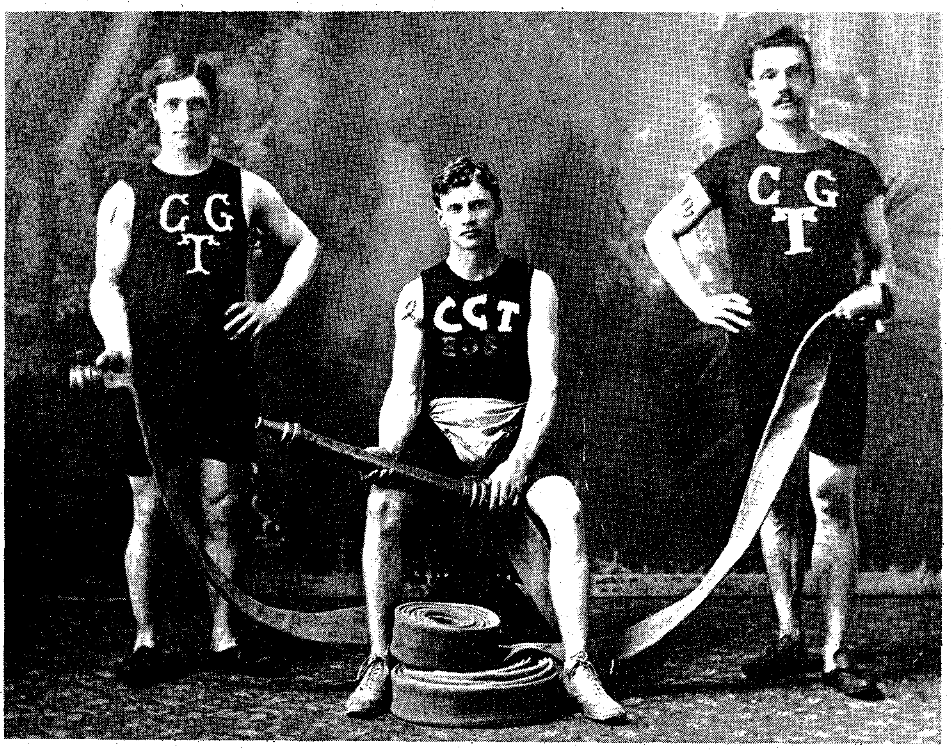
Deadwood Pioneer Hook and Ladder Co. No. 1 team was begun in 1877, and really did own a hook and ladder truck, although nothing so elaborate as the hook and ladders of today. Deadwood's ladders were piled neatly on a wooden cart, and the whole thing hauled by manpower. Necessarily the fire had to be conveniently situated in order for the fire fighters to use the ladders, but the contraption was a thing of considerable prestige. It was equipped with ladders, hooks, axes, buckets, ropes and chains and cost $600.

In the early years of Deadwood, the section known as Chinatown formed two hose racing teams of its own, one named Wing Tsue's team and the other Hi Kee's team. Those two teams were probably the only Chinese fire hose teams on record in the world. Every Fourth of July was marked by a hose race, and during the 1888 celebration a Chinese race was held in which Hi Kee's team won, making it champion in the "great Hub-and-Hub race" at Deadwood, which gave it the title of the Champion Chinese Hose Team of America.

Lead, built around the huge Homestake Mining Company, was known as Lead City for the first fourteen years of its existence. The town dropped "City" from its name in 1890. Its first fire hose company was organized in April, 1878, two years after the town was born of the gold rush. As the years passed, other hose companies were formed until Lead boasted six companies, all of them proud organizations of fighting volunteers.

Lead City Hose Company No. 1 was centered on North Bleeker Street, an area which no longer exists. Lead City Hose Company No. 2 was on North Mill, not far from the North Bleeker area. That street, too, has disappeared.

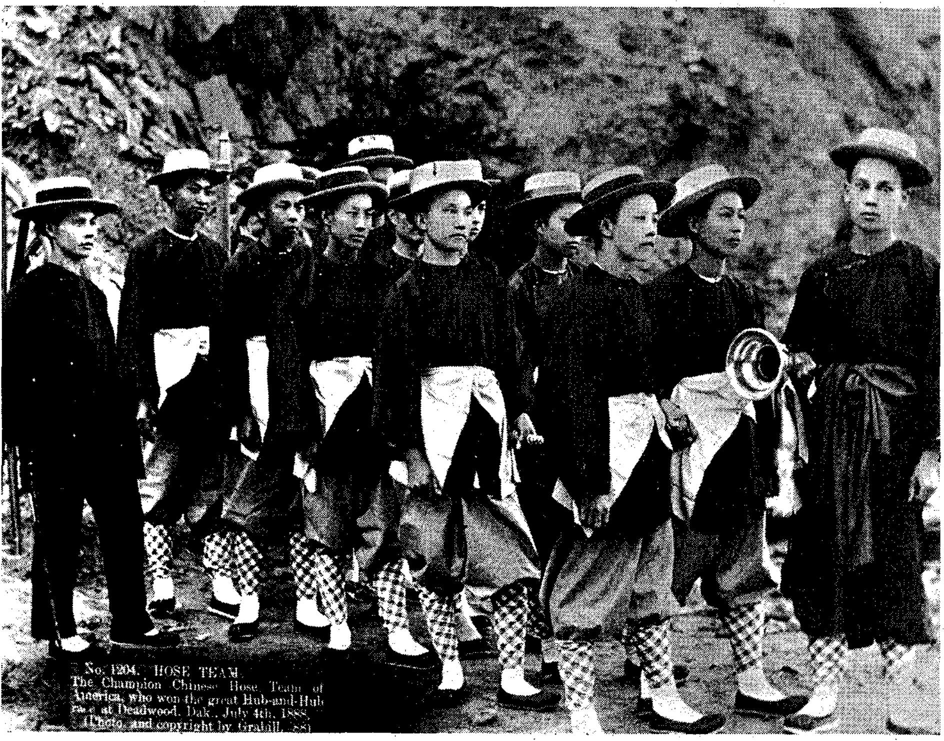
HOSE COMPANY No. 3 had a fine fire department building at the intersection of Alert and Main Streets farther up the gulch. Ten years after the hose companies were disbanded in favor of a paid fire department (March 7, 1924), the town of Lead bought the Alert Hose Company's building, and with modernization, the same site has been occupied ever since. Today Lead's City Hall and Fire Department are built on the same square footage of earth which marked the Alert Station. When the building was sold, each of the Alert Company men received $17.00 for his

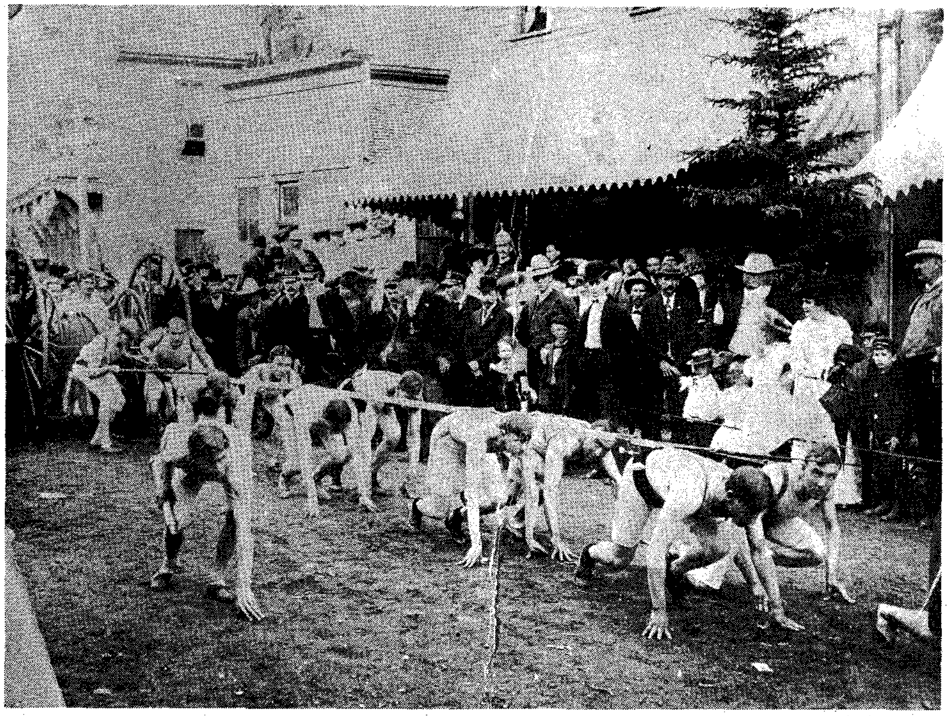


Courtesy Julius Johnson

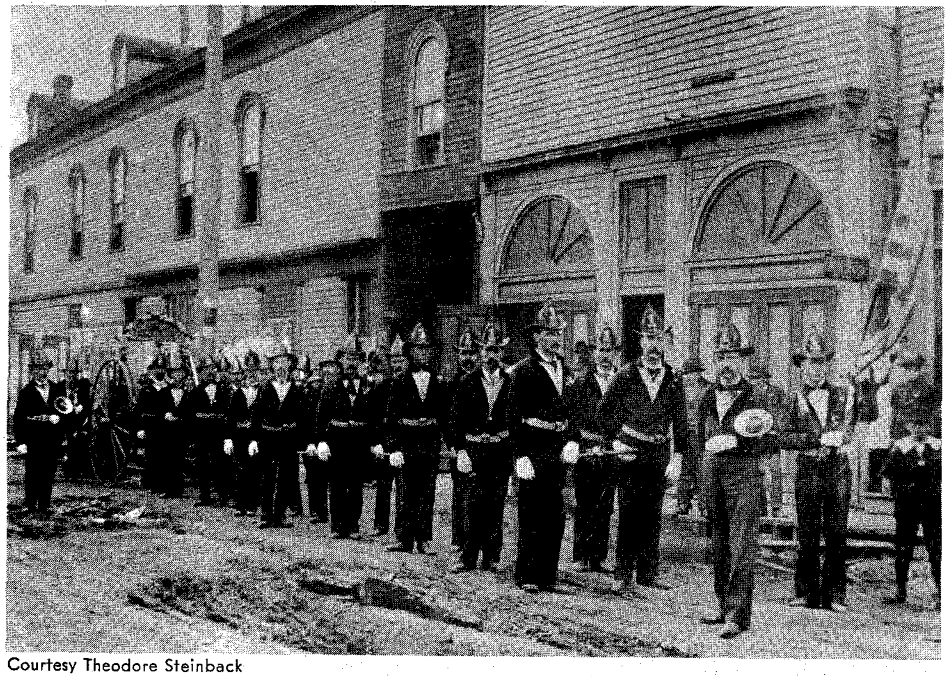
Central City team members Lutey, Green and Goddard posed for the photo above. Below, the Champion Chinese Hose Team of America that won the Hub-and-Hub race at Deadwood, July 4, 1888.

Courtesy Mrs. James O'Hara


No. 1204. HOSE TEAM
The Champion Chinese Hose Team of America, who won the great Hub-and-Hub race at Deadwood, Dak., July 4th, 1888.
(Photo. and copyright by Grabill, '88)



Courtesy James Jelbert



Courtesy Theodore Steinback

share of the building.

South Lead Hose Company No. 4 was near the railroad tracks which skirted the south side of town, so its members built a hand car which could be thrown on the railroad tracks. If the fire were near the railroad, they could reach it in record time. If not, they had to pull their cart by hand, the same as the others.

Highland Park Hose Company No. 5 was on the east end of Lead in the Washington addition, and Hiawatha Park Hose Company No. 6 was between the Washington area and those parts of town served by Nos. 1 and 2 from their headquarters on North Bleeker and North Mill Streets.

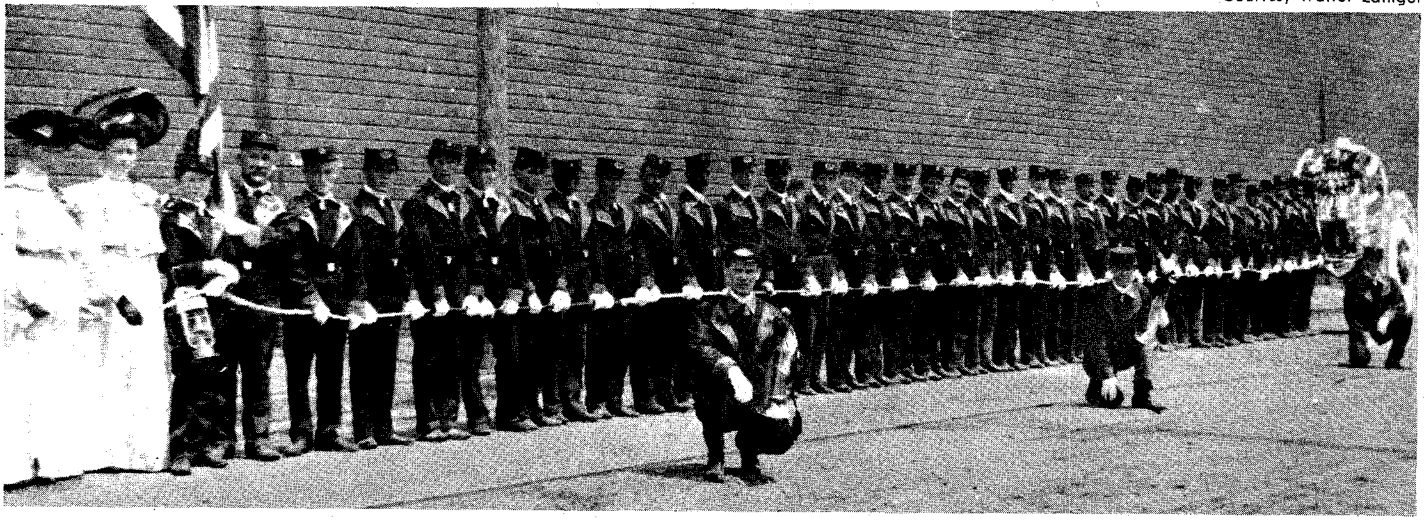
There was obviously more competition among Lead's six companies than was needed, so by-laws were drafted to clarify the situation. The hose company first making connection to the hydrant nearest the fire was entitled to that hydrant no matter what happened. If that first hose coupled to the hydrant were not long enough to reach the fire, then the second company arriving on the scene was allowed to couple its hose to the first hose, and the third to the second, and so on until enough hoses were attached to reach the blaze.

Fires caused all kinds of excitement, as they have since time began. Afterward, when the emergency was over, the excitement lingered and it was not unusual for high jinks to accompany the return of the carts to their stations. Small boys tried to get their hands on the drag ropes and were more of a nuisance than a help. Though one would think the fire fighters should have been exhausted, it became necessary to pass a law forbidding companies to race with each other on the way home.

WHEN the hose companies were not fighting fires or running team races, they promoted various civic endeavors. The six companies of Lead divided the holidays, and each gave a dance for the community on specific

Top, the C.G.&.T. Hose Team poised for action about 1904. Center, the Lead City Hose Company No. 1, Memorial Day, 1897. Below, the Alert Hose Company of Lead, lined up on the drag line of the hose cart.

Courtesy Walter Edinger



Top, this 1902 photo of the C.G.&T. Hose Team identifies, left to right, standing, Misel, Gus Oberg, George Waters, Art Young, Peter Hill, seated, Sam Goddard, Campbell, John Granville, W. Gren, Yal Simonson, Jack Lutey, man in suit unidentified. Center, Deadwood, South Dakota, after the fire of 1879. Bottom, the Alert Hose Company of Lead posed in full dress for this photograph in 1905.

holidays. To secure money for equipment and uniforms, a small fee was charged for the dances. The Constitution and By-Laws of the combined Lead Fire Departments stated that the only pay the volunteers would receive was the cancellation of their poll tax obligations. (In South Dakota they were also exempt from military and jury duty "except in time of rebellion, insurrection or invasion.") The secretary of the Department received ten dollars a year, a princely sum which scarcely covered his pencils.

Various fire chiefs who held the big job in Lead through the years of hose companies, included Dave Morgan, Charlie Parsons, S. R. Smith, Thos. J. Sparks, John Daly, Tim Foley, Fred Schackelford, L. A. Fell, J. E. Cooper, J. B. Mayo, Madison Ballantyne, John McBride, A. L. Coolidge and William Prouse up to the year 1914, when Lead had its first paid fire department and hose carts were replaced by horses and fire wagons. John Mayo was the first paid chief, holding that position for thirty-five years. Clarence Trentz had the job until 1963, and Walter Edinger is Lead's fire chief today.

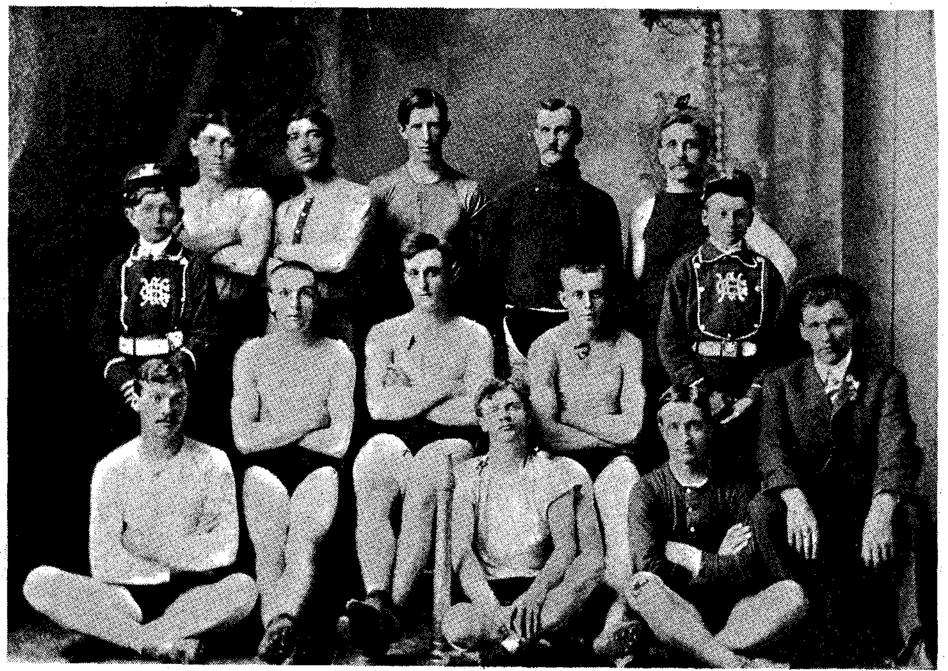
One wonders how effective the old hose carts were, when one considers that Deadwood had a disastrous fire in 1879 which destroyed most of its business section, and again in 1894 a whole block of stores burned. Many of the older buildings have disappeared one by one because of fire.

Lead suffered a fire in 1900 which destroyed one-fourth of its business district before the fighters could control it. Yet, as one old-timer says, "They were all we had," and people were thankful that they had at least the manned hoses and pumps.

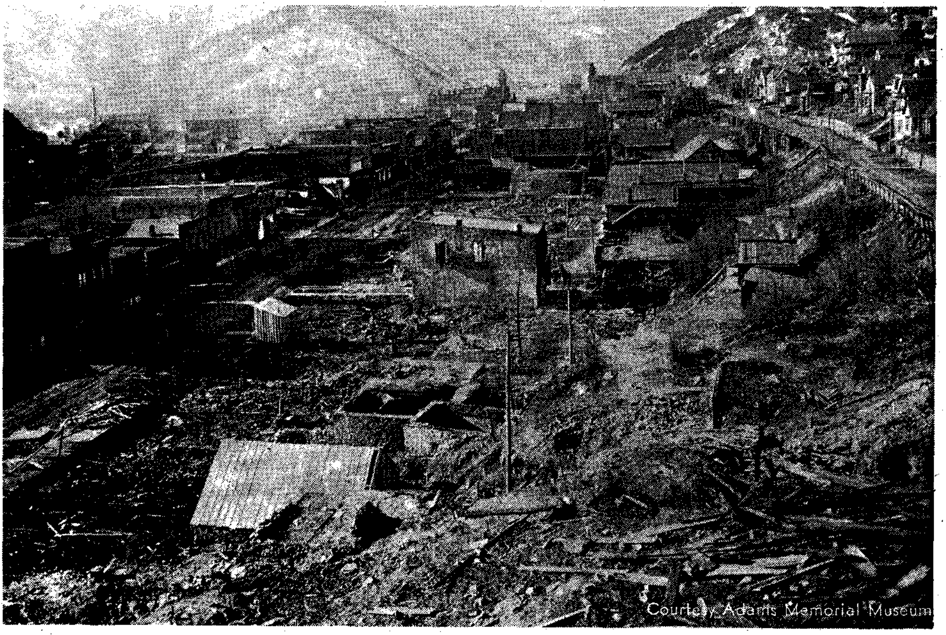
Long after all of the small towns in the Black Hills had converted to modern fire fighting equipment, Deadwood decided to revive a hose team race as a feature attraction in its "Days of '76", an annual celebration. The original hose team racers were either dead or too old to run, so two teams of young men who had never had their hands on a fire hose were assembled.

It looked easy—they figured it was a cinch to do—but the boys didn't know how to handle the fire hose. Though the city fathers cleared a couple of blocks of cars for the event, when the water came through the hose, the end boy was whipped around as though cracking the whip, drenching everyone within sight. That finished the hose team races.

Today in the Black Hills you might see one of the hose company spindles in a parade occasionally, but the hose team races with the man-drawn hose carts are no more.

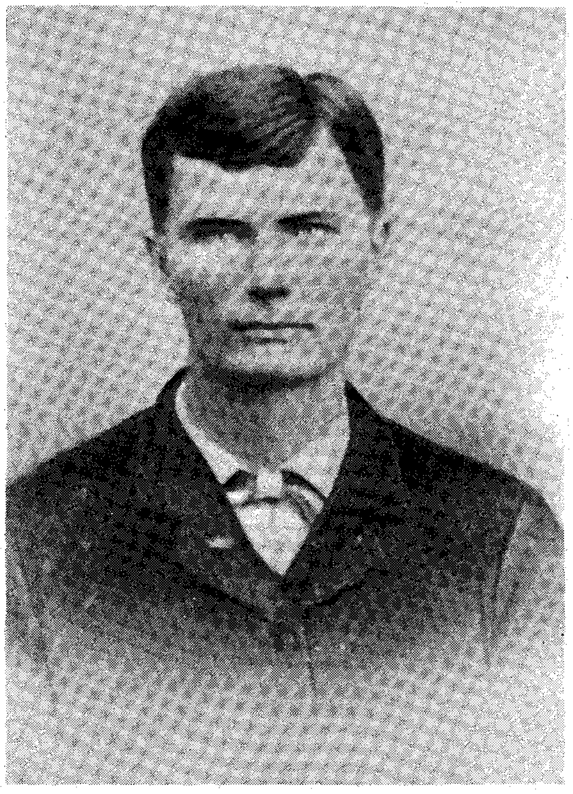


Courtesy Julius Johnson



Courtesy Adams Memorial Museum

Courtesy Julius Johnson



Courtesy Author

William Joe Giles

A VICTIM of the TIMES

The young night marshal found that you can't always keep the peace by being too peaceful, or successfully match reason against a spitting gun barrel

By ROBERT D. BLAIR

A LARGE, rawboned lawman—Joe Giles—stepped into the Parlor Saloon in Winslow, Arizona Territory. He was a respected peace officer, but inexperienced with a gun.

At the turn of the century, life in Winslow centered around the Santa Fe Railroad and neighboring cattle ranches. The town had a number of wooden buildings set behind boardwalks, but most of these served as saloons rather than dwellings. They never closed their doors.

Due to the boisterous activity which usually erupted after sundown, it was necessary for the town council to employ a night marshal, as well as maintaining a day marshal and constable. In the summer of 1905, Joe Giles was hired to serve on what—literally—became the "graveyard shift."

ON SATURDAY NIGHT, October 28, the Parlor Saloon was the center of the usual noisy activity. Located on Front Street, across from the Santa Fe depot, it was well packed with Hashknife cowboys, local citizenry, and thirsty travelers. The roulette table was under the supervision of dealer Walter Darling, and play had been going on since early evening.

Giles had entered just as a drunken gambler whirled on the club's dealer and opened fire. Fortunately, the bullet just grazed Darling's sleeve, and Giles was able to reach the gambler before he fired again.

"Let's don't have any fight here, Pete," Giles said softly, touching the gambler's arm.

His gentleness proved to be a mistake. The gambler, Pete Pemberton, incensed because he'd been losing at the wheel, pumped five shots into the lawman's abdomen.

As people scattered and ran for cover, Giles staggered backward, drew his revolver, and emptied every chamber before dropping to the floor. But his shots were wild and Pemberton ran out of the building. Later that night Pemberton sought out Constable Kelleham and gave himself up.

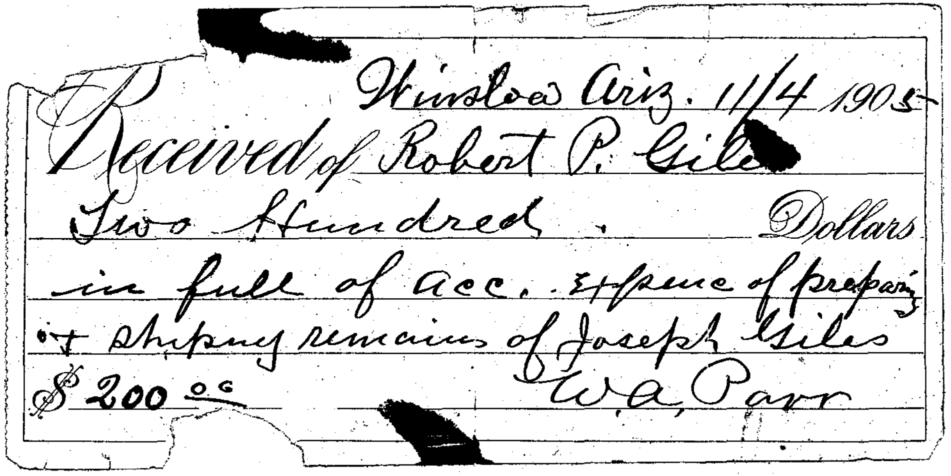
Feeling against the murderer ran high in the Arizona cowtown, especially since Navajo County Sheriff C. I. (Chet) Houck refused to put the killer under arrest. Several months before Giles' murder, Pemberton had saved Houck's life in a shooting scrape thirty-five miles east of Flagstaff. Even though his obstinance threatened his career, Houck refused to take action against his friend.

The situation was not too different from many existing in Arizona Territory towns. There were few inhabitants; every man's life was in some degree connected with everyone else's and the lines dividing good from bad were difficult, if not impossible, to discern.

Pemberton was a case in point. A lean, quiet Texan, he had come to Arizona as a gunfighter during the Pleasant Valley sheep war, stayed to work as wagon boss for the Hashknife, then opened a saloon of his own, the Wigwam, in Winslow.

Several months before the murder of Giles, Pemberton had acted as deputy sheriff and accompanied Houck on the trail of two bandits to Canyon Diablo, thirty-five miles east of Flagstaff. A gunfight took place and the bandits were apprehended. According to newspaper accounts, the pair of robbers was walking toward the depot in Canyon Diablo when Pemberton and Houck spotted

Courtesy Author



Winslow Ariz. 11/4 1905

Received of Robert P. Gile[illegible]

Two Hundred . Dollars

in full of acc. expence of prepaing

& shiping remains of Joseph Giles

$200.00

W. A. Parr

Receipt given Robert P. Giles when he picked up his brother's body in Winslow, Arizona

them and called out to stop for questioning. Both men immediately spun around, and a blazing gun battle took place. In only a matter of seconds, twenty-one bullets were fired. There were three hits, eighteen misses and three survivors. Just as Sheriff Houck fatally shot one bandit, the other, wounded in the leg, took aim at Houck. At this point, Pemberton used his last cartridge and made it count. He hit the remaining robber in the shoulder and threw his aim off enough that his bullet only cut through Houck's clothing. The person killed was known as John Shaw; the other culprit was William Evans (alias Bill Smith). Houck, naturally enough, was grateful.

From the right side to the wrong side of the law was a quick trip. One would suppose, having acted valiantly to uphold justice, Pemberton would have respected Giles' authority. But the gambler-lawman-saloon owner had lost heavily at roulette earlier in the evening and, returning with more money, insisted that Walter Darling allow him an over-the-limit $3.00 bet. Darling's refusal infuriated Pemberton and the gunplay which led to Giles' death followed.

JOE GILES had been in Arizona Territory only a year. Thirty-nine years old, a Texan by birth, he had been working as a drayman for the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe in Oklahoma until hard times in that part of the country sent him to seek something better farther west. His wife and four children had remained behind.

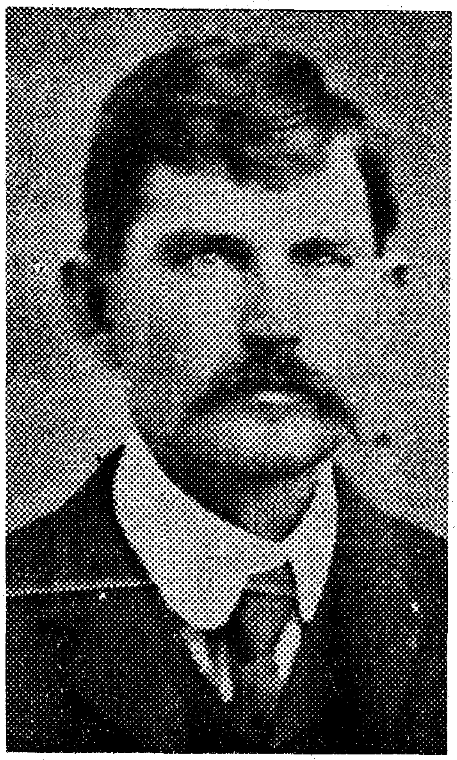
Talk of the murder and the possibility that Pemberton might escape, circulated throughout the Territory. Pemberton was reported being "brutally indifferent" to his crime and apparently had no fear of the consequences. A passenger traveling through Winslow commented that it was one of the most absolutely cold-blooded killings ever committed in Arizona and not a single step had been taken to bring the murderer to justice.

Pemberton at this time had never been arrested, never been asked to give bail or committed to jail, and had not faced a preliminary hearing. This lackadaisical attitude on the part of the sheriff aroused strong feelings among the law-abiding, and the general belief was that trouble would develop if Pemberton were not soon arrested.

Robert Pleasant ("Bob") Giles, younger brother of Joe, traveled to Winslow from Granbury, Texas, to take the body of his brother home for burial. Bob, too, had been in and out of Arizona, first arriving in 1898. He had worked on the Spinel ranch in northern Sonora for three years and later had moved on to Naco, where he had become a Cochise County deputy sheriff under Sheriff Del Lewis. After two years he had returned to Texas to take up farming and merchandising.

In Winslow, Giles confronted Sheriff Houck. Pemberton, finally, had been bound over to the Grand Jury and taken to Holbrook. Houck explained that he had never put a white man in the Winslow jail, and Giles told him that any jail was good enough for a murderer.

Later, in Albuquerque on his way home, Giles was quoted as saying: "My brother was shot on Saturday night and the man who shot him wandered around free until Thursday following. It don't look right to me. My brother was a peaceful, law-abiding man, and he took the office at Winslow because the people urged him to. He was simply doing his duty and was murdered in cold blood for doing it."


Courtesy Author

Robert P. Giles

TWELVE MONTHS later, on October 11, 1906, an indictment for felony was filed against Pete Pemberton in Navajo County by District Attorney W. P. Geary. The reason for the delay is not known; however, during the same year, Sheriff Houck lost a bid for re-election by a considerable margin. On October 23, 1906, Pemberton was granted a change of venue to Yavapai County and in early December of that year stood trial in Prescott.

Thirty-one witnesses traveled from Winslow to Prescott to offer testimony. Attorneys for the defense had several physicians give evidence about the mental condition of Pemberton at the time of the shooting and entered a plea of temporary insanity caused by over-indulgence in alcohol. A. F. Naile and Casper W. Naile gave an "on the sight" account of the shooting. By the next day both the defense and prosecution were ready for the arguments.

It did not take the jury long to decide. Within the hour the foreman, H. J. Suder, was reading the verdict:

> **We the jury find the defendant, J. N. Pemberton, guilty of Murder of the Second Degree.**

Judge Richard E. Sloan then called the accused slayer before his bench and sentenced him to serve twenty-five years in the Territorial Penitentiary. On Sunday, December 16, 1906, this judgment was carried out when Sheriff J. R. Lowry of Yavapai County delivered the prisoner to Yuma. He received this receipt for Pemberton:

> **Yuma, Arizona**
> **December 16, 1906**
>
> **No. 2520**
> **Received of J. R. Lowry, Sheriff of Yavapai County, Fourth Judicial District of Arizona, J. N. Pemberton, convicted of the crime of Murder 2nd Degree, sentenced to serve Twenty-five years in the Territorial Penitentiary at Yuma.**
> **(Signed)**
> **Jerry Millan, Superintendent**

Since that day in November, 1905, when the remains of William Joe Giles were carried from the depot by wagon to

(Continued on page 72)

Prescott, Arizona, below, was the scene of Pemberton's trial

Courtesy Arizona Department of Library and Archives

The author turns a grindstone on a farm along the Green River in Utah.

Prattlings of a

By DONALD F. KRAACK

Photos Courtesy George Seegmiller

I WAS RAISED in St. George, the southernmost town of any size in Utah. Most of the people there were from Mormon pioneer stock who colonized that section of the country and who, with a few exceptions, were pretty much on the same level, economically speaking.

Small-scale farming and ranching were the principal means of livelihood, so most of us boys usually had plenty of work which we were *told* to do, and not *asked*, as is the way in this era. Woe to the boys or girls who refused, or even questioned, their parents when told to do a chore.

Of all the mean, miserable tasks around the farm, haying, as it was done then, got top honors by me. I figured poetry written about the "sweet-smelling hay," was strictly for "city-ites" who didn't have to work in it. Hay-baling was comparatively new, and only a few well-to-do ranchers used this method. Almost everyone, including us, mowed the alfalfa, then, after drying, raked it into rows with a dump-rake. It was then "cocked" or forked into piles a man could throw on a wagon, and hauled to be stacked in a barn or an outside stack.

Picture that procedure in this setting if you can—a southern Utah sun from 108° to 112°, so hot it could fry your eyeballs; so sultry it was hard to catch your breath; and with clothes wringing-wet and sweat running down your back like a washout. Dry crisp hay falling down your neck was topped off with mosquitoes. Then there were the sand (or grass) burrs, those little tormenters which hung to the frayed parts of your bib overalls and dug into the hide with every move you made. Hay-stubble punctured the bottoms of your feet through holes in your shoes. (A piece of cut-out cardboard or linoleum could fix that, though.)

Tip-overs sometimes happened on the way from the field to town when the horses spooked at something, or the wagon struck a deep rut in the road. If you were not quick enough to jump off the opposite side from the way the hay was tipping, you and your pitchfork could be buried underneath. It might be a long wait until another farmer came by to uncover you. This unfortunate situation could usually be avoided if the hay was tromped down good and the middle of the load kept full. Sometimes I would silently pray for rain so that I wouldn't have to go back to the field for another load.

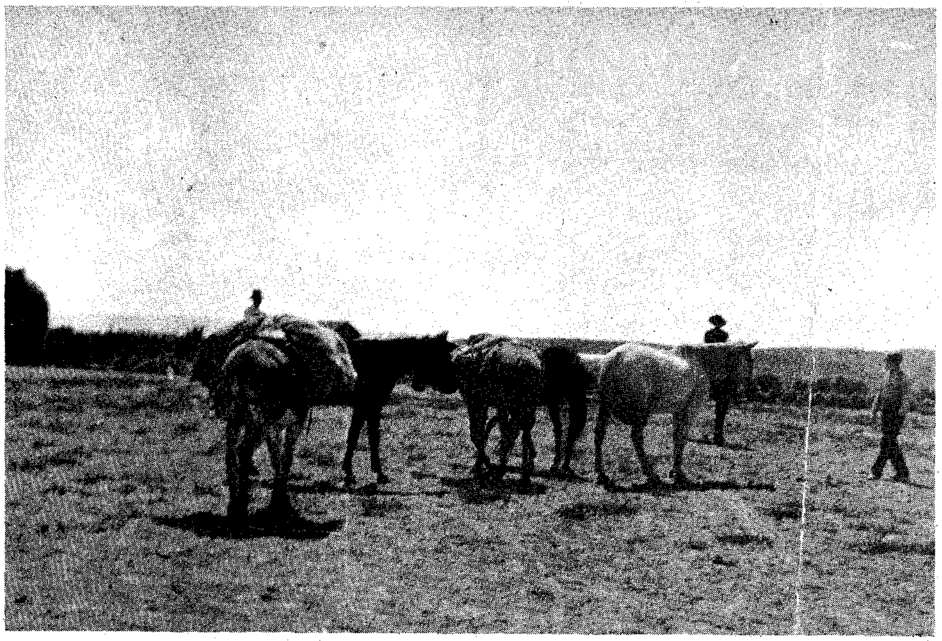
I BELIEVE St. George was the bettingest, daringest, and tradingest town in the county. Men and boys would bet money, marbles or chalk on anything. As today when two hot-rodders meet and want to drag-race, we boys had to have a horse race when we met; and, of course, a bet was always made.

If two men were irrigating a piece of land, they had to bet how long it would take the water to reach the field from the headgate up the ditch a-ways.

Farmers were always having pulling-matches with their teams, and heavy wagers were laid. Money was scarce, so farm commodities were substituted instead—grapes for melons, hay for grain, horses for horses, or steers for cows.

Most every boy had a "tradin'" knife to trade "unsight and unseen." Knives with broken bone-handles, broken or rusted blades, or no blades at all were frequently used, and then as now, a boy who got the best of another was considered smart and shrewd by others as

Charles Seegmiller, 99-year-old Mormon pioneer, shows his great-grandson how to sharpen a scythe.



Pack train heading for the Arizona Strip from St. George, Utah

COUNTRY JAKE

Boys of the sand burr crowd roasted in the summer, froze in the winter, and two bits was a fortune indeed. They broke their necks to finish the chores so they could break their necks with "thought-up" *entertainment—like riding calves (against* Pa's strict orders) and busting up the cowpen fence! How come you can get one to remembering and he invariably sees himself as the luckiest kid in the world?

well as himself, even though a little cheating had entered in.

As to dares, it was told around that one fellow of notable athletic prowess was dared to walk across the narrow arc bridge spanning the wide Virgin River—on his hands! Although it was over sixty-five feet above water, he accepted, going the full distance with no incidents other than losing personal effects from his pockets.

Although nobody was perfect, I don't believe I can ever recall an act of vandalism in my growing-up days in the country. Property was hard to come by for everybody, and youngsters, as well as adults, respected this fact.

I remember automobiles in St. George were still a novelty which had not quite as yet worn off. Rides were taken from Cox's garage to a point a block away and back, for a dime.

Brig Jarvis had the first radio crystal-set in town, and almost every night he entertained guests in his parlor, seating them in a circle around the room, and passing the earphones from person to person.

Saturday night was the night to howl, and a dance was usually held for those who could afford to go. Occasionally drummers from the city would drop in for want of something better to do. They were regarded suspiciously by the town fathers as a bad element, and the girls who danced with them were considered as being "fast," especially by the more envious females.

Marbles, to boys, were priceless treasures. Flints, water crystals, steelies, blue and brown agates, and plain "dough-gobs" or "commys", in that order, were cherished. To be able to "lag" effectively from the line, shoot another "taw" from a "pix," knuck-down and clear the ring, or break somebody's "taw" with a steelie, was a real accomplishment. We always had holes in our stockings with underwear showing through at the knees.

To "peg" another's top and be able to split it, was another achievement. Sharp nails were driven into tops for pegs, and waxed cords were used for speed and drive.

Toys were received once a year—Christmas. The usual gifts were pantywaists, button shoes, Buster Brown hats or blouses along with a good book, or maybe a harmonica, top, pocket knife, cork pop-gun, tinker-toy set, and if extra lucky, some addition to your horse or riding outfit. Maybe a doll, miniature stove, a rocker or other domestic toy would brighten a girl's smile. An orange or a banana on top of a long black-ribbed stocking was a real treat, a delicacy in that isolated country.

We took mighty good care of what we got, because if our presents should get broken, we knew it would be a whole year before we could have toys again, except those we made for ourselves. Whistles carved from cottonwood limbs, stick horses, wooden guns and swords, mumble-peg, hockey with sticks and tin cans, tippy or guinea peg, with a short square piece of wood sharpened on each end and notched from one to four on all sides with a stick to bat it, tractors made from empty thread spools, notched with elastic band and soap, hoop and Model-T tire rolling, folded lilac leaves to whistle through—all wonderful diversions now lost in the clouded past.

At hog-killing time we boys could hardly wait for the bladder. It made a tough, durable football when emptied out and blown up with a straw.

The Fourth of July was always special. A giant powder charge was set off at daybreak to herald the day. Our morning chores of milking and feeding were completed extra early. Breakfast over, we were scrubbed and dressed in our best for a patriotic service held in the Tabernacle which accommodated the town populace. The old Martial Band, consisting of fife and drums, marched around the gallery playing and arousing everyone's emotions to a fever pitch. After the services, we hurried home to change into old clothes for the afternoon foot races and games at the public square. Miracles could be performed with the fifty or seventy-five cents we earned hoeing weeds, tromping hay or a myriad of other jobs contracted for this occasion.

MY ALLOTMENT for a week's chores was the grand stipend of fifteen cents—ten cents for the cowboy silent "picture show," and a nickel for pine-nuts brought in by Indians from the reservation and peddled around town. A nickel would get about a pound of pine-nuts, and you had a "cracking" good time all evening. Indians sat on the dirt sidewalks with their legs spread across so that people had to step over them to get by. Little papooses, bundled up in their back-boards with just their heads sticking out, would lick one side of their mouth and then the other, trying to keep the flies off. Some of the buck Indians sold squash, melons and other farm edibles from their wagons out in the street.

About sundown and just before milking and chore time, the neighborhood would come alive with the sound of wood-chopping, a job every man or boy had to do. The only fuel then was pine and cedar logs, with maybe some cottonwoods or other varieties topped from overgrown trees around the farms. No human can ever forget that great aroma of cedar wood burning in an old Charter Oak stove.

How important I considered myself when I was asked to do chores by Uncle George Seegmiller! It always meant a bit of extra spending money for me, besides working for a man who, in my opinion and many others', was the best farmer, rancher and cowboy ever de-

(Continued on page 58)

Man needs a link with his guardian spirit. Mungo Martin was determined that the special medium of the totem pole would not be lost to his people . . .

By T. W. PATERSON

ON JULY 19, 1958, a wrinkled Kwakiutl patriarch from Fort Rupert, British Columbia, was presented to Her Majesty, Queen Mother Elizabeth, of the British Empire. The Indian, "Naqapenkim"—Mungo Martin as he was called in English—presented the royal personage with a thirteen-ton totem pole one hundred feet high, which he had carved for British Columbia's Centennial. Respectfully, in honor of one of the last of his culture's great artists, the Queen Mother accepted the gift on behalf of her daughter and thanked the elderly craftsman for the beautiful totem. It was Mungo Martin's finest hour.

Almost three-quarters of a century before, young Mungo had begun his apprenticeship at his father's side. The Indian boy experienced the ritual of having had four eyelashes plucked and woven into a tiny paintbrush to "endow him with artistic gifts," and being placed into a wooden box drum which was then beaten to "imbue him with musical skills." Whether it is to these ceremonies that posterity owes gratitude for Mungo's artistry is a moot point, but by the time of his death in 1962, he had made his native art known worldwide and had rescued it from oblivion.

Totem carving was a sacred art among the Kwaikiutls; like the gold and silversmiths of medieval Europe the knowledge and training was passed from father to son. Like most of the tribe, Mungo had to earn his living through fishing, relegating carving to his spare time. Many years of work in a rapidly changing world went by before Mungo achieved prominence, but by the 1920s American yachtsmen and vacationers were paying as much as $300 each for his creations.

In 1947, Mungo was asked by the University of British Columbia to head a totem pole restoration program. Later the provincial government decided to "help perpetuate carving totems," the Pacific Northwest's most distinctive native craft. In 1952 he was named "Provincial Chief Carver." For the next

Left, a Haida Mortuary Totem. Right, the Kwakiutl House Totem. Both are located in Thunderbird Park, Victoria, British Columbia.

Courtesy Author

TEN TIMES A CHIEF

ten years Mungo worked in an open shed in Thunderbird Park near one of Victoria's busiest intersections. These were happy years for Mungo; he was doing the work he loved.

In 1955 he almost returned to his former home at Alert Bay when, applying for a suite of rooms for his family, he had been turned away because of his race. However, news of the snub appeared in the newspapers, and Mungo was flooded with offers from both *hostelries and private homes*, so he remained at his job in Victoria.

The following year he embarked upon his most famous creation. The "World's Tallest Totem," a project instigated by the Victoria *Daily Times*, was carved from a 250-year-old cedar tree and now is one of the city's greatest tourist attractions. It was financed through public subscription, the shares costing fifty cents each.

Aided by his son, David, and his grandson, Henry Hunt, Mungo devoted 6 months of tireless work to complete the 127-foot giant. At its base a small bronze plaque is set into a granite block. It reads, "Symbol of a proud race; memento of the nation's infancy; monument to a rare native art; proof of a united community interest; and the purest form of Canadiana."

It is interesting—and revealing—that Mungo had his son and Henry helping him. It was Mungo's hope that they would study under him and carry on his work.

Two years later Mungo was accorded his great honor. A totem he had carved for British Columbia's Centennial was to be presented to Queen Elizabeth at Windsor, England. Mungo was asked to dedicate the pole according to custom and then meet his sovereign. A Victoria motel owner and his wife donated $1,000 to pay expenses, and the seventy-nine-year-old carver and his adopted granddaughter, Mrs. Helen Hunt, flew to England.

"The world to me from the air looked like a long sand bar with lots of clams!" he exclaimed when questioned about the trip.

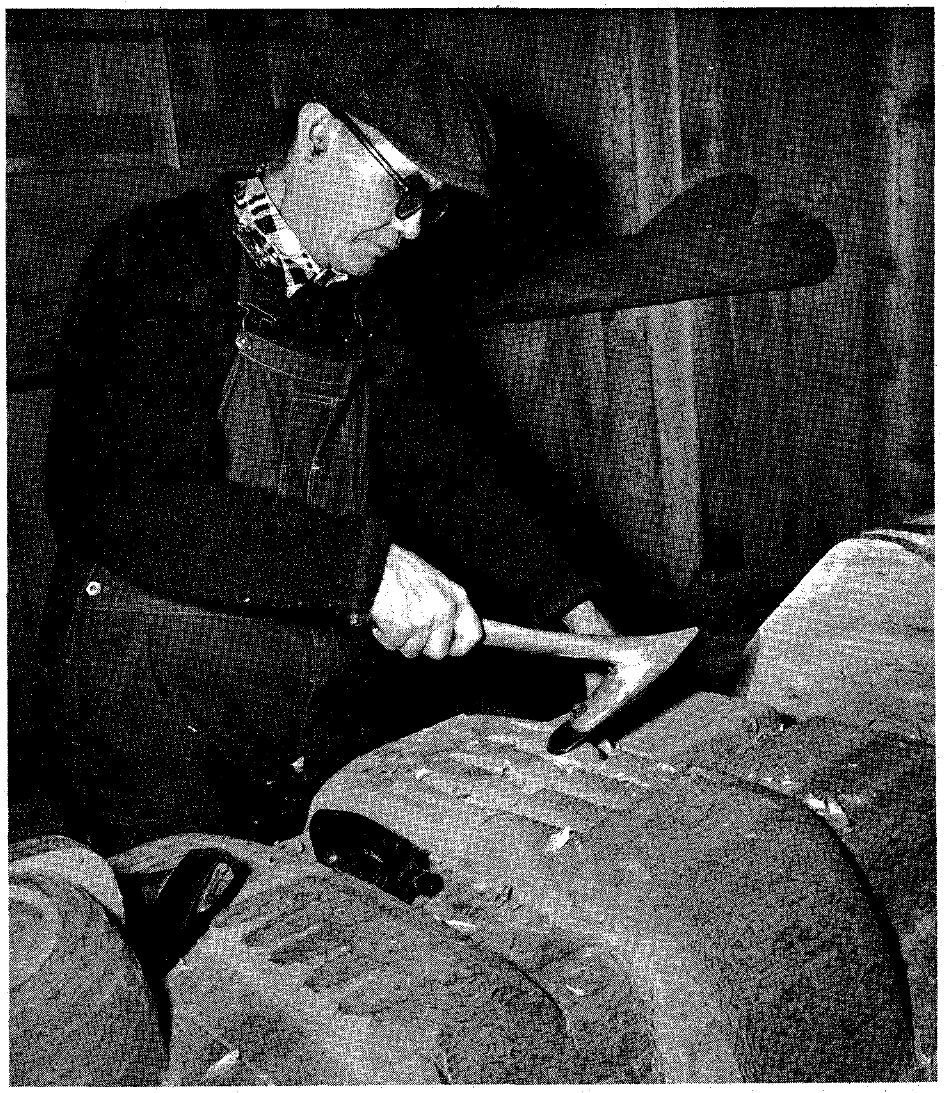
Wearing his crimson and white ceremonial robes, Mungo dedicated the pole in native ritual before a rapt audience of thousands. Then he was presented to the Queen Mother, who accepted on behalf of her daughter, who had been confined to bed. The Queen Mother said Her Majesty was "very disappointed" at missing the unique occasion but "most grateful" to British Columbia for the beautiful totem.

After a brief tour of the country, including a visit to the Oxford University Museum, which contains many relics of British Columbia Indians, Mungo returned to Victoria. He was welcomed by hundreds, including the mayor, in an open-air ceremony held in Beacon Hill Park, home of his tallest totem.

THE FOLLOWING MONTH it was announced that Mungo would represent his province at a national handicraft show to be held in Quebec in conjunction with the Canadian Tourist Association convention. But with September, 1959, came tragedy. Mungo's son, David, a fisherman when he wasn't working with his father, failed to return from the stormy Pacific. The full measure of the old chief's loss was not completely

Above, Mungo Martin carves on the Haida Mortuary Totem. Below, Martin shapes a figure on the Kwakiutl House Totem.

Courtesy British Columbia Department Recreation and Conservation



appreciated by the public until the following December.

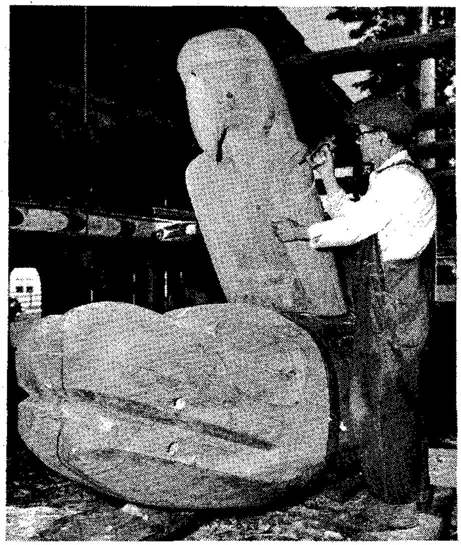
In a highly emotional rite in Kwakiutl House, the tribal home he had constructed in Thunderbird Park six years earlier, Mungo turned over his masks and ceremonial garments to Education Minister Leslie Peterson.

"Today I am in darkness," Mungo said in a choked voice. "I cannot carry on. All my life I have worked so we would be known by the different nations. I carried on alone, when the different tribes had stopped [preserving the traditions] because I wanted to prove my love to my son." David had but recently decided to follow in his father's footsteps.

Traditionally, with the son's death, the treasure of masks and relics should have been burned to transport them to the "after life." But Mungo had dedicated himself to the preservation of his people's culture. And, as he said, "To me my son has not passed away."

In tears he continued, "My wife and I thought night after night if it was right or wrong to give these away. With them we could not forget our son. Now he is gone. Now I am alone. I don't want to see these masks anymore."

Courtesy British Columbia Department
Recreation and Conservation



Minister Peterson gently replied that the collection would be a "permanent memorial to you, Chief Mungo Martin, and to your son."

A twelve-foot totem bearing the family crests, which Mungo had carved in memory of David, was erected on May 28, 1960 beside a stone monument in Courtenay, Vancouver Island.

In September, 1961, the Century 21 World's Fair group of Seattle invited Mungo to carve a "symbolic" pole in Times Square "under the eyes of curious New Yorkers." The Seattle offer included payment of all his expenses.

Mungo told reporters, "Yes, I'd like to go but once I get down to New York, I may never come back."

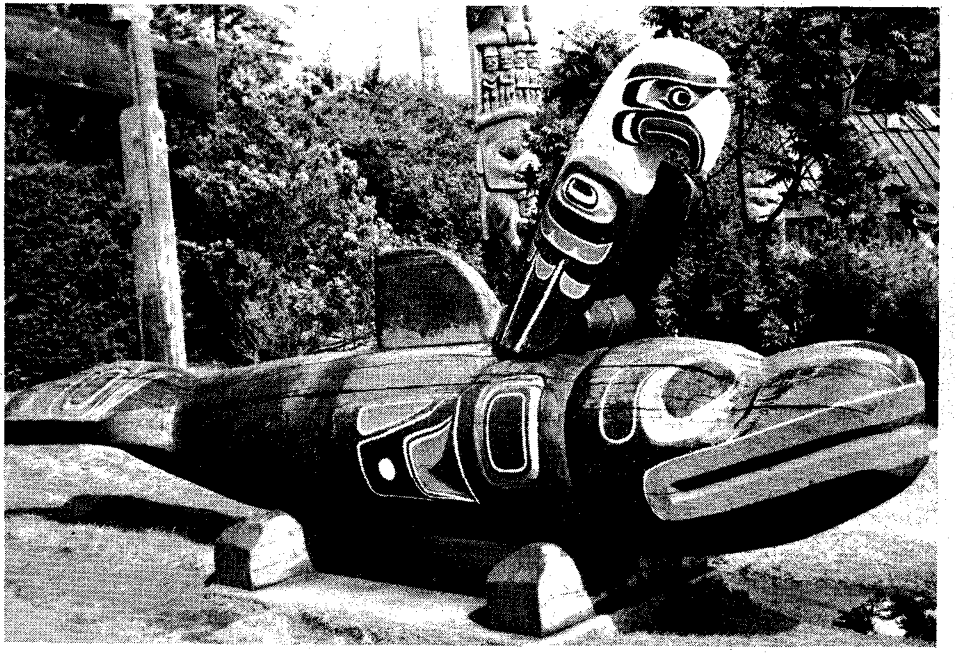
Mungo's health and other factors caused negotiations to fall through, and in the summer of 1962 Mungo entered the hospital for the last time. At seven o'clock on the morning of August 16, the tired and lonely chief passed away in his sleep. He was eighty-three years old.

IN A yellow cedar coffin, carved by his grandson Henry, Mungo lay in state in his Kwakiutl House. The casket was open to allow relatives to clasp his hand in farewell, and was surrounded by examples of his art. A tape recording of Mungo's voice, backed by a chorus singing a traditional mourning song, was played through the ceremony. Among the notables in attendance was anthropologist Frederica de Laguna of Bryn Mawr College, who gave a farewell speech and prayer.

In his eulogy, de Laguna said, "Perhaps no Canadian Indian did more than Chief Martin to secure recognition and honor for the culture of his people, and so helped to win for the Indian equal rights under Canadian laws."

Left, Mungo Martin works on a unique totem, shown below as it appears today in Thunderbird Park.

Courtesy Author



Later, Mungo's last wishes were read to the press by Abiyah, his widow. She said he had changed his mind about being buried at his birthplace and chose instead to be interred at Alert Bay so his relatives would find it easier to visit him. He also asked that his protegés, Henry and Tony Hunt, be permitted by the provincial government to continue his work.

Eighty-four-year-old Abiyah soon joined her husband in death. She had been noted for the weaving of rare blankets; one of her masterpieces was presented to Queen Elizabeth at her coronation in 1953 and another is in the Provincial Museum.

Three years ago, Mungo Martin was posthumously accorded another honor, the Canada Council Medal, which is awarded to "persons in Canada for outstanding accomplishments in the arts, humanities or social sciences." Mungo received the medal in recognition of his "contribution to Canada's artistic, cultural and intellectual life." The Council also cited the late carver for "his recordings of songs, ceremonies and other Kwakiutl culture." Mungo was the first Indian to receive this coveted award.

The British Columbia Indian Arts and Welfare Society and a committee of Victoria citizens have inaugurated a Mungo Martin Memorial Fund with a goal of $5,500 to: Furnish scholarships to aid "young Indians of exceptional ability"; finance a memorial plaque to Chief Mungo, to be erected in Thunderbird Park; finance a "booklet on the life and achievements of the great Kwakiutl chief, the proceeds to go to the scholarship fund."

The memorial will be carved by the noted Haida Indian artist, William Reid of Vancouver. It is to be made of copper and cedar, a "blend of Indian and modern design." Cedar is incorporated because it was a material used by all West Coast natives, copper because it was—and is—highly prized by Indians.

Mungo, unable to read or write, had drawn upon his prodigious memory to record on tape the songs and ceremonial chants of his people; he left flawlessly executed ritual masks, carved dishes, and copperwork in addition to his famous royal and world's tallest totems. He also carved a thirty-seven-foot pole to commemorate Mexican independence and unity. The totem stands today in Mexico City as a symbol of mutual friendship between the two nations. Another sixty-foot-pole carved by Mungo stands in the National Headquarters of the Boy Scouts Association, Ottowa. The same year, he carved a totem for the Royal Canadian Navy.

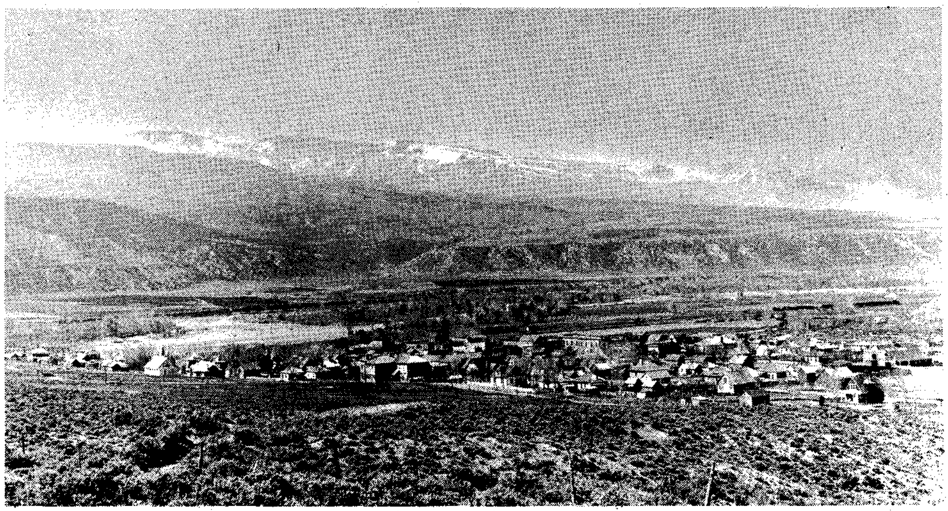
Other examples of this work can be seen in Peace Park in Blaine, Washington; Vancouver Maritime Museum; and Totem Pole Park at the University of British Columbia.

But of all the international and important honors accorded Mungo Margin, perhaps that which he most appreciated was bestowed upon him by his own people. It was the title "Naqapenkim," which means "Ten Times a Chief."

A SPRING HOLSTER EVENS the ODDS

A sick Ranger and a deputy have to take two outlaws. It required a fast gun and a little imagination

By DICK PERRIS
as told to
FLORA A. FULTON



Courtesy State Historical Society of Colorado

Rifle, Colorado

SNOW LAY on the roofs and walks everywhere, and the little town of Rifle, Colorado, was bleak and dismal. It was not a day to leave a warm stove, even when the call of duty demanded it.

So thought George Kershner, Deputy Sheriff of Garfield County, as he sat in his office, a small room off his harness shop. He was inspecting a new spring holster he had just *finished*, and his mind was busy hashing over the contents of a telegram which had been delivered a short time earlier.

George knew the contents by heart:

Deputy Sheriff Kershner
Look for two men believed in your locality stop Wanted for murder and counterfeiting stop One big blond one small dark stop

Not much to go on, but George could place almost to a man every unusual character in his, as well as in the adjacent counties. It was easy to eliminate most, but there had been a couple of characters who had caused some comment when they had showed up in Rifle recently, and then suddenly disappeared.

George had heard that they were holed up in a cabin up Elk Creek about two miles from the ranger station. Forest Ranger R. K. Potter was the only other inhabitant in that area that winter.

George thought, "Maybe I better go up and have a look-see at those birds—they may be just harmless trappers, but again they may be something else."

The deputy removed his automatic from the desk drawer and proudly slipped it into the new spring holster, withdrew it and slipped it back several times—it worked great. He took a heavy jacket from a hook, slipped a couple of pairs of handcuffs into the pockets and set an old Stetson on his head. Locking his harness-shop door, he went out into the cold, crisp morning.

His first concern was to get to the ranger's cabin, and learn what he could about the two from Potter—if they were still up there. Going down the street to the livery barn, he hitched his team to a spring wagon, and was on his way.

Seasoned as Kershner was to Colorado winters, having come as a boy to the western slope, growing up with cow outfits, riding for the 2 Bar, Lazy Y, and the Square S in all kinds of weather, he still disliked the cold.

The road up Elk Creek to the ranger station was rough. Snow lay heavy on the ridges and deep in the draws. It was crusted and slick. "Cold and lonesome," thought George as he drove along whistling softly. He had about finished his favorite tune when he came in sight of Potter's cabin, set in a clearing near a frozen stream. He tied his team and knocked on the cabin door. A faint call answered his knock.

George opened the door, not knowing quite what to expect. The ranger lay on a bunk at the far corner of one room, and a glance told the deputy that he was sick.

"Come in," said Potter.

"I can't stay long," George answered, "but I didn't expect to find you laid up."

"A bad cold got me down," Potter explained as George replenished the fire which was about out.

When the cabin was warm and comfortable, the deputy began asking questions about Potter's neighbors.

Their names were Johnny Waters and Bill Brown, so they had said, but the ranger was dubious. "You know, I've wondered a lot about those two. They won't neighbor, want no callers, and just come out for food. They don't look like trappers or prospectors; they look more like 'city birds', and tough ones at that."

George reached in his pocket and passed to Potter the telegram he had received that morning. "Read this."

"Well, I'll be damned. If I could only get up and out of this cabin, we'd have some excitement."

"Well," George laughed, "I'm going up there and interview those gazaboos. They don't know me, and I'll tell them you're sick down here and I need one of them to come down to help me move you into Rifle."

"Going up there alone is risky, George," the ranger warned.

"Yes, but I figure that's the only way to find out about them, and get them separated."

Getting to his feet, the deputy reached for his hat and coat. "So long, Potter, don't go outdoors. Just stay where you are."

CLOSING the door carefully, George got his team and started up the road. It was getting late in the afternoon.

Two miles above the ranger's cabin, among the now bare quakies, was a small log house. George remembered seeing it once or twice when he had been hunting in the fall. It had seemed friendly enough then; now it looked sinister and forbidding. No smoke, no sign of the usual winter activities which one might expect. A cold wind blew, and blankets of snow covered the brush, slipping from the leafless trees.

George wondered if a reception just as cold awaited him inside the closed door, but he called "Whoa" loudly, and climbed down from the wagon. Going to the door, he knocked several times. No one answered.

Quickly swinging on his heel at a sound to his left, he saw two men com-

(Continued on page 57)

MANHUNT in the SPAVINAWS

Charlie Wickliffe was never really a man in hiding. He was just moving from canyon to canyon and from tree to tree in the hills he had always called home . . .

By HOWARD NEWBERRY

AS SEEN from the prairie side of Grand River, the Spavinaws rise blue in the distance just as they did back in March, 1906. It was the last stronghold of the Cherokees.

The more prosperous part-Indians held the rich river bottoms and the prairie lands, but there was great unrest as this land, given to the Cherokees "for as long as grass grows and water runs," was to be allotted after statehood. The Indian knew he would be "taken," just as he always had been since he lost the ability to defend himself and had to play the other man's game with the other man's rules.

The river is gone. It is all lakes now. And Spavinaw Creek is piped to Tulsa bathrooms. But the Indians still ran the country back when Charlie Wickliffe lived there.

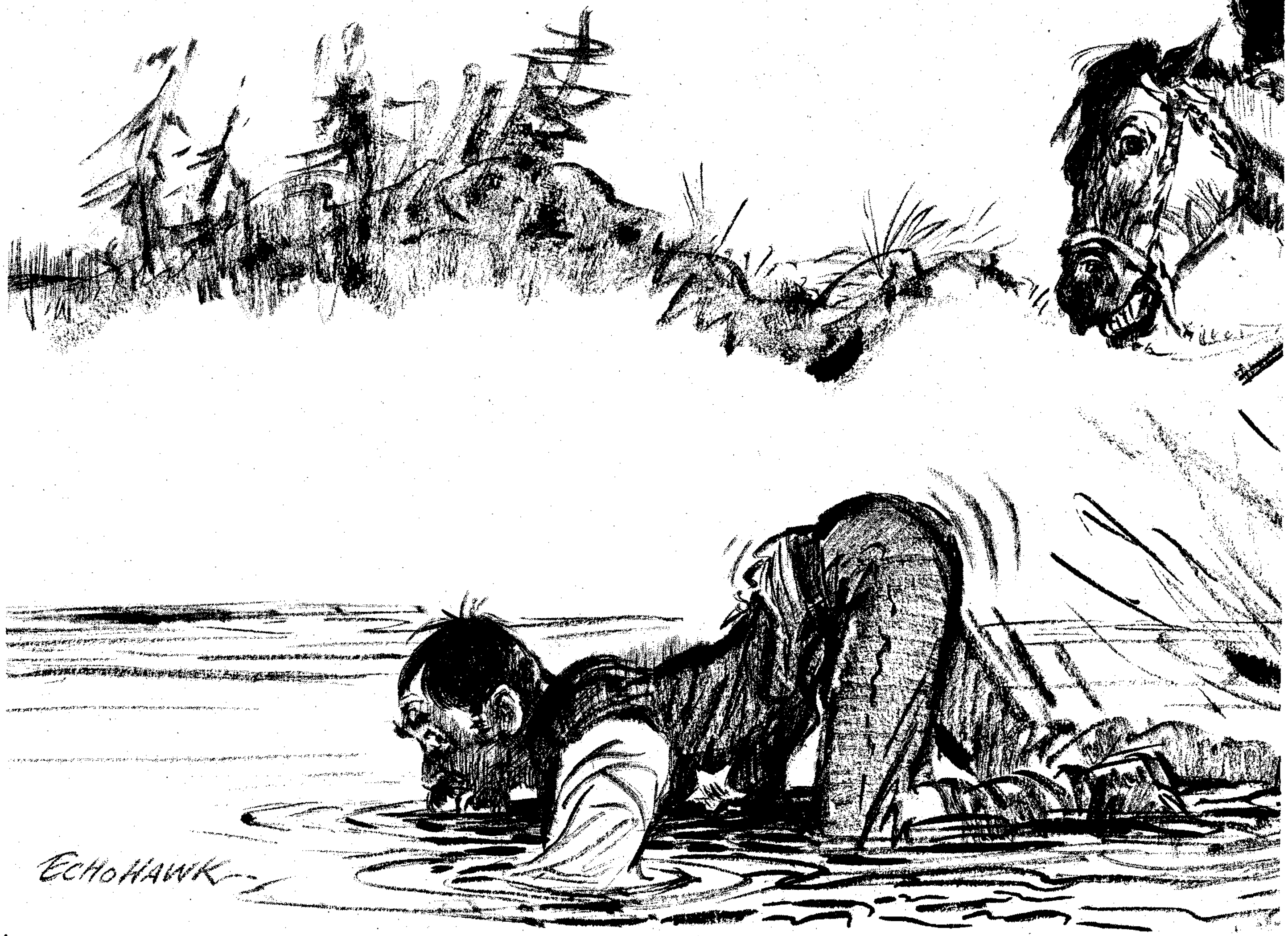
The Wickliffes were a self-sufficient people, respected by their neighbors. The old man was something like a justice of the peace in territorial affairs. The kids attended territorial schools. And they were proud.

All the trouble started when United States Marshal Cap White rode into the Spavinaws to bring back Charlie Wickliffe for breaking the white man's law.

What law Charlie Wickliffe had broken is hidden in the mists of six decades. One "old-timer" insists that it

As an added insult, it is said they forced him to cross the creek on all fours, and to drink like a dog!

Illustration by Brummett Echohawk



was for a "minor infraction." The more widespread opinion is that he killed a man.

The most colorful version of Charlie's alleged crime, and the one the old people repeat, goes like this: A man got too friendly with the girls and Charlie objected. The Wickliffes raised hogs and cattle and Charlie knew how to stop a rambunctious male. Charlie used a knife and no modern psychiatrist has ever discovered a more effective way of solving a "social problem." But Charlie was a better veterinarian than he was a doctor. This was before penicillin and the man died from infection.

Charlie's peers, both white and red, called it justice. Why, even over in civilized Springfield, Missouri, college town and center of culture, the law looked the other way when the citizens hanged two men for rape—in the same March, 1906. But the Spavinaws were *wild*. The *United* States *Marshal's office had to* show them who was boss before statehood ended its jurisdiction. So from Vinita headquarters, Cap White was sent to bring in Charlie Wickliffe.

WHITE was a good marshal but he had a bad blot on his record. Some months earlier during a raid, he had shot and killed a Jim Stevens, an unarmed bystander. White expected no help from white man or red man as he rode after Charlie Wickliffe.

As the marshal rode down Cabin Creek to the Grand River the ominous hills loomed dark under leaden March skies. He knew that finding one man in all that tangled pile where the Ozark uplift falls 600 feet to the river was impossible. But Indians were proud and most of them refused to run.

Marshal White forded the river's cold waters at the same ford where Marshal Bruner had drowned some years before. He entered the hills at Spavinaw Creek and rode through the bare-limbed trees toward the Wickliffe cabin.

White asked the way of those he met and was answered with that unreadable face of the Indian as each one pointed him deeper into the hills. Reaching the Wickliffe cabin he found only the old man at home. White watched the father's coal-black eyes as he stated his business —*a warrant for the arrest of Charlie* Wickliffe, charged with murder.

The old man listened in silence as White demanded Charlie's surrender.

"We will give him up on the promise that he will not be hanged," was the reply.

The family did not consider it murder. Charlie did not intend to kill the man. Charlie would not surrender without the promise of no death penalty.

White, it is said, became frustrated at the old man's obstinacy and pistol-whipped him. Then knowing the futility of searching for an Indian in the hill country, he rode back toward Vinita.

But the marshal didn't ride fast enough, for at Spavinaw Creek Charlie Wickliffe, with his brothers Tom and John, intercepted him. White knew better than to shoot. He waited.

The Wickliffe boys pistol-whipped the marshal just like he had their father. As an added insult they forced him to cross the creek crawling on all-fours, and to drink like a dog. Then they told him to get his horse, and not come back; that if he ever crossed the river (Grand River) again, he would be shot.

Sometimes it takes more guts to quit than it does to die. Marshal Cap White resigned. After this he rented a cabin on the river from "Aunt Polly" and "Uncle Bill" Sullivan, where he built a *flatboat and floated downriver into* oblivion. A good man during a bad time.

CHARLIE still had to be brought in. The marshal's office sent the Wickliffes word by grapevine that Uncle Sam had money and men; that Charlie would be caught, tried and, if convicted, hanged. The Indians had to be reminded who was in control in this last year before statehood.

It was March 11, with a cold, raw wind pouring across the prairie, when Deputy Marshal I. L. Gilstrap, backed by thirty men, tackled the job of bringing in Charlie Wickliffe. With one light wagon carrying supplies, and a bloodhound, they crossed the deadline—the Grand River—on the old Salina ferry.

In those days while the "money panic" was still having its effect, the ferryman was happy to see that they paid in cash. Most of his fares were paid in script, good only at the stores which issued it. But as the posse rode from the river into the town—the oldest white-man town in Oklahoma—the ferry operator had a moment of doubt. For out of the thickets at the end of the landing stepped Charlie Wickliffe. His rifle was cradled in the crook of his elbow.

Charlie's impassive face and implacable eyes revealed nothing of his thoughts as he asked, "How many?" Charlie motioned toward the departed men.

The ferryman answered, "Thirty. And a bloodhound."

Charlie nodded, then stepped back out of sight into the thicket.

The ferryman then carried a family across on their way to church that Sunday morning, March 11, 1906. It was going to be a long day.

No one is left who knows what really happened that day. The nation's press *on March 13 carried one* version. A different story filtered out of the hills by word of mouth.

The published story was that Deputy Marshal Gilstrap and six men trapped Charlie Wickliffe, his brothers, John and Tom, and five friends in a vacant house near the town called Little Kansas. In the flurry of shooting which followed, Gilstrap was killed. Also killed were Special Deputies Otis Tuttle and Dick Terry. Richard Carey was shot in the chest and was expected to die.

The other possemen claimed they killed two, probably three, of the "outlaws" before darkness ended the fight.

Newspapers reported that this was the same "Wickliffe Gang" which had killed Marshal J. H. Vier a year earlier; that the lives of the whole Territory were in danger; and that it might delay statehood indefinitely.

The story which filtered down from the hills was decidedly different. This story was that the bloodhound tracked the fugitive up a deep "holler." As the men followed they were hailed, "Go back!" (This was a common request in those days when moonshiners were active.)

Gilstrap waved the six men with him on toward the voice. A shot rang out. The dog whined and dropped. Dead.

As the posse scattered for cover, the voice again demanded, "Go back!"

With more valor than common sense, Gilstrap charged ahead. Another shot came from the ridge top. Gilstrap fell dead.

The deputies started firing blindly into the trees, answered by a scattering of shots.

The possemen retreated to safety, all but Richard Carey, who had been hit. The others left him behind his tree. When the woods grew quiet, Richard Carey made his way through the twilight two miles to the nearest help. Later, at the doctor's office it is said the doctor marveled how a man hit in the left chest could suffer no heart damage.

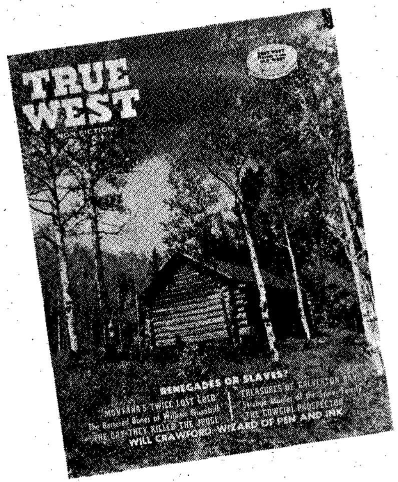
Carey is reported as saying, "Doctor, when that shooting started, my heart was not in my chest. It was in my mouth!"

(Continued on page 59)

WHILE YOU'RE
THINKIN' ABOUT IT

GIT ON YOUR OLD CAYUSE
AND MOSEY ON DOWN TO
YOUR LOCAL NEWSSTAND AND
LATCH ONTO THE OCTOBER, 1967

TRUE WEST



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ON PAGE 55.

FRONTIER POST

Chester

Sir:

I read with much interest "The Hell of Hail" in the March issue, and the photo on page eleven looks like the town of Chester did when my folks came there in 1910. There are seven saloons in this picture. My father built the Palace Saloon, which was across the street west of the Grand Hotel, and does not show. There were thirteen saloons by the first of July, 1910.

With the homestead rush, it was necessary by 1911 to have some of the lower grades use a building that had been a saloon, for classes. No one took the trouble to take down the sign. Several times traveling men stepped through the door, and with a very red face and an apology to our teacher, beat a hasty retreat.

I always got on deck by 7 o'clock when a flat car was to be unloaded or a building to be moved. I did not think the men would have much luck without me to help—I was ten years old. Several of Dad's bartenders were engineers, or had been. Lewie Quallen was one, and there was "Gentleman Jim" Simpkins. They always were very good to me, and there was always lots of live music at the bars. Several musicians were in town at that time, who had gotten attached to the saloons and hated to leave.

I do not know if the supply of liquor ever ran short; if so, knowing my dad as I did, I would say that the customers were the first ones to go thirsty.

In later years we lived south of the Sweet Grass Hills which Mr. Dunrud mentioned in his article.—B. Buckmaster, P. O. Box 311, Eureka, Montana 59917.

Leach Lake

Gentlemen:

The reason I like and buy FRONTIER TIMES is this—I am eighty-three, lived all my life in the West, starting at Brainerd, Minnesota on the Mississippi River. I'm familiar with a lot of the accounts which you publish. I've seen Cole Younger in Stillwater—also after his parole.

The purpose of the letter is the Leach Lake Massacre of U.S. soldiers—on an island in the lake—near the town of Walker. Just the other day I met a man by the name of Walker who said the town was named after his father. We are both quite old—but we compared our experiences. We agreed that in the 1890s under the Command of Major Bacon, six U. S. soldiers were shot down while their guns were stacked at mealtime during a treaty meeting between the U. S. Army and the Indians on the island.

This I do know—I saw the bodies of the soldiers covered with the U. S. flags—after they were brought down to the town of Brainerd. To say the least, the town was excited. As for myself, I had the hell scared out of me. My mother hid us four children until the excitement died down. Clem's Hardware Store issued firearms to the citizens but nothing of importance happened after that—we soon got over the scare. The Indians coming into Brainard were controllable.

My question is this—is it possible some other subscriber of your magazine might know if I speak the truth.—Arthur M. Allen, 1307 20th Avenue, Apt. 304, San Francisco, California 94122.

Gypsy Knives

Dear Editor:

That was an outstanding story in the May issue—"Gypsy Knives." The weatherbeaten bridge across the river from Idaho Falls was very familiar. When I was a kid we often went across that bridge. The gypsies had a camp, and cowboy drifters camped nearby. In those days there were many tramp miners who beat their way from Bingham City and Park City mines in Utah to Butte. The hobo jungle was situated near the bridge. It was a place for the tramps to wash their shirts and comb the cinders out of their locks. Some among them were complete clowns. They were full of interesting people who had been places, seen things and rubbed shoulders with various walks of life.

We liked to visit the tramp jungles. A fat, lazy-appearing tramp was boiling some stew in a five-gallon lard can one day. The toe on his right foot was sticking through the top. I asked him why he had cut his shoe in such a manner. "Oh, that," he replied, "was caused by an accident. I had my nose broken in a fight. The doctor had to take a bone out of my toe to replace the one in my nose. He got them mixed up and put the nose bone in my toe. Ever since then, I've had to take my shoe off to blow my nose."

Another famous spot near the bridge was John's Hole. A Chinaman was camped there. He had accumulated considerable gold dust. Some robbers killed him for his poke, and threw him in the river. The sheriff and his helpers fished him out and buried him on the bank. The place after that event was called "John's Hole." It was a good fishing spot in those days. Perhaps modern civilization with its dams and changes have obliterated all such places of the past. Idaho Falls is no longer a wide open, rough and tumble frontier town.—S. H. Berry, Box 2122, Boise, Idaho 83701.

(Continued on page 68)

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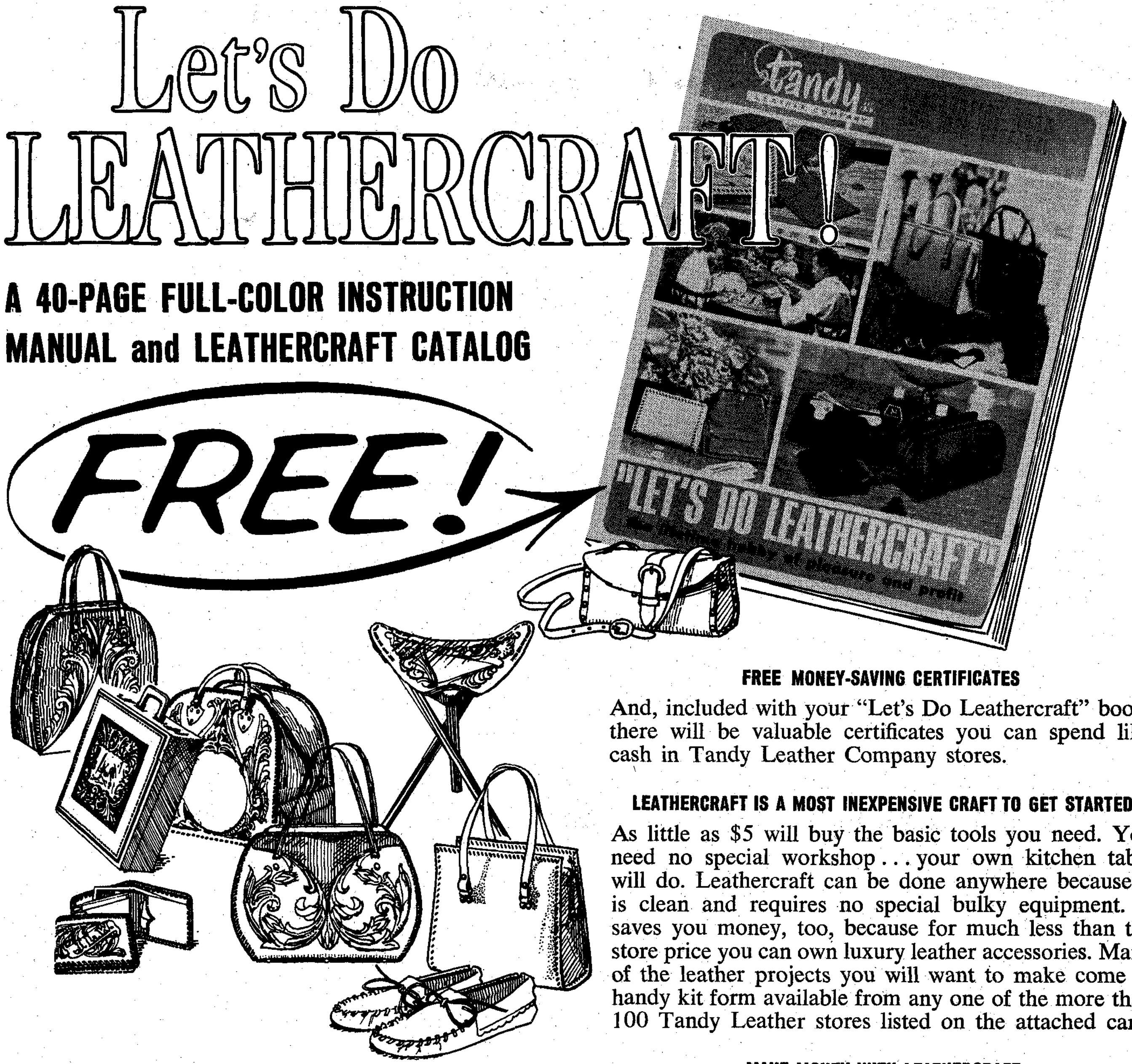
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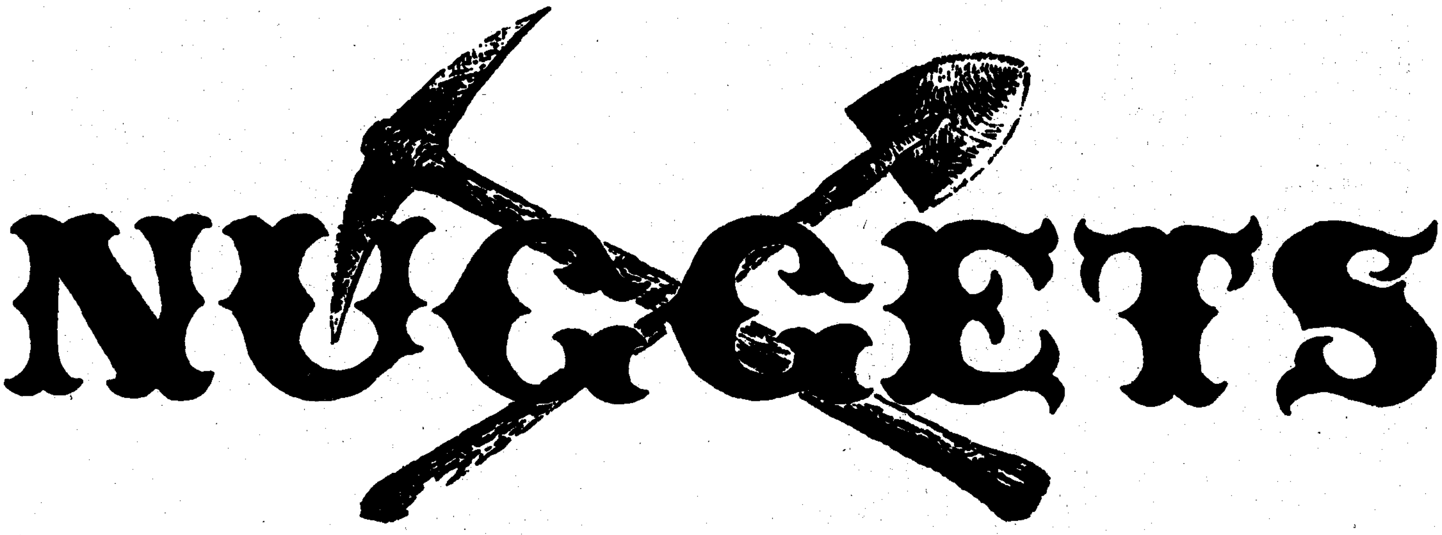


NUGGETS

THE TREASURE IN YORAN'S BARN

By Robert B. Murray

IN THE early 1880s in Lane County, Oregon, S. M. Yoran purchased a farm from the estate of Johanna Goodchild. Shortly after the purchase, Mr. Yoran's young son, Darwin, and his friend Hugh Gray, having heard rumors that money had been hidden on the old Goodchild place, decided to explore it.

While examining the floor of the barn, Hugh noticed that one of the planks in the flooring did not seem to be nailed down. The plank also had a hole in it which appeared to have been chewed by rats. The plank was about two feet long. Under it, the boys found that a little pit had been dug which was about six to eight inches deep.

The pit had been filled with chaff and hay feed. Searching through it, Hugh pulled out a can. He opened it and yelled to Darwin that it was full of gold and silver coins. They counted them and estimated the value at $925.85. Going back to the small pit they continued to search. Unbelievingly, Darwin pulled out an old yeast powder can. It also contained gold and silver coins. The second can held $1,000.00 even.

The boys took the cans of money to Darwin's father. Mr. Yoran could find no identifying marks either inside or outside of the container. Not knowing exactly what to do, but being a completely honest man, Yoran took the money to B. H. James, the county treasurer of Lane County, and asked him to keep it in the safe in his office. He also related to the treasurer all of the circumstances surrounding the finding of the coins.

The next day Mr. Yoran returned to speak with the county treasurer. Mr. James informed him of the Oregon statute which applied to the finding of lost goods where the owner was not known. According to the statute, the finder, within five days after finding the goods, must give notice of such finding in writing to the county clerk and post two notices in conspicuous places.

Also, if discovery were in excess of $15.00 in value, he had to run notices of the finding in a newspaper. The statute further provided that if the owner did not appear and claim the thing found within one year, the finder should pay one-half of the find to the county treasurer and keep the other half. If the statute were not followed by a finder of the lost goods, the treasurer was authorized to sue the finder to obtain the one-half of the goods to which the county was entitled. The intent of the statute was to give the finder of lost goods a good title to what he found. It was similar to those which existed in many of our Western states at that time and still exist in many states today.

The treasurer advised Mr. Yoran to follow the statute and Mr. Yoran did so. He gave the required notice to the county clerk, posted notices of the finding at both the post office and courthouse in Eugene City and ran an advertisement of the finding of the money in the *Oregon State Journal*. When the owner failed to appear to claim the money in the one-year period, Yoran carefully deducted the costs of advertising of $2.50; gave Mr. James, the treasurer, half; and then divided the other half between the two happy boys.

THE STORY would have ended happily here if the administrator of the estate of Johanna Goodchild had not appeared on the scene. His name was Sovern. Yoran recognized him because he was the man who had handled the sale of the farm from the Goodchild estate when Yoran purchased it. Sovern explained that the money found by the boys in the barn was hidden there by Mrs. Goodchild and he wanted it back. He told Mr. Yoran that he should have known that the money belonged to Mrs. Goodchild because people had been talking for a long time about money hidden on the place. Mr. Sovern also mentioned that it was commonly known that on her deathbed Mrs. Goodchild had attempted to tell her daughter about some money hidden on the farm, but she had died before she could finish.

Yoran replied that there were rumors of this type about every farm in Oregon and that he was not aware of the conversation from Mrs. Goodchild's deathbed. He explained to Sovern that he had carefully followed the lost goods statute and had paid one-half of the money to the county and the balance to the boys. He told Sovern that under these circumstances he did not feel that the estate was entitled to the money. Sovern stated that if he could not obtain the money from Yoran, he would be forced to sue him. Yoran again refused to pay over the funds, and suit was filed.

The case went to trial in the Circuit Court of Lane County. The jury in the case held that it was true that Johanna Goodchild was the owner of the money at the time of her death but that Mr. Yoran had acted innocently and had not "converted" the money. The jury held that Yoran did not have to pay the funds to the Goodchild estate.

Sovern, acting on the advice of the estate's attorneys, J. K. Weatherford and L. Byleu, appealed the case to the Supreme Court of Oregon. Representing Mr. Yoran on the appeal were G. B. Dorris and H. Y. Thompson.

The Court rendered its decision on May 7, 1888. The case has become part of history, appearing in the Supreme Court records in Oregon as *Sovern v. Yoran*, 16 Ore. 269, 20 Pac. 100. The opinion was written for the Court by Chief Justice Lord.

AS A first proposition, the Chief Justice enunciated a fundamental rule. He stated that before a thing can be *found*, it must be *lost*. He stated further that property is not *lost* when it has been intentionally placed someplace even though the owner later forgets where it is, thereby holding that the money found by the boys was not *lost*.

The Chief Justice stated that if the money had been lost, the finder has a superior claim to it against all the world except the true owner. The Oregon statute, when followed, even gave the finder a superior ownership to the true owner. Also if the money were lost, the place of finding makes no difference. However, where money has been intentionally placed, and then forgotten, or for some other reason left there, the owner of the premises where found is usually entitled to it until the true owner is found.

Chief Justice Lord then stated that neither of the above situations exactly applied to Mr. Yoran's case. He said that in this case there were present all of the elements of *treasure trove*. He said that there was the hiding, the secrecy, the unknown owner, "in fact, dead owner" and unknown representatives. He said that in this category of goods, it is only *when the true owner actually appears* that it ceases to be treasure trove. He added that such an appearance alone would not make the defendant, here Mr. Yoran, liable in conversion.

He then held that because the money was not lost, Yoran should not have used the lost property statute. However, using it innocently in attempting to find the owner of treasure trove did not constitute an act that would make Yoran liable to return the funds to the estate. The Court therefore affirmed the trial court's opinion that Yoran did not have to repay the money to the estate.

The treasure in Yoran's barn could be kept by the boys who found it.

LIFE ON CANYON CREEK FLATS

By Orin John Oas

EVEN THOUGH the rumors of new-found goldfields on Canyon Creek Flats, Idaho, turned out to be a hoax, many Norwegian and Irish immigrants refused to turn back.

The Flats, nestled at the confluence of two canyons within earshot of the shrill steam whistle of Walter F. Hiat's sawmill in Placerville, was soon to become one of Boise Basin's gayest, yet most tragic, settlements.

Rough lumber shacks were slapped together, shoddy structures lined with muslin and old newspapers which the builders soon regretted when the first storm-blast of winter struck. Some of the men, handy with axe and adz, threw up log cabins, but these too, were set up carelessly, and many a coal-lamp sputtered and coughed as winds seeped through the sparsely chinked logs.

Settlers arriving too late to build shacks, pitched tents, living in them until the first scraping sounds of dry aspen leaves sliding down the sides told them that it was time to "hit fer the low country." Dogs of mixed breeds wandered from camp to camp, sniffing about for food scraps.

Not too long ago I spoke to a quite modest, aged pioneer woman who related this everyday experience common to those trying years in the 1890s.

"And there was my little Alfy, mindin' his own business eatin' a crust of bread I just give 'im. Then along comes Knutson's cur-dog and grabs it in his mouth and runs. Alfy didn't cry either—guess he felt pity for the poor critter—fact was, he was laughin'. I was mad at first, but when Alfy could laugh, I guess I could too—and I did. Then I gave him a new crust of bread and went back to my scrubbin' board."

Tragedy struck the settlement when the men learned that their sluice-boxes, rocker-boxes, and gold pans were much too small, for volume was a necessary factor on ground containing only a few grains of flake gold per square yard of gravel.

Reluctantly, the men abandoned their claims, some finding work on the steam dredges or in the logging camps. Many drifted off into the hills to new diggings. Those fortunate few who owned horses were hired to haul four-foot cordwood for the dredges.

The women bolstered their courage by hiding behind wistful smiles, going about their chores cheerfully, prayerfully. And whether in mansion or hovel, babies are born. This, too, helped to dry many a tear—and perhaps, on occasion, to start freshets of new ones.

One pioneer woman who is still living recalls: "A woman took pride in her babies and home; cleanin' and sweepin' her house even though the floor was only pounded dirt with rocks and pebbles croppin' up to make walkin' around in the dark with a colicky youngun plumb miserable."

Two Norwegian partners, Krist Anderson and Nels Rude, took a dim view of ever becoming wealthy on Canyon Creek Flats. Feeling that it was only proper to show some measure of lamentation over their misfortune, the partners sadly hiked to Placerville every Saturday afternoon, each lugging an empty reed-covered demijohn. They returned happily in the wee, wobbly hours, stumbling across tent ropes, waking everyone, until and quite by accident, they'd find their tent. The demijohns? Each was four long draughts short of measuring two gallons of Magnolia whiskey.

NAMES of rivers, mountains, and canyons were often changed by the pioneers, and so it was with Canyon Creek Flats. For every Irishman or other nationality, there were four Norwegians, and they'd fist-fight for hours for ridiculously trivial reasons.

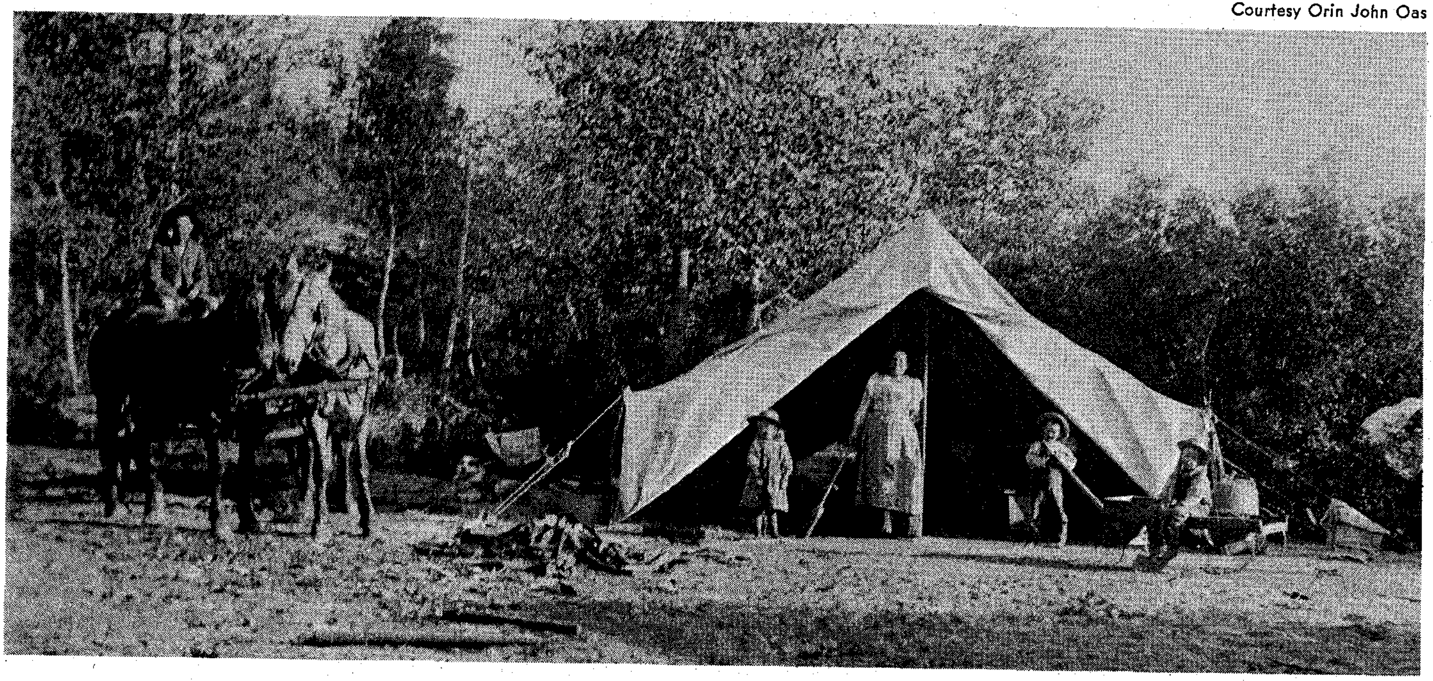
The Irishmen soon tired of this sort of lip-splitting pastime, and tossed in the towel when Norwegian women, armed with stout-handled brooms, interceded. In the early fall of 1894, Canyon Creek Flats became known as Norwegian Flats.

Amazingly enough, the first sunny spring of 1891, saw many of the Canyon Creek settlers still alive. The 1890 toll from cold shelters, dysentery, pox, and malnutrition had been high. When news of a new death spread through the settlement, hollow-eyed faces would reflect the question, "Who of us will be next?"

Infants and the aged were the most vulnerable to winter hardships. In many instances, the survivors were too weak to dig graves, and often the body of a small child was packed in snow until spring when it could be "done proper."

During the following years, the road to Idaho City saw many wagons and carts coming away from Canyon Creek Flats. And usually a cur-dog trailed behind, paddling along in the dust, perhaps wondering where his master's new home would be in this land of golden opportunities.

(Continued on page 60)



Typical tent home in Canyon Creek Flats, Idaho

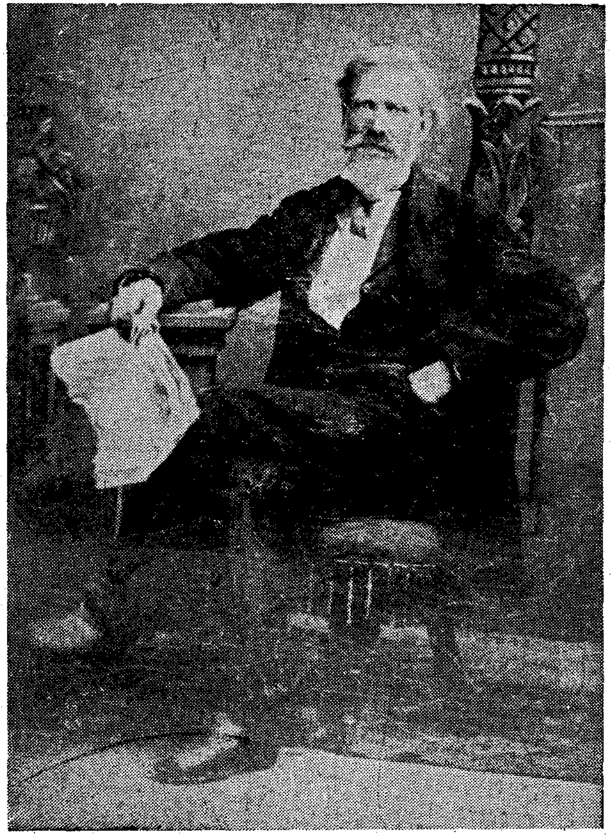
Courtesy Orin John Oas

By MARTHA E. LAMBERT

Photos Courtesy Author

Death comes in many colors . . . the red of fire, the black of deep water, the gray of long thirst in a desert . . . and sometimes Death can be white . . .

I REMEMBER A LITTLE CASKET IN THE SNOW



D. D. Phillips, father of the author

FOLKS in Nebraska called it "The School Children's Blizzard" because it struck late in the afternoon, and pupils and teachers trying to get home became its first victims.

Two hundred people perished in that dreadful storm which began on January 12, 1888 and raged unabated for three days.

Etta Shattuck, a teacher in Holt County, took refuge in a haystack where she remained trapped from Thursday afternoon until Sunday morning when a farmer came to get hay for his stock.

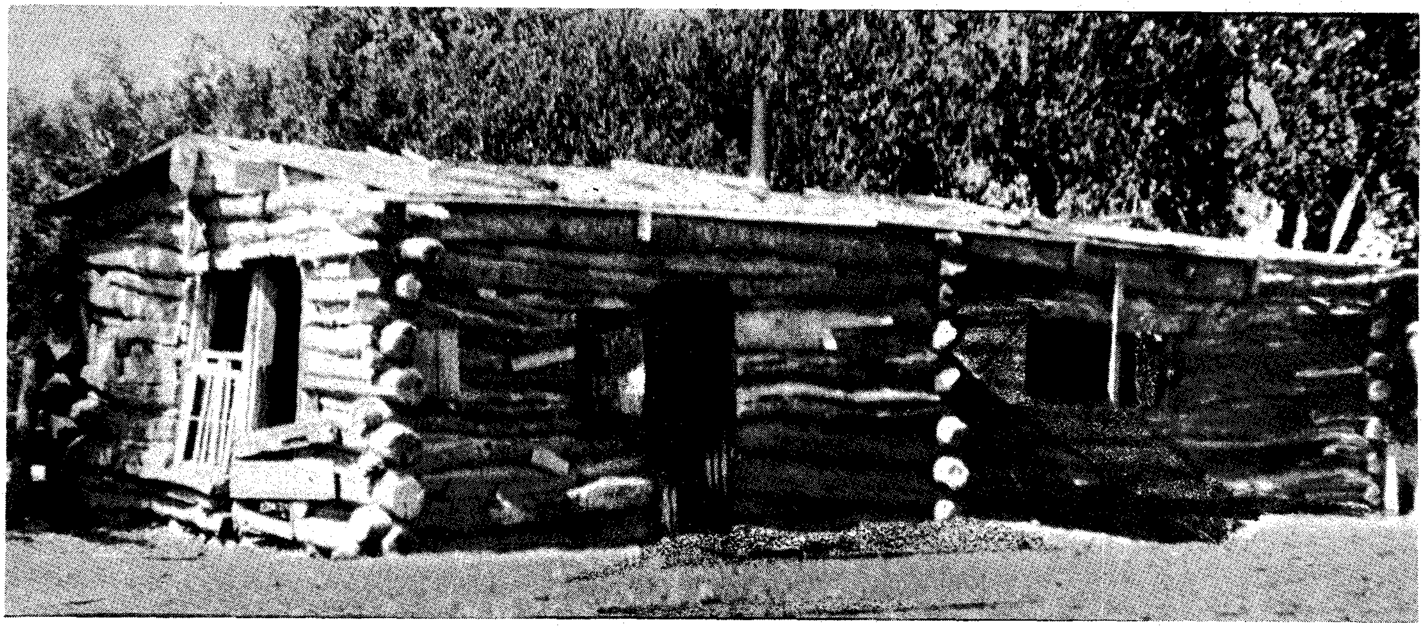
Lois Royce, in Pierce County, took her three pupils and attempted to reach her boarding house only 100 yards from the schoolhouse. The wind blew them slightly off course and they missed the house by a few feet. Stumbling onto a haystack, Miss Royce tunneled in and pulled the children in after her. At daybreak she dragged herself out over their dead bodies and crawled on her hands and knees to the house. Her hands and feet were so badly frozen they had to be amputated.

Minnie May Freeman, of Valley County, won national acclaim for the gallant way in which she led her sixteen pupils to safety. When the storm struck, they made plans to spend the night in the schoolhouse, but at dusk the wind blew the tin and tarpaper roof off the sod building. Knowing they'd all freeze, Miss Freeman formed a line with herself at one end and a farm boy at the other. They literally dragged the small children to a farmhouse a half-mile away.

In Richardson County the Baker brothers tried to get from the store to their home several blocks away. The snow was like a thick, white veil; they couldn't see three feet in any direction. After wandering until they were nearly frozen, a barking dog led them to a hog shed where they took refuge among the porkers until they were rescued thirteen hours later.

MY sister Bea, fifteen; Bobby, twelve; and I, seven, were home that day because in Hitchcock County, District #3, there'd been only enough funds for a three-months term in the Little Sod

The Phillips' homestead near Culbertson, Nebraska



schoolhouse on the banks of Driftwood Creek. I remember that the morning was as warm and mild as Indian summer. During the forenoon Father's sheepskin-lined coat hung idly behind the kitchen door while he and Bobby sawed wood, barehanded and in shirt sleeves. I had begged Mother to let me shed my copper-toed shoes and black wool stockings and go barefoot.

After dinner Father and Bobby were obliged to go for a load of fodder a half-mile away. Always a tomboy, I grabbed my sunbonnet and climbed aboard the wagon with them. Against the hillside the cattle basked in the sunshine, lazily chewing their cuds.

While Father tossed up the bundles of fodder, Bobby and I walked around stamping it firmly into the rack. Suddenly a dark cloud appeared on the horizon, rising swiftly to meet the sun. A gentle breeze began to stir the branches of the cottonwoods along Driftwood Creek. Almost immediately the gentle breeze turned to a stiff wind carrying large, moist flakes of snow.

"Looks like a change of weather," Father warned, tossing the bundles up swiftly. His words were blown away by a cold puff of wind which transformed the wet flakes into pellets that struck our faces with the impact of pebbles.

Alarmed at the violent change and barely able to control his frightened team, Father headed for home at a stiff trot. By the time we reached the barnyard, snow was falling so fast we couldn't see our horses' heads. Father slid from the wagon and shouted above the wind, "You children start carrying in wood while I unhitch!"

When the horses were safe in the barn, Father tied a rope from the barn to the kitchen so he could find his way through the storm at chore time. Bobby and I filled every available space in the sod kitchen with stove wood, and piled big chunks against the wall of the log house for use in our big heating stove. As an extra precaution Father rolled some logs close to the kitchen door and brought the ax and saw inside. He'd come homesteading from Iowa, and knew about blizzards.

The creek, the prairie and the barn had now disappeared in snow. The cattle had gone into a huddle with their backs to the wind. The roar of the blizzard drowned out their frightened mooing.

Inside the house everything was cozy. Mother's golden brown loaves of fresh bread filled the kitchen with a yeasty fragrance. On the back of the stove in a big iron kettle a hambone simmered in a mess of beans.

Not so lucky was the Charlie Burke family. Discouraged by drouth, grasshoppers and prairie fires, Charlie—on this warm, spring-like morning—had decided to abandon his claim. Loading his wife, four children and few household possessions into a covered wagon he had headed back east to Fillmore County.

Six miles from home on the open prairie the blizzard hit the Burkes like a great, white wall. The sixty-mile-an-hour wind ripped the canvas cover from the wagon and sent it hurtling into space. The road, the prairie, the sky, all disappeared. Familiar landmarks were lost; friendly canyons turned into Arctic crevasses. In six hours the temperature had dropped from 30 above to 6 below zero.

Charlie wrapped his family in every available robe and quilt, then got out to walk and lead the team. Groping blindly, not knowing in what direction he was going or how far he might be from shelter, Charlie miraculously stumbled against a barbed wire fence.

Reasoning that it would lead him to a habitation, he clung to the wire with freezing hands. By instinct the team turned in at our barnyard gate and stopped abreast the load of fodder. Charlie knew the fodder meant a house was nearby. He shouted into the wind but only the roar of the blizzard answered.

Our sod barn was only ten feet away from the load of fodder, but in the blinding storm and gathering dusk it was invisible. Clinging to the lines to keep contact with the wagon, Charlie reached out wildly into the storm. Luckily his hand came in contact with the side of the barn. Flattening himself against the wall he felt his way inch by inch, searching for the door.

When Charlie reached the door he was unable to open it because of the rope which connected it with the house. He did, however, know the meaning of the rope. Fastening the lines in the ring in the barn door, he clasped the rope in his numb hands and pushed out into a wind which nearly blew him off his feet.

ABOVE the howl of the blizzard, Father recognized a strange mumbling at the lock and opened the door. Snow swirled in—and cold. The lamp flickered crazily and nearly went out, as a white apparition stumbled inside. It was short and dumpy and breathless. The fur cap was a gleaming helmet, the cowhide coat a tinkling armor of ice. Only reddened slits of eyes showed beneath snow matted-brows.

It was Bobby who recognized him first and shouted, "Charlie Burke! How did you get here?"

Charlie dropped into a chair and gasped, "Family - - outside - - wagon." Mother poured the poor man a cup of coffee to clear his brain enough that he could tell what had happened. While Charlie gulped the coffee Father was getting into his coat and boots. Then lighting the lantern, he and Charlie pushed out into the roaring darkness.

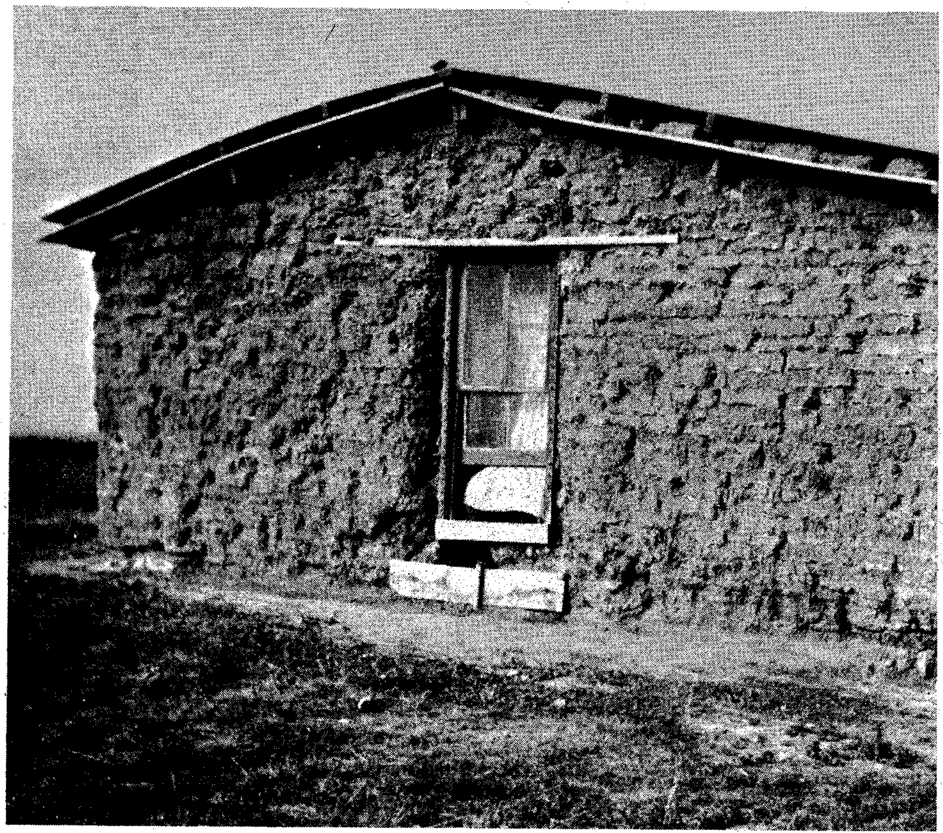
Somehow they managed to dig the family from beneath the welter of robes and drifted snow. Mrs. Burke and the two older children could walk. The baby and four-year-old Jay had to be carried. Neither Father nor Charlie were ever quite able to describe just how they managed to drag, carry and push the family into the house.

While Bea dished up hot beans to feed the hungry family, Father and Mother worked with pans of snow to thaw Charlie's frozen feet and hands. Later the feet had to be amputated just in front of the heels. The two-year-old baby, already suffering from a cold, developed pneumonia and died that night.

The next morning, Friday the 13th, a weak sun penetrated the swirling haze enough to reveal an unfamiliar

(Continued on page 56)

The child was placed in a snowdrift near the window of the sod kitchen of the Phillips' home.



DEAD MAN'S

By FAY EMORY SMITH

ACES & EIGHTS. The hand James Butler "Wild Bill" Hickok held when Jack McCall shot him in the back of the head August 2, 1876 in Deadwood, South Dakota, was the winning poker hand at that moment—and it still is if we believe superstitious gamblers.

Hickok was typical of the better class of gamblers, of which the Old West had many, many kinds: famous, like Hickok; infamous like Soapy Smith; the promotor Tex Rickard; the lovable plunger Riley Grannan; cigar-smoking "Poker Alice" who also dealt faro; and my friend, Bob "The Waffle" McAuley.

Bob was one of the finest men I ever met, and he made his living gambling. He was so good with a Colt .45 that he seldom needed to use it. Men who knew him, or knew of him, did not care to face him. I was present once when he had provocation and was entitled to use his gun, but didn't.

McAuley was the banker-dealer in a stud poker game in a saloon—he owned it—in Carter, Wyoming. He got in a hassle with a Basque sheepherder. My attention was first drawn when I heard McAuley say, "Get out of here!"

On his way out, the Basque promised, "I'll be back."

McAuley was not packing a gun at the moment, so he left the game and went behind the bar. This bar, like all others, had a Colt just under the top ready to be picked up. When the door opened, the Basque's head and one hand were visible as he peered inside. We all knew that the hand we could not see held a gun. McAuley waited with both hands resting empty on top of the bar.

"You're not afraid of me, are you?" said the Basque.

"Hell no," replied McAuley.

And he wasn't. The man closed the door and left.

PUBLIC gambling in the 1800s was only a poker table and a deck of cards in the smaller towns; either draw or five card stud, no joker. The use of a joker to make aces, straights and flushes, lowball, seven card stud, wild cards and such didn't appear until the 1900s.

I heard about a poker player who sat in one game for thirty-six consecutive hours, only leaving his chair to go to the men's room. He ate an occasional sandwich and drank nothing but coffee—smart gamblers never touched liquor while playing. This man wouldn't leave while winning, he wanted to win more; he wouldn't quit when losing because he wanted to win it back. Gamblers are a queer lot.

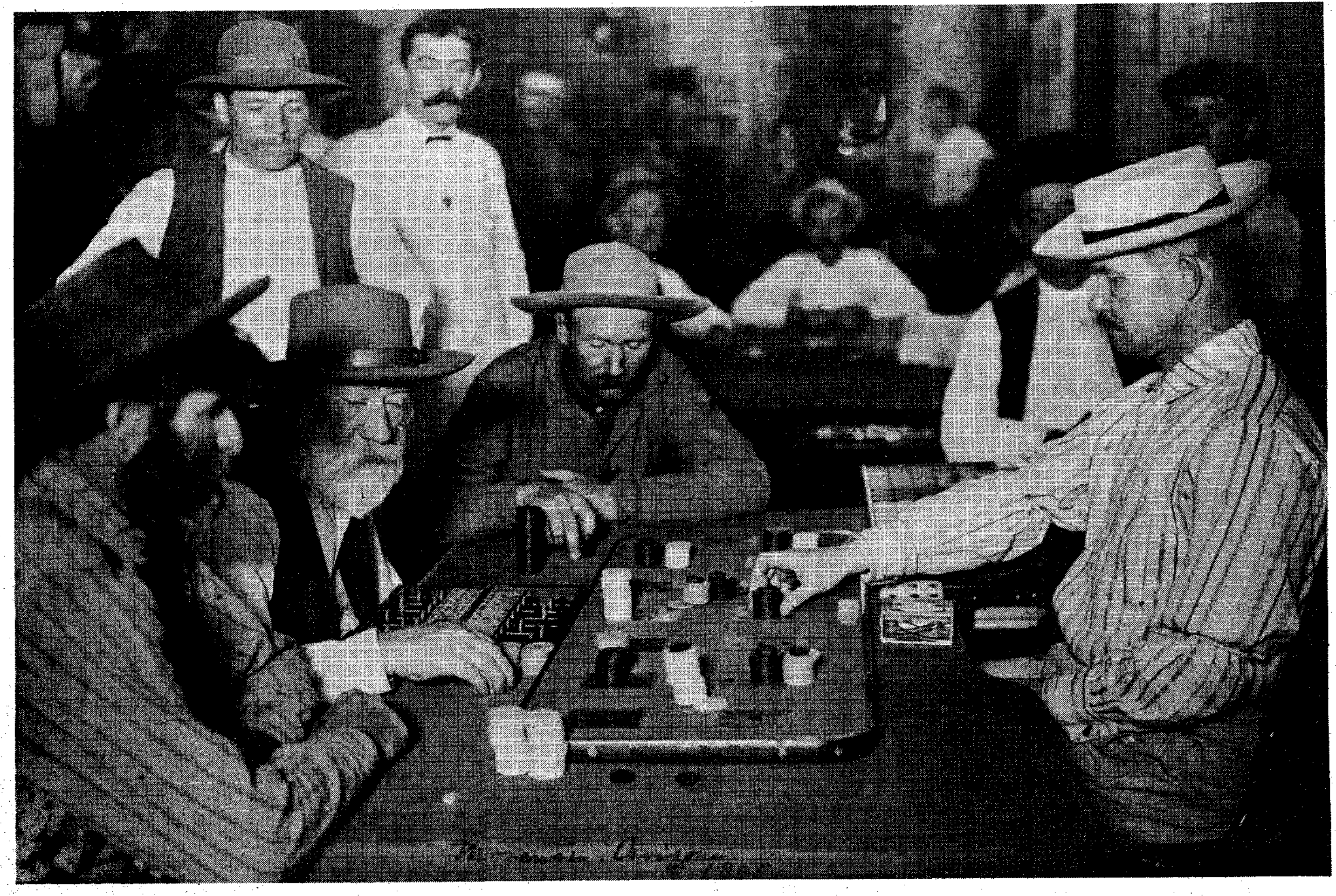
Poker yields the least profit to casino owners, because players play against each other instead of against the house. In panguingue and poker parlors in California, players pay rent for seats at a table.

Larger places in the Old West had a faro bank layout in addition to poker tables. Faro bank was favored by gamblers—Hickok for one, because the odds between the player and the house were exactly even. The layout was simple: A table with thirteen cards painted on it—always spades—a dealer with a little open-faced dealing-box to hold the cards face up and a small raised platform where the lookout sat behind and to the dealer's right. The first card drawn from the box was laid aside, the second card drawn was the loser and the card left face up in the box was the winner. The players placed their bets on the cards painted on the table.

Through the years faro has lost favor,

Faro game in a Morenci, Arizona, gambling hall, 1895

Courtesy Arizona Pioneers Historical Society



Courtesy Author

HAND

Western gambling —then and now

apparently because few persons know how to play it. In Reno I saw a man, whose ancestors came from China, win so many chips he couldn't pick them up when he quit. He swept them into his hat to carry to the cashier.

During the gold mining years, when dust and nuggets were plentiful, there were a few roulette wheels in the posh clubs of such places as San Francisco and Virginia City, Nevada. Owners liked the game, as the percentage in favor of the house was more than 5%, but the wheels were expensive, came from far away by slow freight, and sometimes arrived in "bad order."

On the whole, old-time gamblers were a decent sort. They were good losers. Hickok was a quiet and courteous gambler. Those who were crooked and tried to cheat, who dealt seconds, or off the bottom, frequently were playing with men like themselves, so that made it even.

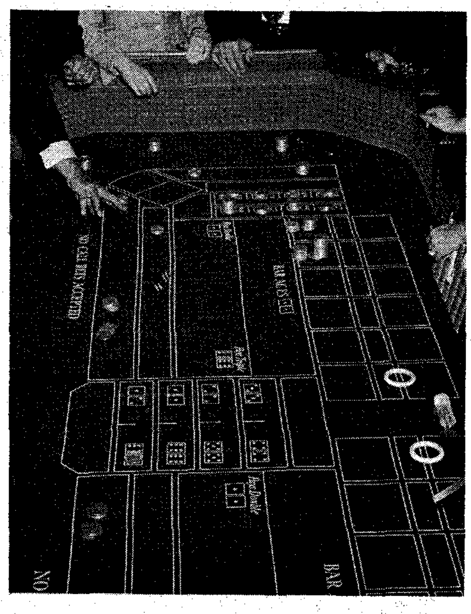
Soapy Smith was more of a gangster than a gambler, though he had gambling tables in his saloon in Skagway. But Soapy overplayed his hand; the muscle men he hired caused his downfall and his death.

Blackjack (or twenty-one) and craps are now the most popular games. Craps gives the best break as the percentage against the player is only 1.4%; at twenty-one he has to buck a losing 2.5%.

IT IS SAID that the people of San Francisco and northern California, plus a few tourists, support gambling in Reno; and the people of Los Angeles and southern California support gambling in Las Vegas.

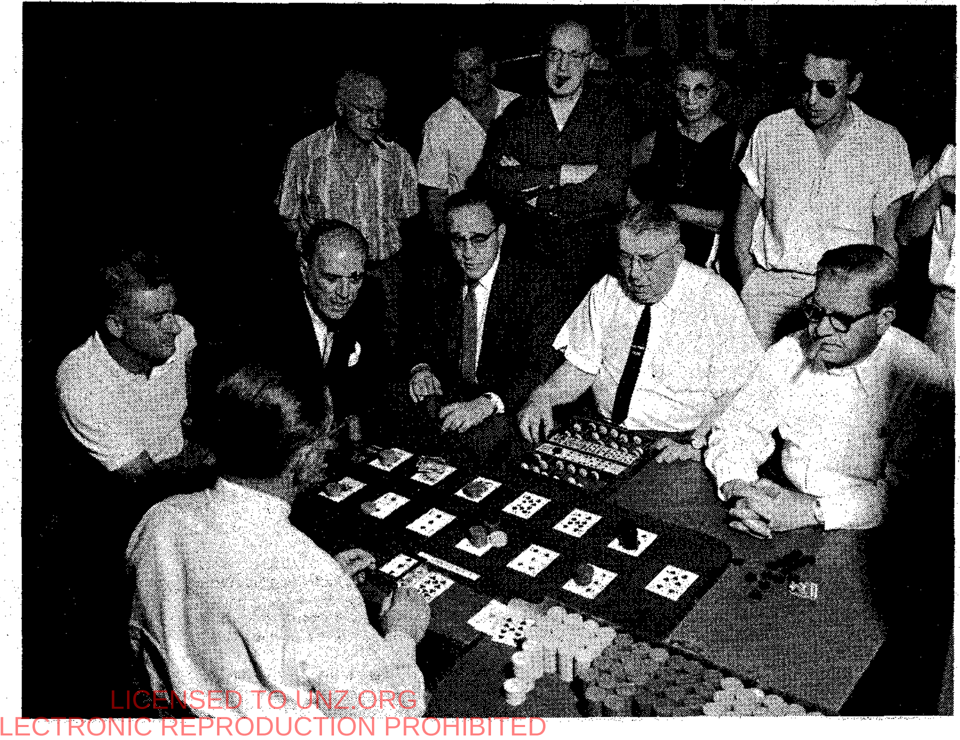
In one of the hotel casinos in Las Vegas I saw a lone, beautiful and well-groomed young woman playing roulette. She didn't appear to have a system and placed her chips haphazardly; but she had something on the ball—the little white one—for it almost always dropped in the slot of a number where her chips were down. When she cashed in, the croupier didn't have enough money so a man from the cashier's office came and gave this winsome winner twenty-six $100 bills. I counted them as he laid them down one by one. She would be a nice gal to know, but I never saw her again.

Guy Lent, of Harolds Club in Reno, told me the following story: Seven young men, one a student at the University of Nevada, "cased" a roulette wheel, for several days and nights—casinos operate twenty-four hours a day—and recorded every number the little white ball selected. In this way the boys hoped to learn if certain numbers won more often than others on the wheel which they



Top left, gamblers try their luck at black-jack. Above, shooting craps is one of the more popular games today. Below, a modern faro bank.

Courtesy Author



were watching.

They started their play, one or two of them at a time, and by relieving one another played continuously. The best they were able to do the first few days was break even; then they started to hit, usually betting $20 on a number. The wheel pays 35 for 1, so when a $20 bet paid off, they won $700 on a play. At the end of two weeks they cashed in for $96,000.

The Club took the loss in stride. Mr. Lent said they put the wheel out of play for testing to see if it were out of balance—it wasn't. A wheel out of balance can cause certain numbers to win more often than others.

This story appeared in the Los Angeles *Times* under a Las Vegas date line:

LAS VEGAS DICE RECORDED

There were all manner of players here from Southern California. Jack Callie, who runs the Beverly Bridge Club in Los Angeles, set a new all-time Las Vegas record with the dice.

Last night at the Flamingo he held the cubes for one hour and fifty-five minutes, during which he threw only three sevens, two of them on come-outs, then the final one which finished his sensational run. About fifty of his friends, who came in a chartered plane for the gin tournament, also cashed in as Callie made the galloping dominoes do his bidding.

He started with $10 and wound up, so they say, with something in excess of $35,000. The Flamingo announced today that the run cost the house in the neighborhood of $112,000, as his friends bet with him.

The Wagon Wheel Saloon, Lake Tahoe, purchased an illustrated advertisement in the Reno *Evening Gazette* showing $25,000 being paid to the winner of a keno game. Keno resembles the age-old Chinese lottery. In 1964 two unidentified keno players won $25,000 apiece in successive games at the Mint Casino in Las Vegas—the maximum payoff. The manager called it a "trillion-to-one chance," and Nevada gaming control officials confirmed it was the first time two maximum keno payoffs in a row had been made since gambling was legalized.

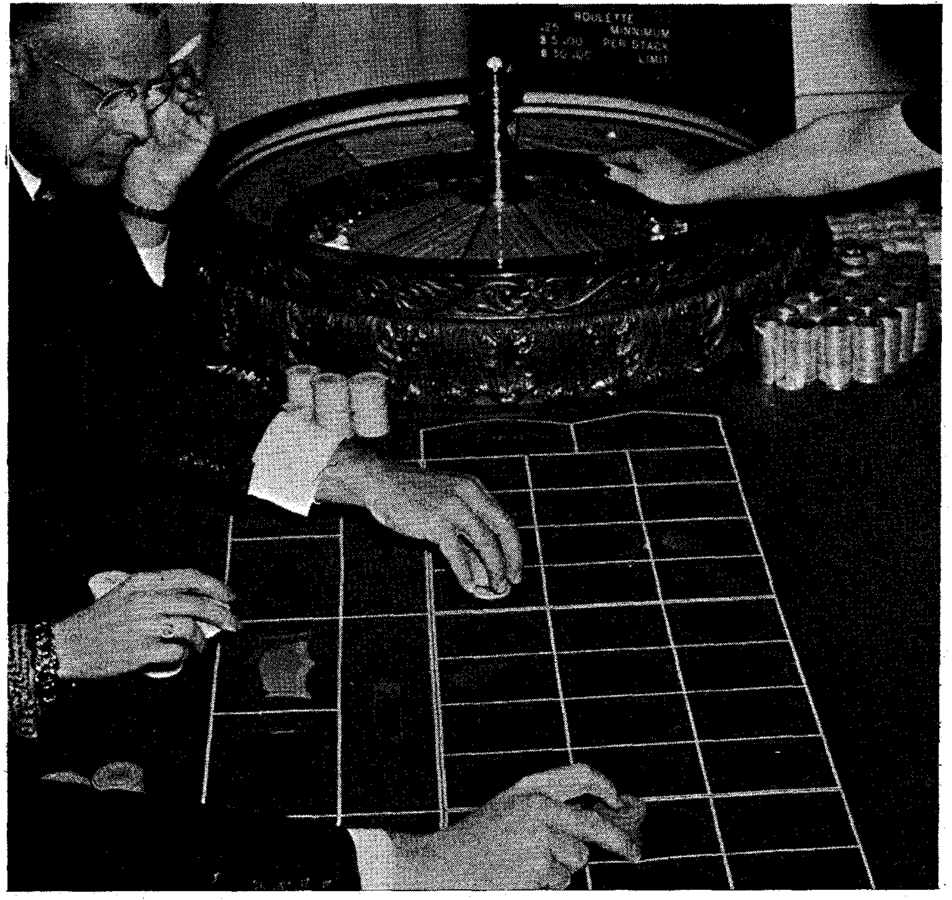
SLOT MACHINES get a big play; the large clubs have rows of them. In one a sign reads: "One Record Day We Paid 6,607 Slot Machine Jackpots." The *Gazette* ran a story some time back stating that a man hit several jackpots on double dollar machines—he had to insert two silver dollars each play before he could pull the lever—and won $9,000.

The loss percentage against a player of the slots may be anywhere from 10% to 20% as the machines can be set to yield whatever the house thinks the traffic will bear.

A man, who looked like "Hollywood," and two Chinese were playing twenty-one at a table in one of the big hotels. On the table was a small discreet sign reading: "Minimum Bet—$5.00." Hollywood was betting as high as $100 a hand. He won and lost, but I didn't stay to see how he came out. The Chinese were each betting $100 a hand. One lost five consecutive hands, the other won five times in a row; and that's the way the ball bounces.

Bets being placed at the roulette table

Courtesy Author



I once watched a character playing twenty-one—tanned, rugged, attractive and dressed in a fringed buckskin jacket, western type hat and boots. He didn't know how much he was betting; he merely shoved out a double-handful of silver dollars from the huge pile before him on the table. The harassed dealer couldn't tell either, so she stacked them in piles of twenty before dealing the cards. He seemed to win every hand; took time out now and then to fill the pockets in his shirt, pants and leather coat until they overflowed onto the floor.

I picked up some money for him as he couldn't stoop to do it without dropping more. The dealer offered him chips of large denomination which he refused. He really had a yen for silver. Her supply of dollars became exhausted frequently so she stepped on her button and more were sent from the office. Not until it was impossible for him to stow away another dollar did he quit.

Then he staggered—not from alcohol but from the weight of the loot—out a door leading to an alley—not the front door to the well lighted street—and it was in the middle of the night. I looked in the newspaper the next morning to see if a robbery had been reported—none had. Lady Luck saw him safely home.

At a different time and place there was another smart twenty-one player, but the woman with him was smarter. She kept busy filling her purse with the many dollars he was winning, taking them to the cashier's window to exchange for currency, which she kept. A man was dealer this time and I could tell that he, too, was harassed, for he had a runner busy bringing more dollars.

One evening I wandered into the casino of The Last Frontier Hotel in Las Vegas. An attractive young woman, a real beauty, was playing alone at a crap table. I figured she was probably a shill (house player to attract players to an idle table), confirmed later when I saw she was acquainted with the two dealers and returned the money she had won. I followed her play, betting as she did, a dollar at a time. She made eleven straight passes and I picked up eleven bucks. When she "sevened-out," the dice came to me and I couldn't make a point, but I got away ten dollars to the good.

When the dice are "passing," one should bet a bundle, and I would have if the shooter had been a cash customer instead of a shill, but I figured that she and the dealers were waiting for me to get greedy, and then she would promptly seven-out.

IT COULD HAPPEN only to a drunk. The casino in The Stockmen's Hotel at Elko was almost deserted one early afternoon and there were no players at the roulette wheel when this youngish, well-dressed man lurched up to the table. It was quite apparent he had been bending his elbow much too much, but he was not disorderly so no one paid any attention.

He placed one silver dollar on Double

(Continued on page 56)

TRAILS GROWN DIM

If you have information concerning persons referred to below, do not write to us. Communicate directly with the letter writer.

Dave Shepherd

I want to hear from any reader who knew Dave Shepherd, my father's first cousin, or anything about him. He went to Texas around 1910. Dave and my dad and my uncle bought grazing land there. There were several Dave Shepherds but my Dave was born about 1875. We had a letter from him mailed at Sheffield, Texas, and one from Odessa, Texas, many years ago. If anyone knows anything about Dave Shepherd, I will deeply appreciate hearing from them.—Margaret E. Shepherd, 924 Grand Avenue, Poplar Bluff, Missouri.

Tow

I would like some information about a family named Tow, who were my great-grandmother's parents. A town was named after them (Tow) near Llano, Texas. Also, could I get anything about the Millers who were my great-great-grandmother Sarah Ann Tow's family? Any information would be appreciated.—C. Martin, Urban Mobile Village #9, Taylorville, Illinois 62568.

Walker

I would like to hear from anyone who may know of the descendants of Isaac Walker born in Delaware, around 1777. He had brothers named George and Thomas. These three came to Darke Co., Ohio in 1816. William, a son of Isaac, was born in 1807 in Tennessee. Their ancestors were primarily from Rhode Island, coming west via North Carolina, Virginia, Tennessee, Indiana and Ohio. William had a son Eli born in 1830. Eli went to Hansford County, Texas late in life (around 1900). Today his grandson in his late 70s is still deputy sheriff of the county—C. G. Walker, 3235 North 66th, Lincoln, Nebraska 68507.

Archer

Would anyone have any knowledge of any of the present generation of the family of Willis H. or Phillip M. Archer?

Willis H. and Phillip Archer were brothers who, with their families, migrated from their native Alabama to the Sherman section of Texas in the 1880s.

My grandfather was William C. Archer, the eldest son of Willis. At the time of the Texas migration, he was married and remained in Alabama.

A second cousin and I have, over the past years, pushed our branch of the Archer family back to the mid-1700s in Alabama, Tennessee and Virginia. But we don't know what became of the two brothers who went to Texas.—Walter T. Archer, 435 Riviera Drive, San Rafael, California 94901.

Chiles

In your February-March, 1965 issue, the article "Gambling Kings" mentioned Jim Crow Chiles. My maiden name was Chiles. I should like any information on Jim Crow Chiles or anyone else named Chiles and would be grateful for any help.—Virginia Prophet, Box 52, #2, Rigley, Idaho.

Cox-Farris

Would some readers help me get information on William Floyd Farris and Nonnie March Balding who lived in Sherman, Texas, in the 1880s? Also Joseph Elyhew Cox and Nancy Jane Sarri who lived at or near San Angelo, Texas, in the 1880s?—Lewis Cox, Box 333, Willets, California.

Hemenway

I would be interested in corresponding with anyone who might have known my mother's grandfather, Dr. Stacy Hemenway.

Dr. Hemenway was a Civil War veteran and served as Assistant Surgeon in Ninth Cavalry, Illinois Volunteers. Also in 41st U. S. Colored Troops as full Regimental Surgeon. Would photos exist of these organizations?

I hope to find where he attended medical school in Illinois. He was in U.S. Indian Service from 1898-1912 for the Yainix Indian Reservation and/or subagency, in Klamath County, Oregon, and was Post Surgeon at Fort Klamath.

He was a son of Dr. Ansel A. Hemenway who homesteaded land in Eugene, Oregon, in 1853. He married four times; his second wife Charlotte was a daughter of Oliver H. Stanley of Umatilla County, Oregon. His fourth wife, Angeline Oliver Hemenway, died in Lakeview in 1938.—M. L. Lander, P. O. Box 641, Red Bluff, California 96080.

Roff

A couple of years ago my wife and I were in Oklahoma on her father's farm just north of Tupelo and I found two old trunks in a shed. I didn't take the trunks but did get some old letters. Most were mailed from Texas but one was mailed from Meriden, Wyoming. It is dated November 18, 1897. It was written by a man named Andy Roff. It seems he left Tupelo, Indian Territory, for reasons he wouldn't tell. He says he got a job on the C. P. Ranch at $40.00 a month and he had been there three months. He was breaking horses at $5.00 per head and as near as I can make out, he had 400 head to break. The letter was addressed to my wife's grandpa, Mr. R. E. Johnston, Globe, Indian Territory. I would appreciate any information about Roff that anyone could give me.—John S. Davis, 3305 Pleasant Avenue, Odessa, Texas 79760.

Eighmy

We wish to hear from anyone named Eighmy, especially descendants of George Henry Eighmy and his brother, James John. Both were born in New York and lived in Norton County, Kansas, in 1880. George married Harriet Miller. They had two sons, Edward and George Jr. (my husband's father) and seven daughters (married names unknown). John's wife was Lucinda. They had three sons, James S., Leamon, and Elmer. A daughter, Angeline, married an Eagleburger. George Sr. died in Gillette, Wyoming, in 1916. John died in Norton County, Kansas, in 1914.

I also hope to contact descendants of my husband's maternal grandfather, Henry Adam Smith, born in Virginia about 1855. He married Cornelia (Nellie) Lucas. They lived in Kansas in 1880. Divorced in Arizona, Cornelia later married Sam Hamilton. She died in Winslow, Arizona, in 1895. Henry Smith also remarried and lived in Leadville, Colorado, for a long time. He was last heard of in Scott County, Kansas, in 1907. He had children by both wives. Children by his first wife were believed to be Alfred, Dollie, Martha and Ida.

Any information on the above families will be greatly appreciated and all letters promptly answered.—Mrs. Robert Eighmy, 1919 West Tennessee Avenue, Denver, Colorado 80223.

Williams

On November 27, 1882, in Grayson County, Texas, seven-year-old Lizzie Williams, daughter of Frank and Maud S. Williams, was given to C. W. and S. W. Shobe for adoption. According to family tradition, Frank Williams had either left his family or was dead at this time, and Maud was so ill that she did not expect to live. It is said that there was another child, Oma, but no record of her has been found.

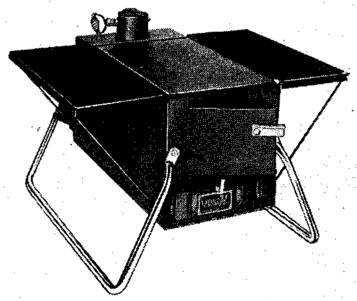
In March, 1883, Lizzie was placed in an orphanage in San Antonio, where she stayed until she was eighteen. In this time she lost all contact with her family and the Shobes. The bits of family history which she recalled from the time she was with her mother were that Maud's mother or grandmother was an Indian and spoke no English; that Maud, Oklahoma, was named for her (Maud S. Williams); and that Pryor, Oklahoma was named for her grandfather. (Records show that Maud, Oklahoma, was named for Maud Stearns and that Pryor was named for Nathaniel Pryor.) Did the initial S. in Maud's name stand for Stearns?

Lizzie recalled, also, that in her early childhood a man by the name of Burnett or Barnett sometimes brought money to her mother. In Los Angeles in 1938 Lizzie saw Jackson Barnett, the Creek Indian millionaire, at his self-appointed task of directing traffic at a street intersection, and thought she recognized him as the man who brought money to her family when she was a child. She was ill soon after she saw Barnett and did not try to meet him, but later went to Maud, Oklahoma, and learned that the Shobes had been there, but that Mr. Shobe had died and Mrs. Shobe had moved away.

There was a small town by the name of Shobe in Bates County, Missouri,

(Continued on page 72)

BEST
COOKER!
BEST
WARMER!



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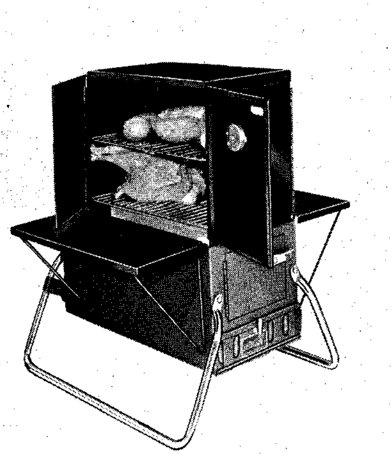

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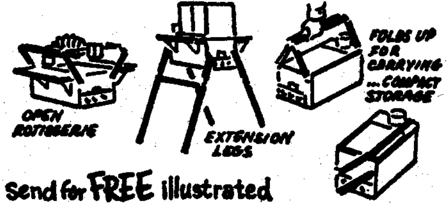
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Targhee's Gold Caches

(Continued from page 21)

off chunks of quartz. Oglive made note of the same dark color, but this rock contained no gold. However, it could be part of the lost ledge, so they turned to digging it out, clearing it along the slope through which it passed lengthwise. The west end soon came to an abrupt break-off; the other pitched at an angle into the ground. Two hundred feet were uncovered between the crowded trees but none of the quartz contained gold.

The find renewed their hope, however. Even Oglive perked up enough to laugh and talk a bit. The hopeful mood continued until winter drove them out once more. The snowfall was heavy in the Targhee and a man would have great difficulty surviving. Even the wild game fled elsewhere.

Privately Stewart and Collett had agreed that to continue hunting the lost ledge was a waste of time. Being younger than Oglive, they were anxious to be doing something more productive. Not once did they doubt the existence of the original discovery—they had seen the gold brought out. Nor did they believe that Oglive had mistaken some other creek location for the right one. On the campsite signs of previous occupancy had been fresh. Indeed, except for the mass of forest debris covering the ground, the lost ledge would have been easy to find.

Oglive had not forgotten anything. The ledge had been concealed so cleverly that he just couldn't find it again.

Collett went to the Boise Basin for the winter. Stewart wandered south to Fort Hall, and remained in the Snake River Valley. He was offered an opportunity to run cattle on shares in the hills below Idaho Falls. Two years later the increase was divided and he moved back to the edge of the valley. Stewart claimed a homestead, land which produced bountiful crops. Doing exceedingly well raising cattle and farming, he forgot the gold fever which originally had drawn him to Idaho. About 1894 he married a girl from the Blackfoot tribe.

A year or so later he ran across Collett in Idaho Falls. Surprised, he took his old friend home with him. There they rehashed the days spent hunting the lost ledge in the Targhee.

"I always thought if we'd tried a little harder, we could have found it," Collett declared wistfully. "Old Oglive? Never saw or heard of him after we separated in Mackay."

Collett proposed that they go back one more time, and Stewart agreed. The two men traveled by wagon, through Rexberg, a farming town, taking two riding horses along. From where they had to leave the wagon on Buffalo Creek, they rode upstream. The old campsite was found easily. To their surprise, the creek side revealed evidence of someone's having been there before them. In fact when they examined the area more closely, it was to realize that one lone man spent most of every year on the stream in that one place.

It never occurred to them that it might be old Oglive still searching for the lost ledge, until he confronted them one day. He stepped out from behind a clump of trees, holding a leveled rifle. Ragged and heavily bearded, his sunken eyes shone menacingly—and without recognition. It was quickly apparent that he was insane.

Without any remembrance of them or anything of the past, "Git gone!" was all he would say. Stewart and Collett tried to persuade him to come down to their camp, but got only the same answer.

The two men rode out to the wagon, hitched up and drove to Rexberg. There they learned that the crazy old man of the forest had been seen off and on for years. Collett was seriously concerned, and decided to remain in Rexberg to see if he could do anything with Oglive. Stewart went on home.

Collett eventually persuaded authorities to help him. When the party went up Buffalo Creek, they found Oglive's body. He had shot himself.

According to what Collett told Stewart on his last visit, he made two more tries at finding the lost ledge. After that time no more was heard of him.

IN 1930 Carl Beck, later Indian agent at Fort Hall, went to the Snake River Valley to buy merino rams for the Bureau of Indian Affairs. He found Stewart living alone in Idaho Falls. His wife had died some years before and having no children, he had sold his ranch holdings and the farm. At that time Stewart was too feeble with age to do much work, but since he knew all the sheepmen in eastern Idaho, Beck hired him to go along on his purchasing trips.

On these long drives Stewart would talk of the lost ledge. He did so hopefully, still believing that it could be found before he died. Impressed by his story, Beck took him on a tour through the Targhee. They spent some time meandering along the easily reached part of the creek. Brush and timber on the lower section had been thinned.

So deeply was Beck interested in Stewart's account that two years later when he was in the locality to buy two blooded stallions, he hunted Stewart up. Beck had another government employe with him. Both were driving pickup trucks to which trailers were attached for hauling the purchased horses to Arizona.

Using one pickup they took Stewart to Buffalo Creek. For six days they prowled along the stream where the old man said camp had been made so many years before. They prospected and did a little digging, and Stewart was so happy he looked ten years younger. One day Beck found two small chunks of quartz laced with gold. But Stewart informed him that they were then down near the entrance of Split Creek into Buffalo.

So far as is known, this was the last real search for the lost ledge. Stewart passed on in the 1930s, and Beck ten years ago. Brief searches by treasure hunters using detecting gear occur every year.

The Targhee is probably the most beautiful forest in the Far West. The

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old dirt roads have long since been changed. There are more of them, and paved highways have shortened the route through Targhee. The main entrances are Raynolds Pass from the north and Ashton from the south, and State Route 47 from Warm River which joins Highways 191 and 20 north of Osborne Bridge.

Narrow forest roads and graveled roads, pack train trails and foot paths interlace the Targheee off main traveled routes. But once clear of them in the still unopened vast areas, people can become lost almost immediately. Many of the inexperienced who venture into this magnificent grandeur are pulled out every year by forest rangers and rescue squads.

Small wonder the inviolability of Targhee's natural fastness protects well its secrets of lost gold and treasures.

The Brown Jug Horse

(Continued from page 16)

start back in the mornin'."

I knew my boat was sunk unless I did some quick thinking. "I got a message for you, Jake, if you'll gimme time to talk. That horse thief that took Brown Jug said to tell you he'd send that Bar L brown back when he got done with him. Me'n him rode to town together. He got shot and is lyin' dead out in front of Long Henry's. I figgered he didn't need Brown Jug no longer and I took him around to the barn. I got time to make it to Shorty's if I hurry. I'll tell you all about it when I get back from Great Falls." I could hear Jake cussing, trying to figure it out, when I hung up on him and headed for the barber shop next door.

Shorty charged four bits for a bath. I sure got my money's worth as I lay in the hot water, soaking my hide and thawing out the chill inside my guts. The two deputies came in and fired questions at me and I did my best to give 'em the answers. They told me this cross-eyed, whiskered gent was about half locoed in the head. He'd used so many names nobody knew for sure which was his real one. He'd started out as a bronc rider and he'd ridden the rough string for a few big outfits. But he was mean with a green bronc and he'd been fired from every job he held. He'd had to be whipped and run off. He'd tried to throw in with every outlaw bunch he could locate. They wouldn't have him. Even Dutch Henry had run him off when he threw in with his horse-thief gang. He was a boozer and talked too much when he got drunk. He was too ornery and treacherous to get along with anybody. He'd been holed up in a cabin somewhere in the Larb Hills. For weeks now he'd been sending threats to town that he was going to kill every law officer he could find. He'd been robbing sheep camps for grub and bedding and clothes. He wasn't lying when he bragged about his killings. But he'd shot 'em all in the back. That was the only difference.

THEY TOLD me I was sure lucky this cross-eyed renegade hadn't gut-shot me. They'd gotten word he was headed for town and the two deputies were layin' for him. They were in Long Henry's when he came in the back door with a gun in his hand and commenced shooting. He drilled a hole in one deputy's hat and just missed the other by inches before they filled him full of lead. His six-shooter was empty when they pried it loose from his dead hand, and all six shots had come too close for comfort. The man who called himself Blackjack had finally lived up to his tough rep.

I made the deputies promise to put in a good word for me when Jake got 'em on the phone. And they did. I had time to think it over while I soaked in the hot tub. The stage driver had left my suitcase at the barber shop and I had Shorty give me the works. I worked on red soda pop till train time and didn't bother to see the conductor about a free ride. I bought a round-trip ticket and a lower berth. I was too excited to sleep and I kept thinking how I'd tell it scary when I met the bunch in Great Falls, the kids I'd gone to school with. Every time I shut my eyes I'd see those bloodshot cross eyes staring at me and I couldn't tell if they were looking at me or at something behind me.

All that Christmas week, when somebody mentioned the shooting scrape at Malta, I'd get all set to talk about it like I'd rehearsed my speech, but the words wouldn't come. I guess I still felt sick on account of letting that big feller run his whizzer on me while we rode along. All the time he was cussin' out the Curry Gang and the Wild Bunch and the Circle C outfit, drinkin' from the bottle I'd handed him without so much as offering me a drink. And there was that six-shooter in my chaps pocket, but I

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didn't have the guts to fill my hand. I felt yellow about it. I wasn't proud about any part of it.

When I got back to the ranch, I brought the Brown Jug with me. I'd overstayed my time but Jake never bawled me out about it. He had it figured that I had let that Blackjack renegade talk me into throwing in with him.

Every ranch-raised kid in that part of the Little Rockies cow country wanted to be tough. Kid Curry, the outlaw, was their big hero. Somebody had seen me ride away on the Bar L brown while the shooting was going on and they added their own two bits' worth when they blabbed it to Jake. And you couldn't convince Jake otherwise. He had it figured out how me'n this Blackjack had worked on the same bottle and cooked it up. I was to hold the horses while he held up Long Henry's Saloon. But Jake never said anything about it, on the outside.

A lot of years had gone by when Jake visited me in Arizona a couple of years ago, just before he died in Malta. We sat around on the porch, augering about the old times till almost daylight, and Jake had another cup of coffee in his hand.

"No tellin' where you'd a wound up, if that Blackjack you throwed in with that winter hadn't got hisself killed. You'd a been gut-shot or hung, or makin' horsehair bridles fer ten years in the Deer Lodge pen."

Jake never got tired of hoorawing me and he was half joshing me now. But in his eyes I was still a wild cowpunching kid that always wanted to be tough. And that was how he was looking at me now as he sipped his coffee. Jake had gotten me out of too many scrapes to believe any different. I was still a wild kid to him.

I didn't say anything. After fifty years I still conjure up a black-bearded face with a pair of bloodshot, gray-green eyes that were crossed. Eyes that looked at me out of the Arizona night. I looked around over my shoulder, but there was nothing behind me but the adobe wall of my house.

Now, as I write this down for the first time, the sun shines bright. I can look out at the barn and see my three horses standing in the corral. What I have written here seems unreal. Like it never happened.

Tonight it might come back. A horse might nicker in the night. Or the howl of a coyote might wake me up from a dream that goes back a long way, to the first man I ever saw shot to death.

The Carlos Blanchard Chronicle

(Continued from page 13)

main road, there was a way of circling around the military reserve, over the hills to a junction with the Trail west of the Fort.

Being myself inexperienced in such matters and doubting our ability to carry through such a program, but at the same time not wishing to act rashly and give orders that perhaps I could not carry out without creating dissensions or mutiny, I thought it more prudent to make use of another subterfuge, and announced I would make another attempt next morning at securing an escort.

I then proceeded to question the four men who had come to our rescue, who informed me that for better protection they had taken the Trinidad and Fort Lyon route, but would have met with serious trouble had it not been for the assistance they received from the small train of five wagons found by them in bad plight some thirty miles east of Fort Lyon. The train had been surrounded by the Indians, one wagon destroyed and some of the stock driven away. The owner of the outfit, with his wife and a two-year-old child, both being made captives under the eyes of husband and father, was on its way back to Junction City where its owner resided.

The last wagon of this train, containing the woman and child, was cut off by the Indians and driven away into the hills, while the rest of the outfit was engaged with the main body of Indians in a fierce battle and held there two days and two nights completely surrounded. When the owner found his wife and baby gone, he managed to escape to Fort Lyon where he secured assistance and returned with the troops to find that his seven men were still penned down but securely entrenched in a deep hole dug in the center of their camp.

The soldiers recovered half of the mules, and were about to return to Fort Lyon with the remains of the outfit, when my Las Vegas party appeared upon the scene. Arrangements were then made by the two parties to continue toward Dodge, some of our oxen being utilized on two wagons of the Junction City outfit. The party was then composed of twelve men and six wagons, being harassed every day by the Indians, but without much damage until it met the big outfit moving west in the neighborhood of the same place where we had met the Cheyennes two months before.

It seemed that the great body of the Indians was constantly in the proximity of the big outfit of freighters, which suffered severe losses and several lives, and the Indians' attention being with it, they did not seem to worry small caravans. It is thought that the mixed train owed their deliverance to that fact.

I may note here that the captured woman and child from the Junction City train (the same reported some days before at Fort Dodge), was recaptured by a private of General Custer near Fort Sill one year later.

NEXT morning, the 13th, we got busy fitting the ten goosenecks on the tongues of our wagons, and while the boys were making the selection of their respective teams, I slipped back to Fort Dodge to have a last talk with Captain Douglass.

As soon as he saw me, he said ironically that he thought I had gone long ago. Upon reiterating my request for assistance, and adding that I anticipated serious trouble with my men, I ventured also to quote my men's assertion that as long as we kept off the Fort reserve he would have no authority over us and we would be free from all interference

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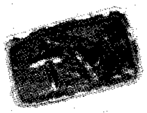
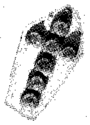


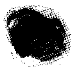


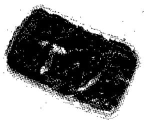
PADRE ISLAND

Treasure Kingdom of the World

by

WILLIAM MAHAN





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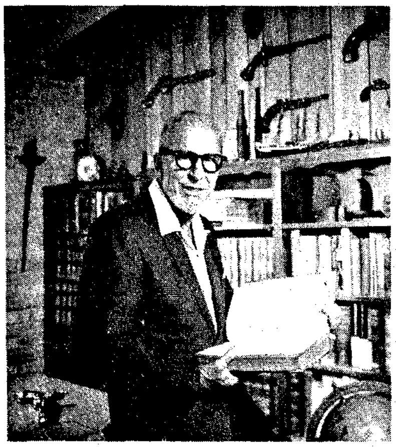

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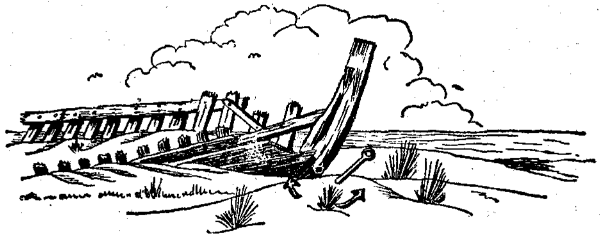

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by the military.

To this the Commanding Officer of Fort Dodge promptly retorted, "You are too young and ignorant to understand my position properly, not only toward my military duties but also in the line of protection due to the public, which is not, as you seem to think, an assumed power but in due regard and obedience to the Military Code which is mandatory to me.

"I can show you my full authority to hold you here all winter if conditions justified me to do so. Suppose I allowed you and your outfit to leave, and within the limits of this Post's jurisdiction, which is 60 miles west or about halfway to Fort Lyon, your outfit was destroyed by Indians at war with the United States. The Government would clearly be responsible for your losses, and that is the nature of loss which it is now my duty to avoid.

"But if you can show me that you are the owner or part owner in the property now in your charge, there is one way by which I would have authority to allow you to go to your doom, if you insist upon doing so. That is a release from you, waiving all claims against the Government in case of such loss from the enemy."

Personally I did not fear the results of the journey, and I knew that my men felt the same way, so without hesitation I accepted any conditions offered by Douglass. Yet the great responsibility stared me in the face. There was no time for reflection; there was no alternative; I found myself between two fires and I must act quickly. I told the officer to prepare his paper as I was ready to sign it; but had the proviso inserted that the release was for future losses, not of the past.

Before I signed the instrument the officer informed me that though unable to furnish an escort of soldiers he was, however, in a position to help me out with twenty rifles and all the ammunition I could carry, as a loan, to be returned at Fort Lyon unless destroyed on the way. His offer was cheerfully and thankfully accepted.

I LEFT the Fort this time with a light heart and the most friendly feelings for Douglass. The word to my men that everything was adjusted satisfactorily caused great rejoicing in the party. As soon as it subsided I called them together and asked if there was any dissenting to the decision of departing.

There being none, I asked them to raise their hands and swear that every one would at all times defend the property in charge, at the cost of their own lives, and that at the moment of danger or otherwise, anyone attempting desertion would forfeit all monies coming to them as a result of their past services.

Everyone willingly signed a paper to that effect, after which the order was given to yoke up the oxen and be in readiness to leave at two o'clock the same day.

This was a glorious day for our party, but by no means reassuring to me, as I was conscious of danger ahead. It was then time to arm myself with courage and fortitude, and forget what perils and hardships lay ahead for my party. The man in charge of our relief party, being an invalid of long standing, was of no use to me, leaving me only fourteen able-bodied men upon whom I could rely for effective service.

I also placed a good deal of reliance for our comparative safety on the fact that having only one small pony in the whole herd, no great incentive would move the Indians to molest us. Furthermore, my spirits found much needed encouragement in assurance that my men, all being heads of families (except Domingo who, however, had wide acquaintance and experience), were not a crowd to be trifled with when they were afforded proper chance of defense. This feeling of hopefulness added to the unexpected equipment generously offered by the Fort Commandment, made us all feel quite confident in our own strength; at least we would not permit ourselves to doubt it.

The first hitching up of new teams was a sight worth seeing. Most of the oxen being new stock and the older ones having been idle for months, it was indeed puzzling to the teamsters to find mates that at first would work together. Never had I had a chance before to listen to the complete vocabulary of Mexican cursing and profanity, and while it was rather shocking to the ear, the ramblings and gesticulations alone offered the most comical spectacle.

When the word "Go" was finally given, fully three acres of prairie was at once covered with runaways and recalcitrants heading in every direction. With the aid of the eight men of the Junction City outfit, the lead team, after one full hour of scrambling, was safely lined up into the main road of the old Trail towards the Fort, the cracking of the ten-foot lashes recalling the musketry of October 1.

The train kept in one line until past the Fort, where we halted a few minutes to receive the guns and ammunition; but as soon as we left Dodge the train was divided into two sections, having much trouble at first to hold them traveling abreast for protection in case of sudden attack.

THE first night we camped about nine miles west of Dodge, where now stands the station of Howell on the Santa Fe Railroad. No campfire being allowed, all hands willingly partook of a cold supper and proceeded at once in organizing two night shifts to stand guard, composed of four men each, including myself. The first party serving the first quarter would change to the second the next night, and so on indefinitely to the end of the journey, with the exception that I would serve the last part of the night every time, for the reason that toward daylight was the most dreaded time for an Indian attack.

Nothing but the howling of coyotes was heard that night. Even superstitious Domingo could not account that as being of any special augur, although it was claimed that the Indians are always preceded by packs of wolves. My own experience was that wolves would naturally follow Indians for the carcasses and other bits of plunder they are likely to leave in their wake.

All hands were prompt next morning. Long before sun up the little caravan was on its way to the old Cimarron Crossing, which was reached about nine o'clock. There being little grass at the watering place, we pushed on to the summit of the four-mile divide from where a splendid view was had of the country far ahead of us on both sides of the Arkansas River. This was one of those ideal days of Indian summer, so peculiarly beautiful on the great American desert.

While eight men with their rifles had gone back to the river with the herd, Domingo could be seen carefully surveying the horizon for anything moving, while preparing breakfast. From this commanding view I could see the sand hills south of the river and the old Trail many miles beyond, which we were forced to abandon at the crossing because of better protection.

I imagined seeing a lone horseman, eighteen years before, approaching the south shore of the Arkansas where he was surrounded by a party of twenty-five mounted Indians, from whom he escaped by urging his steed across the river under a hail of arrows. F. X. Aubry [Aubray] under a wager to reach Independence from Santa Fe in eight days had no time to spare.

When I recalled this incident to my men at the breakfast circle, one of them exclaimed, "If that Canadian could, with only a shotgun in his hand, stand off twenty-five Indians, it is foolish to think that we can't rout one thousand of the redskins with the rifles of Uncle Sam."

TOWARDS four o'clock in the afternoon of this same day, we made camp for supper about thirty-five miles from Dodge, at a point on the river formerly called Lone Tree, or Aubray Crossing, near the present station of Pierceville. There, the famous traveler had, during the '50s, established a freighters' cut-off from the dry Cimarron route at Tule Springs in order to avoid the eighty miles of dry and sandy stretch of road that at all times had been an eyesore to all travelers over the trail.

Here an animated discussion arose as to the choice of routes we should take; if we crossed the river here, we would save four days on the way to Las Vegas, while if we followed the Arkansas we might overtake the large outfit now only two days ahead of us.

The oldest members of the party and I opposed it for being more dangerous, without, however, suspecting that we were safer by allowing the gap to remain between us and the 250-wagon caravan preceding us, and most fortunately we made no efforts to overtake them.

The following day, the 15th, toward three o'clock, we reached our old camping ground of the 19th of August, and discovered the first evidence of a fierce fight by the big outfit with the Indians. A fresh grave had been dug by the roadside. The covering had been disturbed by wild animals. One shoulder

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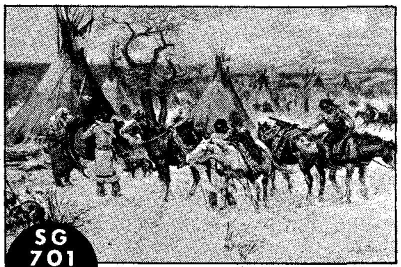

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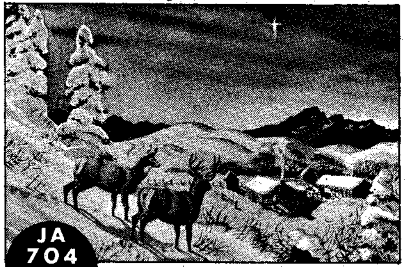

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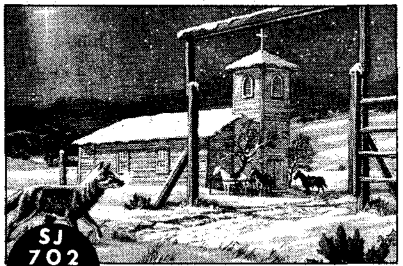

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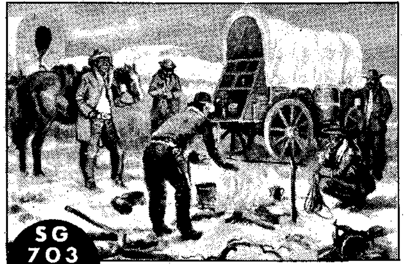

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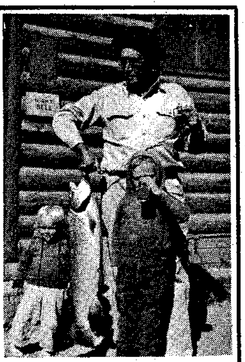

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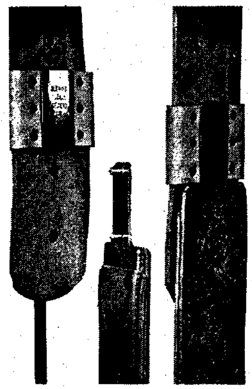

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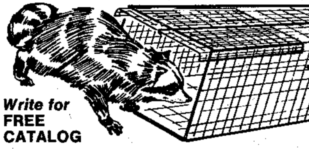

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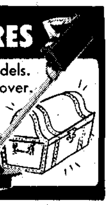

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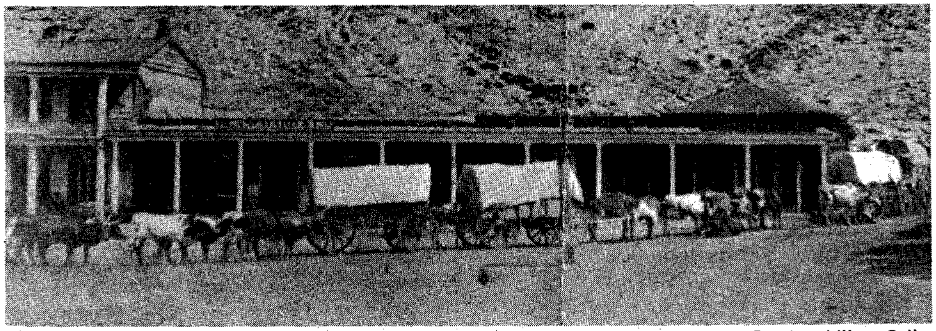


Courtesy Milton Callon

Wagontrain in front of Blanchard's store, 1880

and the scalped head of a man at the depth of only two feet was conclusive indication that more than one body was contained in that grave.

Halting the train for a few minutes, six of us gathered rocks enough to raise a mound over the grave three feet high, after which we immediately proceeded to cross half a mile of broken country, including the deep ravine that offered shelter to the Cheyennes who had driven our mules off two months before. This was an ideal spot for an Indian attack, and we must by all means reach high ground before we stopped. I do not think a half dozen words were spoken in that half mile of travel that had to be gone through a single file owing to the narrow defile.

The 16th, the weather continuing to favor us, proved to be the banner day of the trip. We had reached a point six miles beyond what was called by pioneers "Pretty Encampment," or what is now known as Lakin Station. Following a long high ridge nearly all day had afforded a good view of the surrounding country, and but for premonition of serious danger, the day would have passed off quite agreeably. About eleven o'clock, as we drew near a long wide draw heading toward the north, we suddenly discovered a great multitude of either horsemen or a large herd of animals to our right, about two miles away. Mirages prevented us from clearly distinguishing.

Domingo and the most experienced men emphatically declared it to be either Indians or a cavalry of soldiers, and it was surely not of a nature to inspire confidence and safety. Indians or soldiers, we did not stop to investigate, and were not molested.

NEAR Pretty Encampment we suddenly came upon a destroyed camp of five prairie schooners. The irons had been left behind and in the absence of goosenecks, the train must have been one of horses or mules. Although there were no embers or smoke left in the wreck, the ground showed a violent and prolonged struggle which could not be more than two or three days old.

The wheel tires as they fell to the ground indicated that they were traveling toward the west. We concluded that this was part of the big outfit which possibly was caught detached and belated at the time of an attack by the Indians, and easily cut out and destroyed during an engagement with the main caravan which was found to have made camp within half a mile. Here we found evidence of another serious engagement with the Indians, on a much larger scale, with another fresh grave and perhaps one dozen dead oxen scattered over the prairie.

I concluded that the party seen that morning was the Indians returning from one of their campaigns against the big outfit, and that it was on its way to the seat of the war north of Fort Dodge. If so, we were in a position to congratulate ourselves at the possibility that the Indians had left for good and would not molest us. But of course, this was merely conjecture.

Knowing what had befallen the Junction City outfit, nearly sixty miles ahead of us, near what is now the station of Coolidge, only a few miles from the Colorado line; and realizing that the large caravan must now be somewhere between us and the Arkansas crossing, our anticipation of a prompt deliverance could not meet with much encouragement.

On the 17th, we camped for supper within a few miles of what is now the station of Coolidge. After a day of forced march, we did not tarry any longer than to give our stock the necessary rest. We had just crossed an extensive trail of horses' unshod hoofs heading northeast, but no other signs of Indians had been observed.

The next morning we camped for breakfast opposite the wreckage of a wagon that could be seen on top of a hill some 500 yards north of the road and 200 yards east of a square 8 x 8 hole, sunk six feet deep in the center of the road. This answered the description of the place where the Junction City outfit had been captured, and was identified by our four men from Las Vegas.

The wagon on the hill was one from which the unfortunate woman and child were carried away by the Indians.

There still were no signs of Indians being present in the neighborhood. Toward ten o'clock on the 19th, more evidences of another engagement with the big outfit, and another fresh grave by the roadside, showed us that Indians were constantly following them.

We crossed the Arkansas next day near noontime and reached Fort Lyon early on the morning of the 21st. There we returned our government rifles, and camping on the broad meadows south of the Fort, we remained two days for a much needed rest.

BEING NOW comparatively out of danger, although West Las Animas and the valley of the Purgatoire were as yet sparsely settled and were often made the scene of depredations by small bands pilfering the ranches and stampeding stock cattle and horses, the rest of our journey offered no anticipations of serious trouble.

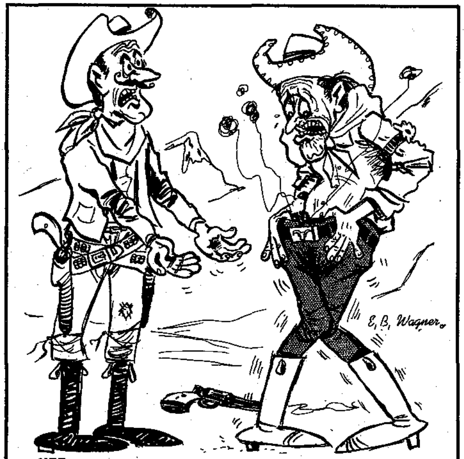
I then figured out the total amount of my losses, comprising sixty-six American mules, one small native herder mule and my saddle horse which cost me $200.00 gold; two months extra wages for my men and myself, including provisions and the interest on the money invested in the stock of merchandise on board (although I was aware that Uncle Sam would not consider the interest item), at the grand total of $18,500.00.

The Department of the Interior not being willing to consider our claim upon the recognition of testimony, our only alternative was to bring action against the Indian Department of the administration through the Supreme Court of the United States—which in reality swelled our loss to the respectable total of something over $22,000.00.

In the Court proceedings, armed as we were with undisputed testimony, our attorneys had an easy walk-over in obtaining judgment in the liberal allowance of $9,600.00, one-half of which was handed to us during the first five years by piecemeal; the other half in 1908, or forty years thereafter; the lawyers, however, helped themselves to the full amount of their fee from the first money paid.

It is truthfully said somewhere, that nations, like individuals, reap exactly what they sow; they who sow robbery, reap robbery; the seed-sowing of iniquity results in a harvest of blood. The Indian Bureau represents a system which is a blunder and a crime, and our Indian wars were needless and wicked.

Had we then taken into account that through the machinery of the law, the systematic methods of public robbers and the never failing protection to the politicians, we would have realized a handsome profit by silently pocketing our loss and remaining passive over the most dastardly outrage ever perpetrated upon the liberty and justice due to citizenship. Let me draw the curtain here and think of it no more.



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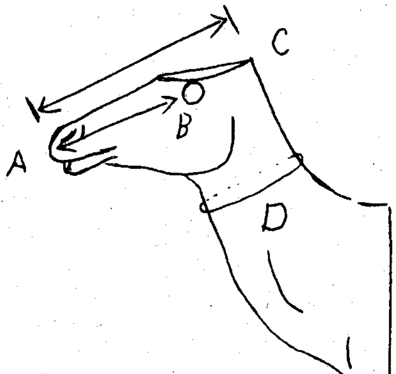

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

MEN WHO WORE GUNS

Gun-toters I Have Known (The Encino Press, $7.50) is by Judge Orland L. Sims, a West Texan of the Paint Rock-San Angelo area. The Judge knew quite a number of gun-toters—good and bad. The Kilpatrick boys, George and Ben, grew up in his neighborhood and when the Judge was seven they took him on his first coon hunt. Ben was later a member of the Black Jack Ketchum gang and finally The Wild Bunch. The Judge also knew a number of good gunmen including two gun-toting preachers—Fighting Jack Potter and A. Y. Old, a former Texas Ranger. His stories about them are even more entertaining than those about the bad guys. Dr. Joe Frantz of the University of Texas wrote the introduction; there are some good photos, and the 750 copies were designed by publisher-typographer Bill Wittliff—a handsome piece of work we recommend.

RANGE MEN

Cowboys and Cattlemen (McKay, $3.95) is by Lela and Rufus Waltrip who have chosen a series of biographical sketches to present the subject. Captain Richard King of the famous King Ranch; John Chisum of Texas and Lincoln County, New Mexico; Charles Goodnight of the JA; Charlie Russell, the cowboy artist; Gene Rhodes, the cowboy novelist; and Will Rogers, the cowboy humorist, are among those included. Your reviewer liked best the chapter on "Jose, the First Cowboy" which has something to say about the contributions to cow culture made by our friends south of the border. There are some drawings by Larry Tosckik plus a lengthy bibliography. Entertaining.

THE BASIN-PLATEAU INDIANS

The Shoshoneans (Morrow, $6.95) was written by Edward Dorn, Fulbright lecturer in American Literature at the University of Essex, England. He was born in Illinois and attended the University of Illinois and Black Mountain College in North Carolina. This book is concerned with the Shoshoni of the Basin-Plateau State of Utah, Nevada, and Idaho and more than incidentally with the attitudes of the white people of that dry country. Dorn's traveling companion on visits to the Paiute (Pyramid Lake), Western Shoshoni (Owyhee) and Shoshoni-Bannock (Fort Hall) by car was Leroy Lucas, a talented professional Negro photographer-cameraman. The Dorn-Lucas team did a job—perhaps the casual readers will toss most of the bouquets to Lucas for the fine photos. However, this reviewer found Dorn's text fascinating—a mixture of history, formal reporting and social appraisal. Salt Lake City, Reno, Sutcliffe, Lovelock, Winnemucca, Battle Mountain, Mountain City and Pocatello were among the places visited by the team in seeking out the Shoshoneans in the Basin-Plateau. Some of the residents of these towns are not going to like the comments made by Dorn—but they would be wise to study them with care. Lucas photographed the Sun Dance of the Shoshoni for the first time. To secure permission to do so he agreed to participate. He helped build the Sun Dance Lodge and he danced for three days and nights without food, refreshed only with a little water mixed with clay. Every American should read this book from cover to cover.

TEXANS ALL!

Daniel James Kubiak's *Ten Tall Texans* (Naylor, $4.95) is made up of brief biographical sketches. The choice of Austin, Houston and Ben Milam and of the best known defenders of the Alamo, Bowie, Crockett and Travis among the ten is not surprising. Lerenzo de Zavala, Jose Antonio Navarro and Juan N. Seguin were Mexican-Texans of great stature and this reviewer finds no fault with the choice of a woman, Senora Andrea Castanon Candelaria, to round out the list. There is a drawing of each of the ten by James Wogstad plus two fine photos. A bibliography and an index round out this worthwhile contribution to the juvenile list of Texas.

COWBOY SONGS

Songs of the Cowboys (Clarkson N. Potter, $7.95) by N. Howard (Jack) Thorp was first issued at Estancia, New Mexico in 1908. It was last reprinted in 1921. The 1908 edition, the first collection of range songs, is quite rare and very expensive today and even the 1921 edition is scarce. However, this first issue in over forty years is much more than a reprint—it is really a highly entertaining yet scholarly book about Jack Thorp's collection. The authors are Austin E. and Alta S. Fife, who have assembled a fabulous collection of cowboy songs, ballads and western verse. Mr. Fife is on the faculty at Utah State University and he had the assistance of a co-worker, Naunie Gardner, with the music. The Fifes have provided variants, comments and notes on the songs in Thorp's book. The Lexicon of Cowboy and Western Words they have compiled is a valuable contribution and there is a good bibliography plus an index. Don't miss this one!

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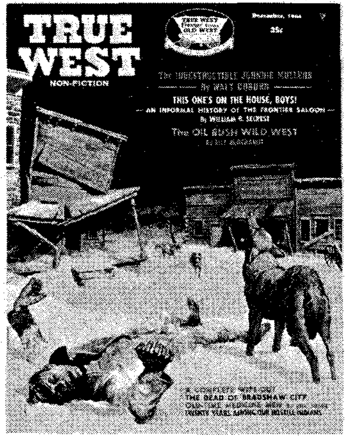

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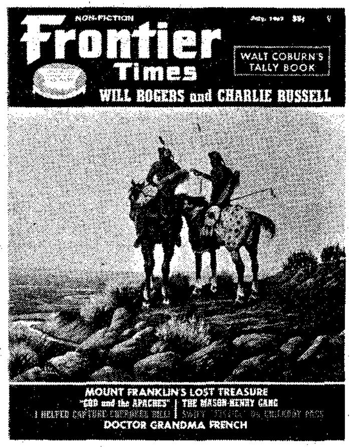

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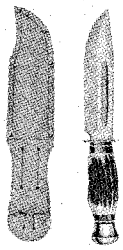

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Little Casket in the Snow

(Continued from page 41)

world. Only the tops of the fence posts were visible. The hog shed, chicken house and sod barn were completely snowed under. A drift ten feet high covered the kitchen window and reached to the roof.

Now a new dilemma confronted us—what to do with the little corpse. Obviously it could not remain in the warm house, already overflowing with ten people. It was impossible to get to town to buy a casket, and Mrs. Burke was reluctant to put the baby outside without one because of the packs of wolves and coyotes that ventured almost to the doorstep. There wasn't a foot of loose lumber or even a packing box available, but Father solved the problem.

The floor of the sod kitchen was made of boards a foot wide and an inch thick. Father took up a board in the floor and fashioned a small casket. Mother and Mrs. Burke padded it with a roll of cotton batting and tacked a piece of clean, white sheet over that. Then, wrapped in a pink blanket, the baby was laid tenderly into the crude frontier bier. Mother let me cut the faded violets from her summer hat and make a bouquet to pin above the still little heart.

When all was ready, Father read the 23rd Psalm, and a verse from John 14. Then Bea stepped to the melodeon and accompanied, while she and Mother sang "Precious Jewels."

The grey afternoon was turning to early darkness when the service was over. Father took the little casket and stepped out into the storm. At the end of the kitchen he dug deeply into the drift and lowered the box, covering it solidly with snow. It was six weeks before the weather cleared enough to take the casket to the cemetery.

Our log house has long ago fallen into decay. The sod kitchen has returned to the dust from whence it came. My dark brown hair is as white as the snows that fell on that fateful day, but in my mind's eye the little casket in the snow is as vivid as it was more than three quarters of a century ago.

Dead Man's Hand

(Continued from page 44)

O. It hit and the dealer counted out $35. The drunk didn't have sense enough to pick up his winnings, or even part of them, or to play another number or numbers. He just let the whole $36 ride again on Double O. The dealer, looking smug, spun the wheel and the ball dropped again in the Double O slot.

There are 38 slots into which the ball might have fallen: numbers 1 to 36, Single O and Double O. It is seldom that numbers repeat, and almost without precedent that all of the money won would be bet that it would repeat. The dealer had to pay 36 times $35 or $1,260—using chips of large denominations. He smiled, for dealers are good losers as well as good winners. He told me it had never happened before, to his knowledge.

It may be just a custom or it may be a rule, but employees never gamble in the club where they work. I have, however, seen a few gambling in other clubs. I should think they, of all people, would know better. Maybe they are smart enough to win, I don't know.

I have a friend, a dealer and pit-boss (foreman) with many years' experience as a salaried gambler. I once asked him how I could win—for who should know better than he? He replied, "The only way anyone can get ahead of these games *and stay ahead*, is—don't gamble."

Yet all men on the Plains were gamblers, from the red man with his Indian poker, too complicated for a white man's brain, to the intinerant faro banker with his broadcloth suit and his set of "tools." Gambling was the universal passion: some men hunted, some traded, some trapped, some ranched, some freighted—but all gambled. And most, notwithstanding reverses, were never heard to murmur. They were truly "equal to either fortune."

Conglomeration!

(Continued from page 4)

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If you do not collect TRUE WEST, OLD WEST, FRONTIER TIMES, or RELICS, how about passing them along to a friend, an old-timer, a hospital, doctor's office, dentist—somewhere where they will be seen. The greatest need of all, of course, is to the military. When we suggested this last year, there was a terrific turnout and some people sent *several hundred copies* to various units all over the world. You can find out from your local recruiting station where to send copies to boys in all services. If you want to send them to South Viet Nam, here's the address: UNITED SERVICE ORGANIZATION, Saigon, Republic of Vietnam, APO San Francisco, California, 96243.

Thanks! And you don't know how much the boys thank you also!

I'M TAKING OFF!

Did you know I have been over a desk for thirty years? Maybe you could care less but I'm getting to think that I'll be there on my 93rd birthday, hearing-horn stuck out listening to everybody's troubles and trying to catch up.

Readers have written in for years saying that they have interesting places to show me, interesting stories, and that I should make some of the trail drives, the Old West celebrations, even the rodeos and Old West fiddlin' contests—get out and cover the territory, in other words.

Well, I'm going to start doing just this. I'm going to try and answer most of your letters (which will be a little hard at that!) but if you hear from one of the staff instead, just remember that old Hosstail is out getting his lungs filled with that clean western air and you'll be hearing about it in every issue.

I'm tired writing and I'll bet you're tired reading. I know a way to cure both of our ills—so long till next time. Hosstail.

A Spring Holster Evens the Odds

(Continued from page 33)

ing down the hill carrying rifles. "Hard-lookers" was an apt description. Then he called a loud, "Hello," before they had sensed a visitor.

"The ranger sent me up here to get one of you to come down and help him," George shouted. "He's down with lumbago, can't move, and I can't get him to the hospital by myself. He's pretty bad off."

A quick glance flashed between Waters and Brown. Waters, the big blond fellow, spoke. "I'll go, Bill. You stay here and get supper. I'll be back as soon as I can."

Kershner was sure these were the men he wanted, and was ready to take them one at a time.

His plan seemed to be working out, especially when Waters handed his Winchester to Brown, growling, "Well, let's get going and move that damned ranger out of here."

George climbed into the wagon with Waters at his side. The sheriff clucked to the horses, and eased them into a nice steady trot which brought them to the ranger station in short time.

George Kershner had been thinking fast, and was counting on his spring holster and his automatic. He wondered just how he should go about getting his man—big, powerful and unfriendly, sitting there in silence as they rode along.

Suddenly they were in sight of the cabin, and Kershner decided, "It's now or never—here goes."

"Waters," he said quietly, "you're wanted in Denver."

Drawing his automatic smoothly from the spring holster, Kershner had driven on up to the cabin before Waters fully understood what the deputy had said. The big man started to make a jump from the wagon, but then thought better of it. There was a bit of a struggle, but no shooting. The lawman, with Potter's help (the arrival and excitement had almost been a cure for the ranger), had Johnny handcuffed in no time. They tied him up securely, so he would be safe company until Brown was also captured.

Waters cursed himself for being a fool—for not bringing his gun. He claimed that Brown would never be taken alive. He cursed the ranger and the law in no counterfeit terms.

"Potter," George said, "You've got to

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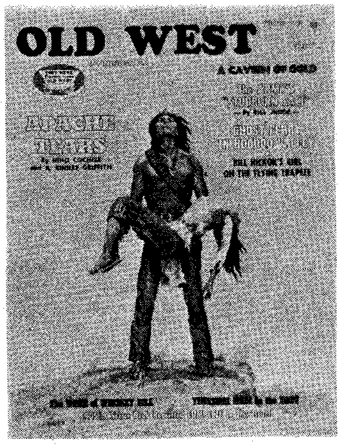

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'die' in the next scene. It isn't going to be fun. Brown's got both guns. He'll be suspicious now that he's had time to think. I'll have to say you died and Waters is staying with your corpse."

IT WAS almost dark when the bare cabin again came into view. Kershner unbuttoned his coat; as he did so, he shifted his spring holster, and loosened his gun slightly. He needed courage.

He saw that Brown had the cabin door open and was standing in the doorway, grim and tough. His little beady eyes snapped with meanness. George spoke quietly, getting down and stretching, slapping his cold hands to warm them, saying, "Potter died before we got back to his cabin. Waters wants you to come stay with him while I go for the undertaker."

Brown reached back into the cabin, brought out his rifle, and said, "I don't like this. You've no objection to my taking my gun along to guard a dead man, have you?"

"No," George answered. "Climb in."

"You get in first. Remember if you try any rough stuff, I'm ready for you."

Kershner looked puzzled. "I don't understood you, man. I'm only trying to do what I have to for the poor devil." He was climbing as he talked, with Brown following with the rifle, which he later placed threateningly across his knees.

George drove slowly, as old Ada and Ace were tired. He found himself in a ticklish spot. Brown sat stiffly, watching the road ahead as if fearing the shadows of the bare aspens.

At a bend just above the ranger's cabin, George made his play. Driving with his lines between his knees, he again began slapping his hands, this time against his sides, exclaiming, "My hands are freezing. They've never been this cold."

In this way, he released his gun from the spring holster before Brown could move. He pointed the .45 at the suspect's middle, ordering him to throw his Winchester out in the snow. "If you make a false move, I'll have to kill you."

George drove the remaining distance to Potter's cabin with one hand. His right hand was steady; it held the gun.

With the ranger's assistance, the two captives—tied and handcuffed, were loaded into the wagon. The excitement had perked up the ranger considerably. He decided he'd better catch his horse and ride on into Rifle along with the deputy and the prisoners.

On the way in, the latter admitted they were wanted, and they made dire threats as to what they would do when they got out of prison again.

It had been a mighty long day. The four men got into town a little before dawn. Bill and Johnny were loaded on the morning Denver and Rio Grande and taken into Denver under guard.

George Kershner was often to remind the ranger, "If you hadn't played dead, we never would have caught our men." However, the greatest credit he continued to give to his own ace in the hole—the spring holster.

Prattlings of a Country Jake

(Continued from page 29)

veloped in those parts.

It seems that womenfolk, in spite of all their farm drudgery and hard work, had time to put on a clean dress or fresh apron and visit the neighbors. Hard times and privations made people more cooperative in small towns, and welded a bond between them that was hard to break.

As I have said there was not much money in circulation, but people seemed to eat well on the farm. I can never recall anyone going hungry, even though most families were large. Farmers raised about everything they ate with the exception of spices, sugar, salt and hard-to-get fancy goodies. My grandfather, with whom I lived, was a harness-maker, as well as a farmer and livestock man, but Grandmother very often sold butter and eggs to get little luxuries once in a while.

We had an old Indian-made basket with a leather strap riveted on each side for a handle. In this, I used to carry Grandmother's freshly made butter all wrapped in paper with her name stamped on it, along with a dozen or so eggs.

Sometimes I would pirate a hen's nest for two or three eggs for "penny-candy"—horehound, jaw-breakers (red and black), licorice pipes, candy pills on long strips of paper, marshmallow bananas and many others. Believe me, I made it last just as long as I could.

We ate well in those days, but not too fancy by present-day standards. Bread and milk, with cheese broken into it, along with onions, was the staple fare for most farmers' supper.

Each neighborhood had a "yeast lady" where families could borrow a start of yeast to make delicious homemade bread. Bakery, or "store bread," as we called it, was a real rarity. I used to get my backside tanned good when I arrived home with the borrowed yeast start, and Grandmother found out I had drunk some of it on the way.

Pinched-off dough pulled out thin and fried was called flap-jacks or scones. When torn open hot, and real Jersey cream butter and molasses were added, nothing—in my opinion—was better.

Our teeth were generally in good condition because we used them to advantage. We ate parched corn, dried fruit, gnawed the meat from bones, and we didn't buy canned food, already digested for us. Pine gum was chewed often and while it was not sweet, it made white teeth and healthy gums.

I remember, though, my first tooth cavity which needed dental attention. Grandmother sent me to an old pioneer dentist who had made her false teeth years before. He had done a pretty good job for her, so she figured he should do a fair job for me. Well, he used a tread-wheel drill, and if I never hooted before in my life, I did then.

Occasionally we had friends and relatives from the city as our guests, and although we country jakes were sometimes snubbed by them when we went to their places, they thoroughly enjoyed "putting their feet under our table." I recall they would marvel at how we could go out to the north side of the house where a beef was hanging, and slice off some steaks for breakfast, along with serving other foods that would sure cost them plenty in the city. We used to comment on how city dudes liked to come to the country once in awhile to get their guts greased with a square meal.

I guess not everything has changed. Food out on the farm just tastes better, especially when someone else does the cooking. And I'm told, if you're lucky and go far enough off the Interstates, you can still get traded a broken knife or go three rounds behind the barn with pig-bladder balloons. I hope so. I'd hate to think there was nothing left of that kind of growing up but a few old guys like me.

"The Dummy"

(Continued from page 17)

another section of track. After traveling the circuit on this "Y" for a half-mile, the engine was turned around and headed toward Bloomburg.

The rail line flourished until World War I, when William McAdoo, who headed a governmental agency controlling the nation's railroads, decreed that all railroad freight must be shipped by the most direct routes. The little T. A. & L. express office had to be moved to the Texas and Pacific station. The resulting lack of business killed The Dummy. The whole community was saddened when it made its last run in 1918.

Virtually nothing remains to remind the present-day investigator of The Dummy's career. I have, with my father, traced the eight miles of trackbed, but we found no fragments of tracks or crossties. However, where the old roundhouse stood, we uncovered three cast-iron firebox grates—the only known parts of the little train still in existence.

Manhunt in the Spavinaws

(Continued from page 35)

THE newspapers' war went on. It was published that the Wickliffes were heading a group called the "Nighthawk Society" and were preparing to lead 2,000 Indians into battle opposing statehood. The papers asked for the cavalry. A little "defense spending" by the cavalry would have been welcomed but on March 14, the papers were less lurid. The Joplin *Globe* over in Missouri printed this headline:

REPORTS OF TROUBLE
WITH THE CHEROKEES
EXAGGERATED

Without comment the paper reported Otis Tuttle leading a posse—the same Tuttle reported killed on March 11. They reduced the dead to one man, Marshal Gilstrap. They forgot the dog.

A special deputy was sent to Tahlequah for reinforcements. Other lawmen reported to local headquarters at Vinita. Chief Deputy Deque at Vinita sent all he had—Deputies Darrow, Long, Wheat, and Byron Kirkpatric who was in charge.

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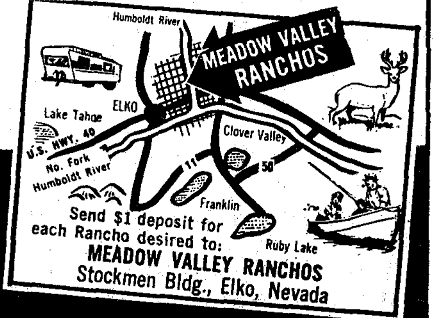

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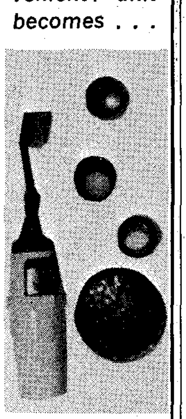

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The call for more men went on. Counting those under each deputy, 137 men were assigned to find Charlie Wickliffe.

One of these possemen, Joe French, was later killed out west, and by a lawman. It was not an uncommon occurence in those days when lawmen and outlaws were interchangeable.

I remember one of Joe French's stories of the manhunt. With a dozen others under a deputy marshal they were riding along a tie-hauler's road looking for Wickliffes.

They met an old Indian and asked, "Have you seen the Wickliffes?"

The old man motioned and signified that they were in the house down the road and off to the right of the crossroads.

The posse spurred ahead. At the crossroad the deputy swung *left.*

"I sure felt good," Joe always added, "when he made that turn."

Knowing the utter futility of trying to apprehend Charlie Wickliffe with everybody helping him hide, it was announced that anyone giving him assistance would be jailed. Deputies Long and Wheat arrested fifteen Indians for giving such aid.

Then the rumor got out that anyone refusing to help Wickliffe would be "beheaded." It was false, as beheading is not an Indian's way of execution. It's a European method—civilized.

Then the uncles, Jim and Louis, were jailed for making "fiery speeches."

On the 15th, a cold rain cooled the ardor of the manhunters. When it turned to sleet, travel became almost impossible. The Vinita office sent Jud Gilstrap, the dead marshal's brother, with a wagon load of supplies to the hunt. No one thought of the deceased, and his widow was left to haul his body in a wagon forty miles back to Vinita over sleet-covered roads.

THE Jasper County sheriff at Carthage, Missouri, got his name in the paper by inviting the Wickliffe boys to come in for a "safe" surrender. Several Arkansas lawmen did the same.

Springfield was less charitable. There an officer named Wilberly saw a "tough looking man" walking down the railroad tracks. He thought the man was a Wickliffe, so he shot him.

The man killed by mistake was named Murphy. He was from Indian Territory, all right—from Vinita—so it was okay.

The cold sleet and impassable roads slowed down the hunt, so the papers looked elsewhere for something to build circulation. Men stamped in the slush and ice, wishing they were home. The excitement was over. But those who had to stay breathed on stiffened fingers and cursed the weather, the Wickliffes, and the marshal's office. The rest drifted.

Then on March 29, a badly mutilated body was found miles away near Westville, a Territory town at the Arkansas line. The marshals, eager to end the search, accepted the body as that of Charlie Wickliffe and headed back to Vinita.

Over at Pryor Creek the leading merchants, Hogan and Graham, proposed amnesty and surrender for Tom and John Wickliffe. They were never charged with anything, and they came in.

The tempest in the Spavinaws was over. The law had proved its point—no deals for fugitives. The dignity of the Government must be preserved.

It is generally believed that Deputy Marshal Gilstrap was shot by one or more Wickliffes. There is dissension as to the identity of the man wounded. Eye-witnesses "of the scare" added another name, that of a Jake Usess, as the man hit and not Terry or Carey as the papers reported.

But the big question is who killed the man found near Westville? And why? A badly "mutilated" man could not have made his way there from the March 11 shooting—not even one with the prowess of Charlie Wickliffe.

In mid-March that year a man named Bud Moody started from his home in Webb City, Missouri, with a friend en route to Eureka Springs, Arkansas. The friend arrived in Eureka Springs, but Moody disappeared "somewhere in the Spavinaws."

The widow claimed the body was that of Moody, a white man. So we have two men—whereabouts unknown—but only one body. The Spavinaw Hills hold many secrets.

Nuggets

(Continued from page 39)

MY FIRST RIDE ON A TRAIN

By Newt J. Jones

Submitted by Mrs. J. L. O'Keefe

IT WAS summer in the early '80s that I shipped my first cattle to market. In fact, it was the first time I'd ever set foot on a train. You can see I was in for many varied experiences.

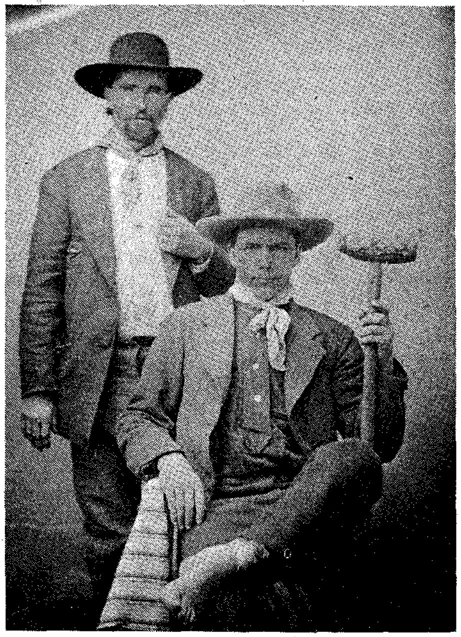
We shipped out of Henrietta, Texas, bound for Chicago. In those days a train could only pull fifteen cars of cattle.

The custom on these slow trains was to unload, feed and water the cattle and let them rest about ten hours at intervals.

During one of these resting times our train was caught up with by another train of cattle. Several of these cars of cattle belonged to W. B. and Bud Worsham, ranchers and bankers of Henrietta. Bud Worsham was looking after the cattle, also a Mr. Strickney, who was Worsham's bookkeeper. He was a Canadian and was on his way home for a visit. Bud decided to lay over with me, and we arrived in Chicago together.

After unloading our cattle and feeding and watering them, we went into Chicago proper to see the sights. This being August, the weather was very hot. After a while I decided to go back to the pens and see about the cattle. I found them all but dying from the heat. I secured a hose and turned the water on them to cool them off. The men standing around just laughed at me. "Whoever heard of cattle coming from as hot a place as Texas dying in Chicago?" they hooted.

I went back and looked up Bud Worsham and told him the shape I had found the cattle in. Together we continued prodding them up and spraying them



Courtesy Mrs. J. L. O'Keefe

Newt J. Jones and Alex Hutcheson, 1879

with water. Then Worsham said we had better hush making so much fuss and get them into market or someone might condemn the whole business thinking they were sick. So we loaded out. Worsham lost ten big steers; I lost one cow of my own and one of Billie Myers' of Henrietta, who had a car of cattle that I was also looking after.

After selling my cattle and there not being many banks in this country then, besides having some debts I wished to pay as soon as I returned, I had the commission company give me $1,000 in cash and stuck it down in my pants pocket.

WHEN we were settled on our train bound for Texas, two guys came in wearing tall silk hats and linen suits, also one man who was from the commission company office and who knew I had $1,000 in cash on me. He came up and started talking friendly to me. I told him I didn't know him.

He said, "Yes, you sold your cattle to us and I have come to tell you goodbye and wish you luck."

He seemed to know the two tall-hat guys. They were supposedly ranchers who had sold their cattle and were returning to Texas.

The guy from the commission office left before the train pulled out. The other two fellows stayed. They didn't sit together, but would get up and hold lengthy conversations. One kept coming over to me and acting like he wanted to sit with me. I turned my feet on the arm of the seat and hung them down in the aisle, that way taking up all the room in the seat.

He asked me where I was from. I told him.

He wanted to know the county. I told him.

He said, "Do you know Lee Crutchfield, Sheriff of Jack County?"

I did know him, but had tumbled from the start that they were confidence men, wanting to rob me. I felt certain this guy from the commission office had tipped them off that I was a greenhorn from Texas, carrying that $1,000 home with me.

In trying to continue the conversation the man said, "Are you afraid of me?"

"No, I darn sure am not," I replied.

When we arrived in St. Louis, we had several hours' wait between trains. The stranger had talked to Worsham and told him he had a friend who had such a nice place there that he wanted us to go out and wait with him till our train left. Worsham had agreed. At this point our friend went into the restroom, and I told Worsham I had all of that guy that I wanted, and told him what I thought about him and what he was trying to do to us.

Bud said, "Well, if that's the way you feel about him, we will just beat it to the park and lay around out there till train time," which we did; thus we lost our would-be robbers.

A year or two later I had to go up to St. Louis with some cattle. The stockyards were away out across the river on the Illinois side. Coming back into St. Louis on the streetcar, who should I see but one of these same confidence guys a-building up to a Iowa hog man for all he was worth. He was playing so drunk he could hardly get along, wanting this man to help him out. He played that he just couldn't get along by himself. I never knew how they come out. I got off and left them.

THE MAN WHO GAVE AWAY MONEY

By Violet Brown Shay

THE person known as Jack Bee Garland, also known as Jack Bean and Dave Bean, could have been called The Man Who Gave Away Money. For about two score years Jack roamed the streets of San Francisco nightly with pockets crammed full of coins. To "down-and-outers," one and all, wherever he came across them, he kindly shared his wealth.

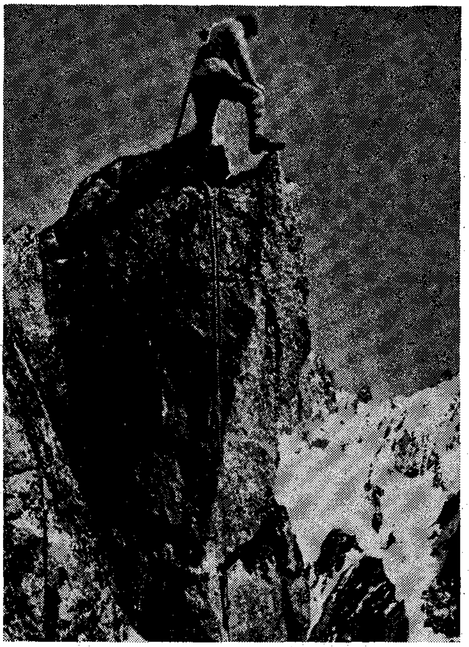
To look at Jack Bee Garland, clad in a worn and threadbare suit of faded blue, an old dark felt hat pulled down over his eyes, and old shoes that were far too big for his small feet, those who saw him must have wondered: "How can he afford to push not only pennies and quarters but dollars into outstretched hands?"

One September night in 1936, when Jack had given away the last buck he owned to a hungry street urchin, he collapsed on the sidewalk. The limp form, with thin, childish face, was taken to a San Francisco hospital. A few hours later the hospital recorded one more death.

Before that finale, however, attending doctors had learned a secret—Jack Bean was no man. Jack was a woman.

Three others besides the physicians knew the secret. The real name of the lady was Elvira Virginia Mugarrieta. It was said she was from a well-to-do family; a daughter of one of the first Mexican Consuls to the Bay City.

What was this woman's reason for doing what she did? And why had she masqueraded as a man? One of those few who had long known her explained



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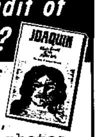

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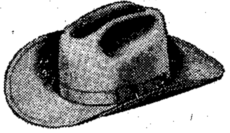

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that years earlier, when a young girl, she had witnessed a "heartless scene" in a "professional charity" establishment. She became so filled with compassion for the downtrodden after that incident that she made up her mind to do something about it.

She was filled with an irresistible desire to make nightly pilgrimages to the distressed and destitute on the darkened streets. Thus in this great city of California in the late 1890s, Elvira had commenced her work. She felt she could accomplish more if she were believed to be a man, and decided to dress the part.

For some forty years as Jack Bee Garland, Elvira had played a male benefactor, and had she not died on a city street, her secret would have never been known.

THE HERMIT OF HELL'S GATE

By Bill Bailey

INDIAN arrowheads mark the Indian Council Treasure Deposit—reputedly a king's wealth in gold—on a mountaintop near Merlin, Oregon. A wily old prospector, Buckner Trevillian—"The Hermit of Hell's Canyon"—has been following Indian signs and putting down holes for ten years. He's over seventy now and is determined that he's going to find the treasure before he dies.

According to stories which circulated through this part of Oregon, a band (or several bands) of Indians—perhaps Reservation "outlaws"—robbed and murdered a number of eastern Oregon prospectors near the end of the 19th Century. They buried this gold, marked its location, then set up other markers to mislead searchers. Whether they intended to profit from their buried treasure later or had taken it as a retaliatory act against white encroachment is not known.

Recently I visited the campsite near Indian Mary Park on the Rogue River where Trevillian resides. There are many old arrowhead markings and Indian tree markers there. Trevillian told me he gets a small stipend from the State of Oregon for work as a kind of watchman in that area. More and more people, he said, have visited his hilltop home. Many arrive fascinated by the tall tales told about the Indians who camped there. The Hermit listens and interprets all the old stories and explains the meanings of the Indian signs.

Some people believe Buck Trevillian has already found the treasure and is "guarding" it for some reason or another. He says he hasn't come across it yet. I don't know whom to believe, but I'll go back to see him again. I might even find the treasure before he does!

A FIGHT TO THE FINISH

By Robert W. Richmond

ON November 9, 1870, a duel somewhat reminiscent of a medieval jousting match took place in Indian Territory. The participants did not take the field to win a fair damsel's favors but because one of them caught the other cheating in a card game. Cheating at cards, and the accusations which usually followed, were not uncommon on the frontier but this particular case was unique because of its gory outcome. This was no quick shooting scrape but was a long, drawn-out affair described as a "bloody tragedy" by a contemporary observer.

Joseph and Charley Bigger were brothers who made their home on a ranch in northern Texas. In company with Gus Norton and Tom Jackson they had driven a trail herd into Missouri and were on their way home when they stopped for a few hours in the village of Lowell, just north of the southern Kansas boundary. All four were young, well mounted and armed, and all had wallets filled with the proceeds of their cattle sale. It was November 8, election day, and the four visited briefly with local residents before they pushed on toward Texas.

Late the next afternoon they were about forty miles into Indian Territory and since a clear stream was handy and the area afforded a good campground, they decided to stop for the night. Horses were staked out, a campfire was built, and supper was started. While the food was cooking the Texans sat down to a card game and almost immediately thereafter three other men rode into camp.

Introductions were made and the newcomers—Orestes Watrous (sometimes known as Cockeyed Watt), Thomas Allison and Dick Bradford—revealed that they were professional gamblers from New Orleans en route to Baxter Springs and Kansas City. The hospitable drovers issued an invitation for the trio to share the campground and, despite the fact that the visitors made their living with cards, they were asked to sit in the game. The gamblers accepted with alacrity.

Only four of the men played—Joe Bigger, Jackson, Watrous and Bradford. At first Bigger and Jackson won but their luck turned and Watrous and Bradford were well on their way to cleaning out the cowboys when Bigger detected cheating on the part of Watrous. An argument followed, blows were struck, and both Bigger and Watrous drew their pistols.

It was then proposed—to insure "fair play"—that the two should fight it out on horseback, using Bowie knives as their weapons. This was agreed to and the men prepared themselves for the fray. Coats and shirts came off, the knives were bound to their right hands, and the horses were mounted. The combatants were then placed sixty yards apart and given orders to ride at each other full tilt, passing on the left side. Bigger was mounted on a fiery Texas pony about fourteen hands high while Watrous rode a large roan with a mean disposition. Both men were described as splendid horsemen.

AT THE WORD "go" the riders spurred towards each other but passed without inflicting any injury. A second and a third pass were run before Watrous' horse received a slight cut on the flank. On the fourth round, Bigger threw himself on the off side of his pony Indian fashion as he passed Watrous, and drove his knife into the neck of his adversary's horse. Watrous wheeled his mount just as the blow was struck and attempted to hamstring Bigger's pony but succeeded only in inflicting a severe wound.

As they neared each other the fifth time, Bigger struck Watrous in the face with his left fist and at the same moment slashed Watrous' thigh with his knife but before he could pull away, Watrous succeeded in driving his knife into Bigger's shoulder. Both men and horses were growing weak from loss of blood and

Watrous decided that he should attempt to end the combat by riding his adversary into the ground. It seemed like a good thing to try because his roan was bigger and heavier than Bigger's pony. So, on the sixth round, Watrous headed directly for Bigger. The latter attempted to avoid the collision and in so doing was severely cut on the face and arm. His pony, lame though it was, did not back down but seized the roan by the cheek, ripping it seriously.

Once again the opponents limped back to their starting places and readied themselves for the seventh charge. This time the horses came together solidly and the pony was thrown to the ground with Bigger under him. The animals regained their feet, but Watrous' horse was fast bleeding to death from the stab in its neck and Watrous himself could scarcely stay in the saddle because of his wounds. Several more blows were exchanged—feeble ones—and more of them fell on the horses than on the men. But it was not over. One more round remained.

As they came together the final time Watrous tried to rise in his stirrups and throw himself on Bigger but neither horse could stand the encounter and both animals fell. Bigger was streaming with blood from cuts on the face, back and arms but he was able to extricate himself and he rushed upon Watrous, who could no longer rise because of the wounds in his thigh. Bigger threw himself at Watrous furiously and in a moment he had driven his knife into the unfortunate gambler's heart. Bradford, seeing his friend die, raised his pistol, fired, and Bigger fell dead across the body of Watrous.

A free-for-all followed, with Charley Bigger, Norton and Jackson firing at Bradford and Allison. Bradford was killed in the melee and Charley Bigger and Jackson severely wounded. Fortunately for the injured, V. C. Lawrence, a physician who was traveling to the Rockies, arrived on the scene just as the duel ended and he administered aid to the battered survivors.

History was not altered by the deaths of Watrous, Bigger or their companions but even in border country known for its violence, this incident held a unique place. Certainly the affair can stand high on the list of needless and senseless killings which took place in the 19th century West.

FAT JACK

By Reba Pierce Sloss

JACK WASSON was living off the fat of the land. His first law office in Deadwood had been a wagon cover stretched over a pine pole, but intelligence and aggressiveness in Wild Bill Hickok's land had made him a rich—and corpulent—man by 1876. A twenty-inch neck, size twelve shoes, and 300 pounds of flesh earned him the sobriquet "Fat Jack." He dressed in striped trousers, long-tailed cutaway coats, silk shirts and slouch hats. It was said that he was the only man in the West at that time to own a pair of silk pajamas.

But things were quieting down in Deadwood. When "Skookum Joe" Anderson struck a vein in the Judith Mountains, precipitating the rush of 1883, Fat Jack the Lawyer joined the surge to Montana. He was one of the two professional men in the mining camp of Maiden and by the following year was "our newly appointed Justice of the

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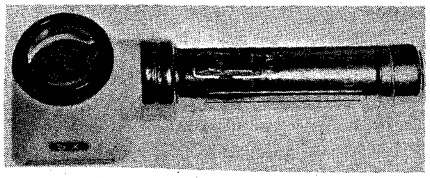

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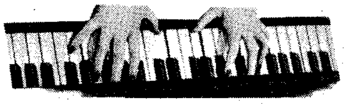

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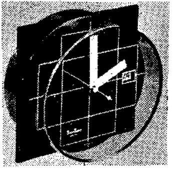

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Peace," according to the town's newspaper.

Though a friend of many of early Montana's prominent citizens, including Dave Hilger, Fat Jack also made some enemies along the way. One of them was a miner named George Boon. Their enmity supposedly developed after a night in the Gold Pan Saloon. Boon was celebrating the sale of his placer claim and Fat Jack his luck at the poker tables. Apparently Wasson cut a bigger swath than the miner when it came to providing free drinks, thereby winning the crowd's admiration. Boon resolved to get even.

The accounts of their rivalry is hazy, but according to some old-timers, including Joe Montgomery who had known Wasson personally and who was ninety-three when I interviewed him, Boon framed Jack by getting people to believe that he was helping to highjack mining claims. Another source contends that a newcomer had filed on a crooked claim made out by Fat Jack and had been shot by the real owner.

Boon, apparently, was one of the crowd who dragged Jack out of the Gold Pan Saloon and led him down to a nearby gulch. A rope was thrown over a limb and rough hands tightened the noose around Jack Wasson's neck. It took four men to hoist him off the ground.

Seconds later, the rope was slackened and Jack was allowed to touch earth again. He was asked if he would leave camp and never return. Unable to get words through his choked throat, Jack shook his head.

"If that's the way you want it!" one of the men shouted and Jack was hoisted into the air again. This time he was left dangling.

The mob returned to Maiden and proceeded to get uproariously drunk. But suddenly the batwing doors swung open and in walked Fat Jack! While the shocked hangmen backed into a corner, the lawyer staggered to the bar and ordered a double shot of rye.

The next day Jack Wasson was the hero of Maiden Camp. How had he survived the noose? Some thought the roll of fat around his neck had protected him, others that the knot had been poorly tied. But a few God-fearing people thought it had surely been an act of Divine Providence.

There was a hearing about the hanging and an accusing finger pointed at Boon. Had not the feelings of those who had been swindled out of claims been quite so strong, the jury might have brought in a verdict of guilty. This, at least, is the way Montgomery and some other old-timers tell the story.

Other sources maintain that Fat Jack, faced with death, turned yellow and begged so hard for his life, he was released after promising to leave Maiden and to tread the straight and narrow from that time on. Instead, he'd returned to his office and blistered his neck with coal oil rags, then gone to the bar and invited his would-be lynchers to drink with him.

Another sidelight mentioned is that, after the hearing, the judge admonished the "citizens" for not having successfully completed their job.

EITHER ACCOUNT could be true. Fat Jack was capable of both courage and cowardice, heroism and deceit. Like other men of the Montana mining camps, he was a product of his times and lived in a swirl of excitement which has come to us as intermingled fact and myth.

That Fat Jack continued to live in Maiden is fairly certain. Not long after the "hanging" he was seriously injured when a stick of dynamite exploded under his bed. Boon, his arch-enemy, was suspected of attempted murder but nothing could be proved. In time the explosion was forgotten by everyone but Fat Jack Wasson. He only had to look at his crooked legs and deep scars on his body to be reminded.

He knew, now, that other attempts would be made on his life and only a cat had nine. He bought a derringer and began to practice shooting. In time he became an excellent marksman.

When that happened, all knew now that Fat Jack the Lawyer could never be driven out of Maiden Camp. No more attempts were made on his life.

Jack Wasson was a lone wolf when it came to women. Naturally his friends were surprised when in later years he married a woman from California. But the marriage failed, and in less than a year she packed her belongings and left for the coast.

Wasson served many famous people. He was an associate counsel in the famous "Billion Dollar Lawsuits" involving Marcus Daley and August Heinz. He lived in the mining town area until his death in 1927 at the age of eighty. He was not a wealthy man when he died. What became of his holdings is still a mystery. No doubt the faro banks and poker tables claimed some of it. What was left of his estate he had willed to the Elks' Lodge.

Enemies of Wasson called him a "Jack-leg" lawyer. But many friends sang his praises. At least he was never known to turn a deaf ear to a down-and-outer and never too busy to give free advice and understanding to the deserving. Although he was persecuted and humiliated almost to the extent of human endurance, he never held a grudge.

GILA CITY STAGE STATION

By Alice L. C. Lange as told to
Harvey Willis Peckenpaugh

AS ALICE LETHA CURREN, I was born near Sharpsville, Indiana, in 1859, from which place my family moved in 1867, locating near Little Rock, Arkansas. Our family is said to have brought the first cook stove and sewing machine into that part of the country. Eight years later, when I was sixteen years old, we joined a train of four other wagons at Kansas City and began a long trek to the Pacific Coast. About ninety days later we arrived in San Diego. It was a frightening, yet oftimes a monotonous trip for me. We traveled mostly at night on account of the Indians.

The exact route I do not, of course, recall. We were for many days in sight

Courtesy H. W. Peckenpaugh

Alice Lange

of Pike's Peak, which was well to the north of us. One incident of the trip is still quite vivid in my memory, that of finding two or three successive waterholes bone dry.

For two whole days and nights neither man nor beast had had a drop of water to drink. The third day the mules refused to go on and Father started afoot with no idea as to where or when he'd find water. Three hours later he returned with a pailful. He had bought the water at a ranch house for a dollar. A few drops was given to each of us at first. Then father took a sponge, wet it, swabbed the mules' mouths, washed their tongues and gave each a few cupfuls to drink. Finally we got started again and reached the ranch where we rested two days, buying additional water at one dollar a pailful.

In April we reached our destination. About a year later I was married to August B. Lange and moved to Gila City, now a ghost town. Gila City was located on the west side of the Gila River about sixteen miles north of Yuma and consisted of a store room, large living room, two bedrooms, kitchen and stage station, all built end to end of adobe. About a dozen Mexican families and a few Yaquis lived along the riverbank.

Mr. Lange had erected these buildings four years prior to our marriage, operating a trading post and stage station, selling to Mexicans and Indians, buying gold, and working some mines he'd located nearby. These were both placer and lode claims and often extremely rich pockets of free gold were found. The gold was taken to Yuma and shipped to the mint at San Francisco. We lived at Gila City for several years—mixed alternately with excitement and boredom. One of my principal diversions was horseback riding on Billy, my pony.

The first stage station north of Gila City, twelve miles away, witnessed a tragedy the year of my arrival. A stage driver who had stopped at the station for dinner, the owner of the station, his wife and their boy, about six years old, were surprised at their evening meal by outlaw Yaquis. All of the adults were killed. The boy, although shot through the hip, managed to escape into the brush, where he was found by army officers who came up from Yuma the next day. He was taken to Yuma, where he was tenderly nursed back to health and later adopted by a family residing there.

ON ONE occasion before our marriage, Mr. Lange and his partner were returning from a prospecting trip when they were attacked by Apaches. His partner was killed, the pack animals were stolen and Mr. Lange was left for dead. Later he was found by some army officers, taken to Tucson and nursed back to health by the Sisters of Mercy, without whose kindly ministrations he undoubtedly never would have recovered. Until the day of his death, which occurred in Globe, August 2, 1918, he was grateful for their kindness and skill. After his recovery at Yuma, he was shot at a number of times. Once a bullet grazed his temple as he was nearing the house.

Perhaps, though, the most exciting of my experiences at Gila City was the time I was besieged by three Yaqui Indians. One afternoon while my husband was at Yuma where he had been called on jury duty, the Indians came to the door and wanted to get into the store. It was always kept locked except when customers were there or when Mr. Lange was at home.

One of the Indians could speak English and when he learned my husband was gone, told me he wanted gold. I protested there was no gold in the store; that Mr. Lange had taken it to Yuma, which was the truth. They didn't believe that, told me so, and said if I didn't open the store they'd beat down the door. All my protesting was of no avail and they proceeded to get an axe from the wood pile and start hammering and chopping on the door.

We kept two white men employed, the stock tender and a cook. In vain I called to them, but they had disappeared, no doubt at the first sight of the heavily armed outlaws—nor did we ever see them again. Of course, I was scared. I was not only afraid of losing our precious stock of goods, but afraid for my own safety.

Thinking to gain a little time I called out "Stage coming!" I knew the stage wasn't due for nearly an hour and, of course, it was too much to expect that it would come in so far ahead of time, but I thought I might scare them away, for it was not likely they would know when it was due. They stopped their hammering at the door and ran out to the road.

Luckily we could hear something coming on the road, but it was not yet in sight around the bend.

In just a few minutes, sure enough, a sixteen-mule freight team came into view, and the marauders took off on the run for the river. There they found our boat, appropriated it, and went their way. We found it later three miles downstream on the opposite side.

After living in Gila City for four years, we sold our store and stage station and moved to Yuma, then later to Tombstone when that town was at the height of its glory. Afterwards we lived in Willcox and Globe. Mr. Lange engaged in the mining business for the rest of his life.

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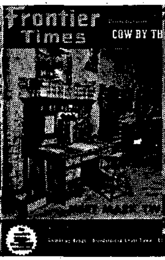
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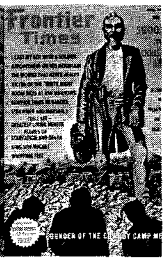
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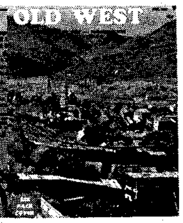
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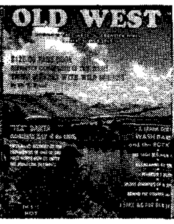
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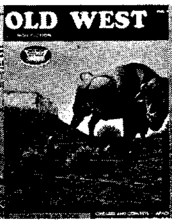
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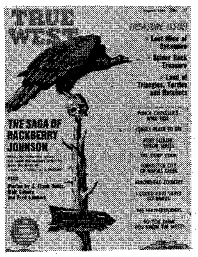
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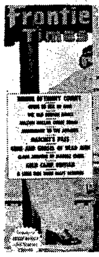
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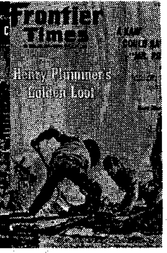
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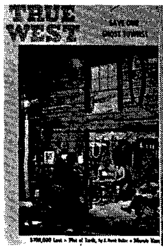
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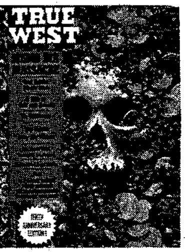
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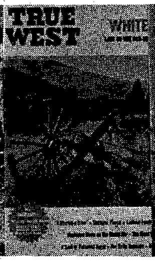
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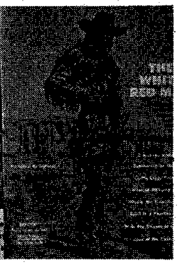
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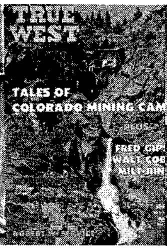
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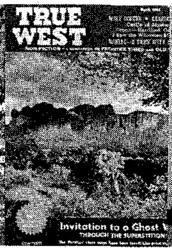
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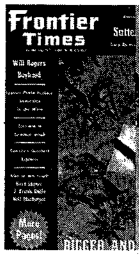
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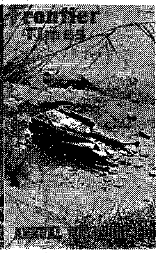
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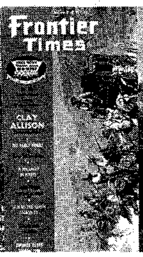
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Frontier Post

(Continued from page 36)

Mount Franklin Treasure

Dear Sir:

I was quite interested in the story by Jessie Peterson regarding the treasure on Mount Franklin. She was right about the legend but her brother looked on the wrong side of the mountain.

Around the turn of the century, my grandfather Joseph Asbury Love, an attorney, was in the interior of Mexico and bought an old Bible. In it he found an old manuscript and a map of the treasure location. On returning to El Paso, he organized a party which included Tom Lea, father of the artist and author; Judge Sweeney; and others.

My father could speak Spanish as well as he could English so he was hired as foreman over a crew of Mexican workmen. The manuscript said that the treasure was covered with a large flat rock and the hole was filled clear to the top with black dirt which had been hauled from fifty miles away. Following the map, they started digging on the east side of Mount Franklin and found a shaft. Black dirt was found. After four months of digging, they were back approximately 180 feet when their money ran out. The terrain is so rugged that supplies had to be hauled in by hand—you couldn't get a burro within one-and-a-half miles of the spot.

In 1917 my father took my mother, two brothers and myself on a picnic trip to the mine. We left early in the morning and arrived at the base of the mountain to begin our ascent. After getting his direction well fixed, Father told everyone to follow and not to disturb him as he would have to concentrate on the location. We went straight to the mouth of the tunnel. He showed us the place he had slept many years before and the niche in which he'd kept his guns; but he was disappointed to discover that about seventy-five to ninety feet of the tunnel had caved in.

The shaft in 1917 showed a definite incline to where it had caved in. I had a prize possession at that time—an Ingersoll watch with broken hands and no crystal—which I left in the shaft that day. Five years later I took some friends in to get the watch. We walked the length of the mountain but could not find the shaft. If I ever go again I will follow the manuscript instructions to a "T."

When my grandfather passed away, my aunt went back to Socorro, New Mexico, where he had been a judge for many years, to look for the map among his possessions but she was unable to find it.—Jack I. Love, Square Deal Garage, El Dorado, California.

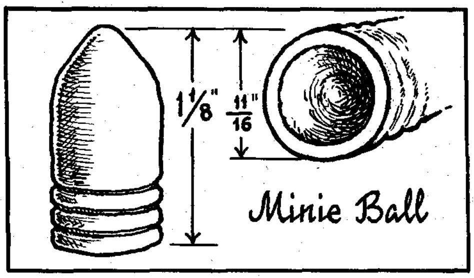
Dear Editor:

Was I surprised when I read the Mount Franklin treasure story! I grew up in El Paso and took many a hike on Mount Franklin.

The most surprising thing was when I read about the cave that could be seen from the tower of the church in Juarez. This brought to my mind an incident that I had completely forgotten.

When I was a girl, maybe nine or twelve, someone said a cave could be seen from the tower of the Juarez church. It didn't bother my playmates and me that we weren't on the tower, we started looking for the cave anyway. And sure enough, we saw it. I saw it not once or twice, but many times.

At that time my family lived on South Stanton Street. I imagine it was toward afternoon that I saw the cave, since the sun in El Paso is very strong and I don't think I would have been standing in the hot sun looking for it.—E. Guevara, 2944#A Illinois Avenue, South Gate, California 90280.



Captain Mason's Minie Ball

Dear Joe:

Enclosed is a genuine minie ball which wounded my father in the Battle of Pea Ridge.

My father, Captain Richard C. Mason, was leading his command one-half mile southwest of the Elk Horn Tavern. Around six o'clock in the evening, during the thickest part of the fighting, my father fell, his right leg broken. As the Confederates were retreating, his doom seemed sealed until Frank Colbert, one of a band of Chickasaw Indians who were fighting for the South, saw his plight and dragged him to a fallen timber and covered him with leaves. Later that night, Colbert returned and carried father to the Elk Horn Tavern, which was used by both sides as a hospital. My father recovered and rejoined his command. He promised he would name his first son "Colbert" in gratitude to an Indian who had risked his own life to save a white man he had never seen before. Colbert could not speak English. The $64 question is, "Where is there a white man who would risk his life to save an Indian?"

I am over ninety and have all the issues of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES.—Richard Colbert Mason, 1434 South Frisco, Tulsa, Oklahoma 74119.

"Big Buffler Gun"

Dear Sir:

In the May, 1967 issue of FRONTIER TIMES, the article, "A Very Cool Character" about Ben Jackson appeared in "Nuggets." Ben Jackson was my great-grandfather and his son, George Jackson, is still living. George celebrated his eighty-fourth birthday this past May 14. He and his wife, Lillie, are now living in Dumas, Texas, after spending forty-four years on their farm twenty-six miles southeast of Perryton, Texas, on Wolf Creek.

Grandpa loves to tell stories of his "buffalo-hunting" father, and we were so pleased to read about one of the incidents of Ben's life in your magazine. Ben Jackson, on one of his hunting trips, spotted some land on Wolf Creek and he went back to Dodge City, Kansas, and got his family and moved them to this land. That was in 1886 and he used squatter's rights to obtain it. Their first house was a picket house and dugout.

The gun referred to as the "big buffler gun" in the story is in the Panhandle Plains Historical Society Museum at Canyon, Texas, seventeen miles south of Amarillo, Texas. George Jackson donated it to the museum.—Mrs. Clifton Helms, 4210 Pinon, Amarillo, Texas 79107.

Special Agent

Dear Sir:

Thank you for your story "Special Agent" in the July, 1967 issue. I am the wife of a C&O special "agent." It is still true that they are the unsung heroes of law enforcement. You did the special agents a service when you told of their early history.—Patricia Meads, Box 694, Montgomery, West Virginia.

Chuck Wagon Trailers

Dear Sir:

I am sending news about the Chuck Wagon Trailers' fall round-up. On Sunday, October 8, the old and young cowmen with their families and friends will gather around 9:30 a.m. at Orcas Park, Lake View Terrace, California. The camp cooks will have a real barbecue dinner. Hiney and Marguerite Hindman are on the glad hand, Dorothy (Hack) Burnette and George Robertson will handle the membership cards. Jim Gammon reports special guest stars will be there. Goldie Gray has a program planned and Ben Johnson is looking for a heap of dancing from the folks. Many come Saturday afternoon and camp there all night. For further information, anyone interested can write me.

The photo of me was taken at Pilot Rock, Oregon, back in 1920. I was breaking horses with the DB outfit then.—Herman Hack, 571 North Arden Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90004.

Herman Hack, old-time cowhand and movie stunt man

Ghost Towns

Gentlemen:

Some of your readers might be interested in the following information about the ghost town of White Hills, Arizona.

We lived in Boulder City, Nevada, in the late '30s and early '40s and visited White Hills several times. We liked to explore the ruins and search for sunblued bottles.

The road to White Hills is located about half-way between Hoover Dam and Kingman, Arizona on U. S. 93. The town was about 8 miles to the east in a slight valley with the main street running east and west. About 1940 I remember the town consisted of 8 to 12 dilapidated buildings lining both sides of the street. There was a church, a bank and a saloon. An iron safe was outside one of the buildings.

To the southwest was a stamping mill two stories high. In the basement were two steam engines with names on the side. One was "Jean" and the other "Jenny."

The graveyard was at the west end of town enclosed with a fence. One or two residents lived in a shack in town.

Now it's all changed. I made a trip west in 1962 and visited the town once more. The mill was gone—no doubt hauled away for scrap iron in the war years. The buildings that lined the streets were gone; only some foundations remained. Two old houses were near the location of the original town but they had the appearance of later vintage and were put there in the last twenty years. The change that met my eyes made me wish that more pictures would have been taken while the town existed.—James Brandlein, 3001 E. Sumner Ave., Indianapolis, Indiana 46227.

Old Turquoise Mine

Dear Joe:

It sure brought back memories when I read the story in the March, 1967, FRONTIER TIMES about the old Turquoise mine.

I am not quite sure, but I may have started those holes in the picture. One bright Sunday morning, Ed Canty and I decided to give a black mare a workout. We were at the Haggard Ranch (Jim Haggard was my uncle). I saddled the mare and Ed got a good snub on her so she could not do any bucking, and off we went. All was fine until we arrived at the old mine. We stopped and I eased up to take a little rest and the next thing I knew I was on the ground and Ed was after the mare. He caught her pretty soon and we tied the horses up. Then we started to investigate the mine. Call it superstition or what you like, but I call it spooks. We sure did not get very far into that spook den!—Noel J. Stover, 1120 South Thirteenth Street, Grover City, California 93433.

Pancho Villa?

Dear Sir:

In Ethel Bangert's "Good Guys of the West" in the July issue, the referee of the boxing match on page 37 is none other than Pancho Villa! No mistake about it!—Harry J. Polley, 2007 Matamoros, Laredo, Texas.

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A Victim of the Times

(Continued from page 27)

a little graveyard in Lipan, Texas, his mother, sisters and brothers have joined him there. Only one member of that family of eleven remains: Ella Giles Key, eighty-eight.

Some accounts of the tragedy have become distorted but her vivid recollections have brought pieces together that would otherwise have been lost. The family believes that Pemberton was given amnesty and released from prison when Arizona became a state in 1912. At any rate, he was known to be living in Winslow again in 1929.

Few people living in Winslow now have ever heard of Marshal Joe Giles and there are few mementoes visible of those turn-of-the-century days which brought men like him and Pemberton together. Arizona had already begun to change in 1905—the last outposts of the wild frontier were submitting to less violent, less adventuresome people. In fact, Joe Giles' quiet sincerity and peaceful manner—for which he paid with his life—may well have been a prophecy of the changes to come—but Joe Giles had brought these qualities to Winslow a few years too soon.

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 45)

once Osage country. Possibly the Shobes were related to Nathanial Pryor's Indian wife. Any help with this puzzle will be greatly appreciated. Also I have data which may be of interest to others doing research on this family.—Glenna P. Middlebrooks, 482 Albert Street, Shreveport, Louisiana 71105.

McMahon

I would like to know the whereabouts or get any information about my brother, Bruce LaThair McMahon. I last heard from him in 1937 in San Francisco, California.—Mrs. Clara E. Cooper, Route 3, Box 483, Poulsbo, Washington 98370.

Wilhite-Wells-Lewis

My grandmother was Martha Catherine Wilhite who married Reuben Wells in Collin County, Texas, on June 24, 1867. Before that time she married a Sidney Lewis who had a son Boone. This was probably in Van Zandt or Collin County. Boone had children named Sidney and Bertie. I would love to hear from anyone having anything to tell about these families. I have a census of 1880 showing Boone to be thirteen years old.—Billie Smith McMullin, 6903 N. W. 43rd Road, Bethany, Oklahoma 73008.

Roberts

I wonder if anyone remembers any descendants of Henry Roberts, who lived and worked in the Indian Territory in 1886? He married Augustine Carlton. They had one child. I don't know how long they were married or when they were divorced. but I think the child was born about 1886. They lived either on Salt Creek or in Pawhuska.

There were younger children by another marriage. I got the impression that Roberts was sort of a wanderer, perhaps not going far.—Mrs. N. K. Fleming, 5035 Alpha Avenue, Jacksonville, Florida 32205.

Kelsey

I've been wondering if any of your readers know anything of Louis Kelsey, step-brother of William H. Kelsey, son of Mary and Jake Kelsey of Shelton, Nebraska. The last information I had was about 1924.—Dean W. Kelsey, 1471 South Clarkson, Denver, Colorado 80210.

Putnam

Well, like the rest I came from a tribe of rovers and have lost my relatives. My father's name was Paul Henry Putnam. His brothers were Ernest T. Putnam, Ed Putnam and Frank Putnam. Ernest and Ed had no children but Frank had two sons and two daughters. I would like to locate them if they are still living. My mother's name was Eunice R. Putnam (maiden name, Morford). My father's people came from Iowa.—Alva M. Putnam, 524 Seventh Street, Clarkston, Washington 99403.

Harris School

I would like to hear from anyone who went to school in District 52 in Colby County, Kansas. It was known as Harris School. I attended it from 1889 till 1903 when my father died and from then on I took over the farm work till I reached the age of twenty-one, when my younger brother took over.

Among our schoolmates were names like Schupbach, Anspaugh, Zerkle, Somerhalder, Dreyer, Palmer. It was a one-room school and all taught by one teacher at $40 a month. Sometimes fifty pupils attended and we had to sit three in a seat. My first teacher was a redhead—Mrs. Cunningham.

In spring of 1908 I, with three other men, made a trip overland with three covered wagons and settled in Stevens and Morton Counties as homesteaders. They are all gone but me. We farmed there for forty years and finally in the Dirty Thirties we went broke and lost four children to dust pneumonia and moved to the mountains where we now live.—Norman Dwight, Beulah, Colorado.

Barnwell, California

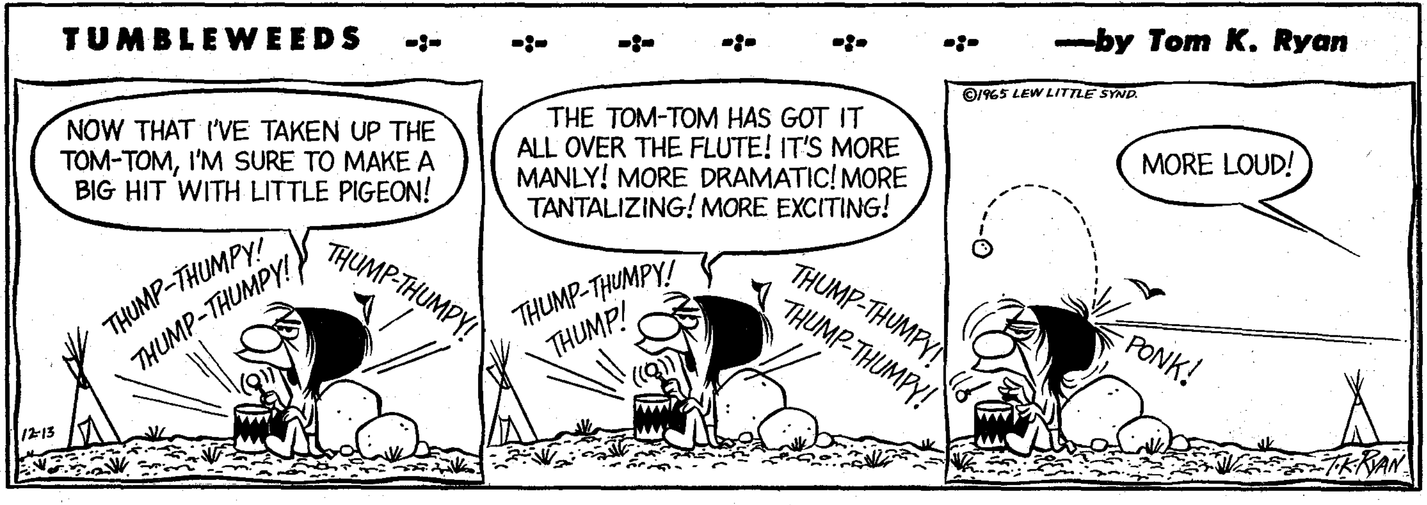
In an old issue of TRUE WEST there appeared an article by Nell Murbarger, "The Deserted New Yorks." This article was not only interesting but aroused my curiosity. You see the town of Manvel was at one time named Barnwell and I have been doing research on this name mainly to trace ancestors of this family.

Could you or any of your readers offer information on why the town was named Barnwell, and in what year or any information pertaining to it. The California Historical Society couldn't give me much help.

I've been a faithful supporter of all your publications for a good number of years. I am an amateur treasure hunter and your publications have given me quite a library. Incidentally, while exploring the ruins of Wonder, Nevada, a few years ago I found a copy of TRUE WEST, 1962. Quite a treasure in itself. How it got there we will never know.—Vance J. Heynen, 1411 Lake Street, Pekin, Illinois 61554.

Trumbull

Back in 1890, my wife's grandfather and grandmother, George and Matilda Trumbull (sometimes spelled Trumble or Trumbler) were out at Cripple Creek, Colorado. George was a cook in a lumber camp. They had two girls, Anna, born at Cripple Creek, and Calla. Their mother, Matilda, died and was supposed to have been buried at McGregor, Iowa, but we can't find her burial place there. Does anyone have any information about this?—John Knittle, Box 72, Monroe, Iowa 50170.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THUMP-THUMPY!
THUMP-THUMPY!
THUMP-THUMPY!
THE TOM-TOM HAS GOT IT ALL OVER THE FLUTE! IT'S MORE MANLY! MORE DRAMATIC! MORE TANTALIZING! MORE EXCITING!
THUMP-THUMPY!
THUMP!
THUMP-THUMPY!
THUMP-THUMPY!
MORE LOUD!
PONK!
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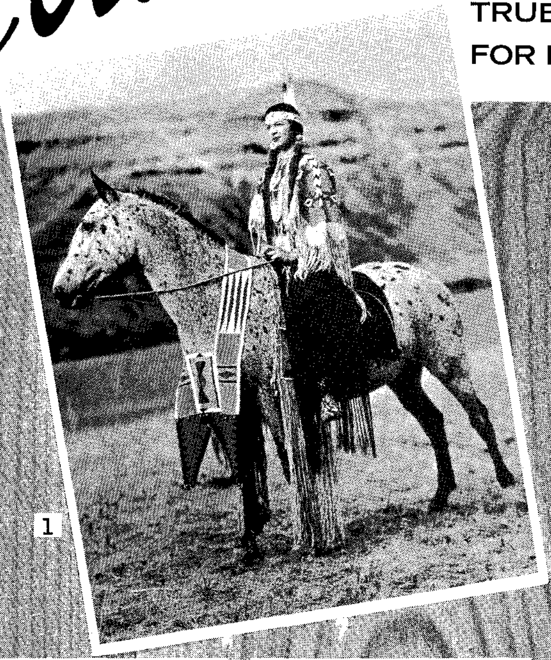
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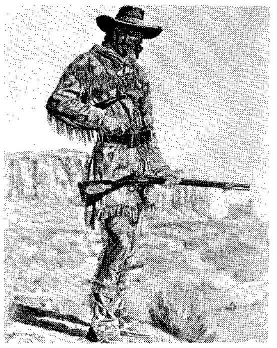
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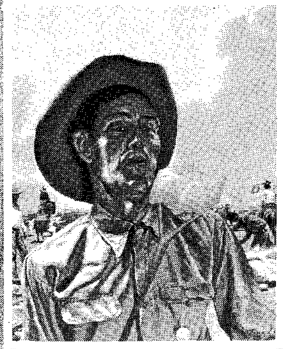
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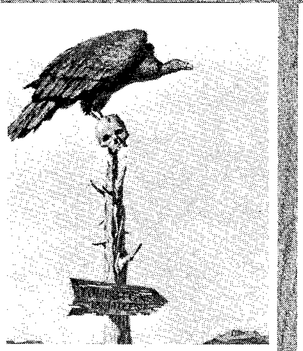
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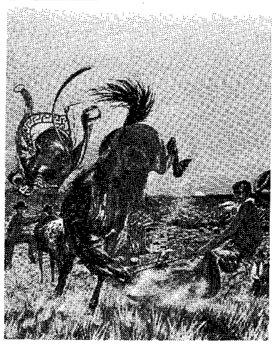
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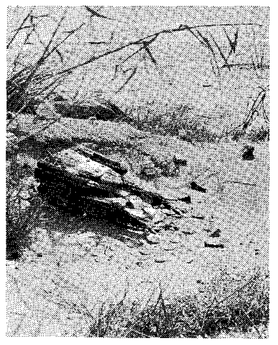
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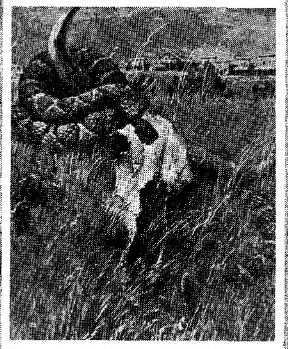
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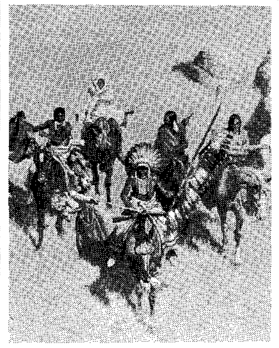
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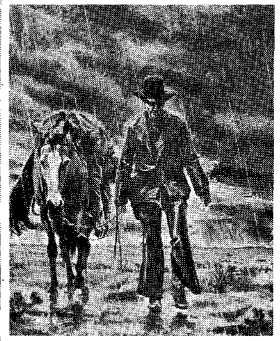
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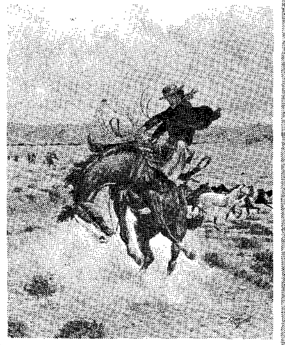
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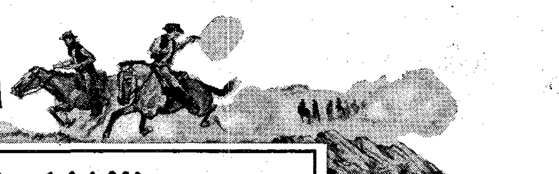

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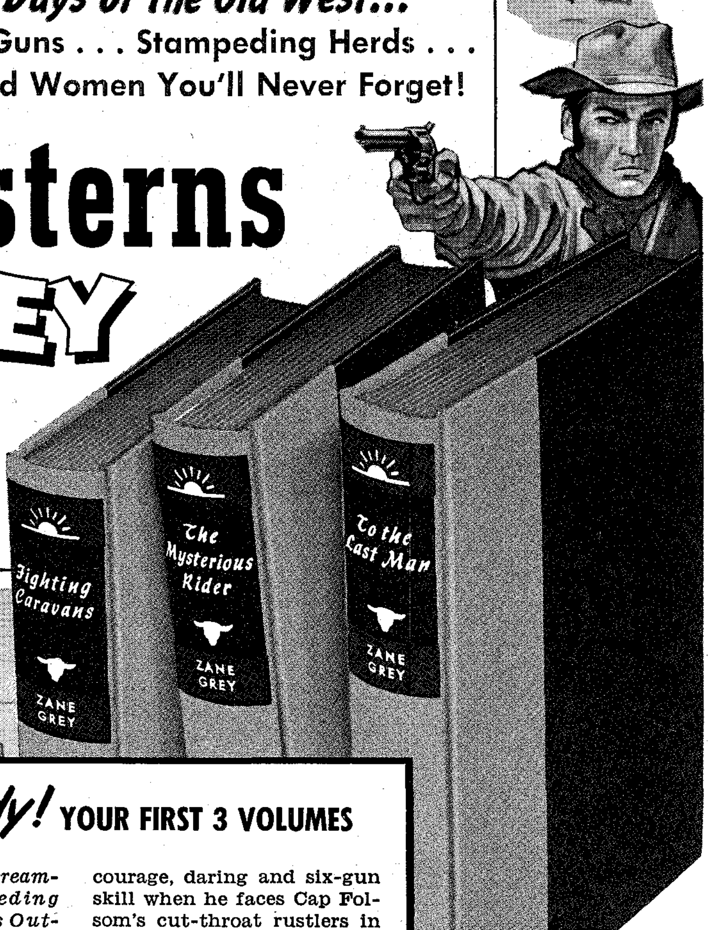

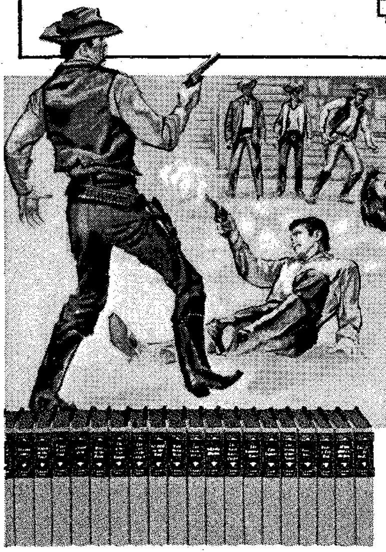

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